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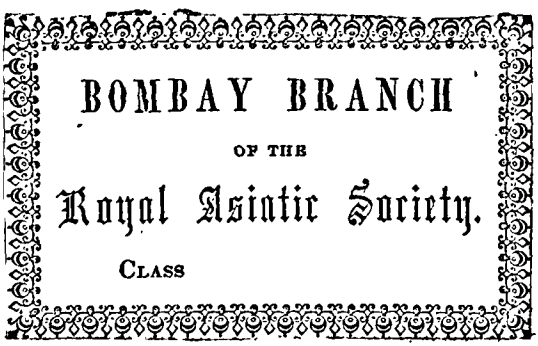

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ENGLISH STUDIES

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BY

JAMES DARMESTETER

TRANSLATED BY

MARY DARMESTETER

(A. Mary F. Robinson)

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LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

1896

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PREFACE.

FEW Frenchmen, I believe, knew England so intimately as my husband. He had surprised the English character by a happy guess-work before he set himself to study it. He looked at England from within. All that is serious, poetic, and unchangeably romantic in the heart of her was revealed to him by its deep reflection in her poetry. The England sprung from Shakespeare and the Bible, the England of the Border Ballads and of George Eliot's novels, this England of sincere romance and stringent moral value, was known to him no less than the vast, productive, outward England of industry, commerce, politics, and colonisation. He interpreted the soul of the one by the soul of the other, and understood them both. Nay, of the two races, so

profoundly different, which divide the British Isles, he understood the enthusiastic "viewy" Englishwoman at least as well as the positive Englishman. In short, that which he grasped most firmly was just that which escapes us almost always in the analysis of a foreign nation :—instinct, spirit, tradition ; all we take for granted, all we leave unsaid, all the secret impulse of our actions. This penetration of the subject handled is the characteristic of these ENGLISH STUDUIES.

English poetry is like no other poetry. In the world's great orchestra it is the Æolian harp. Its airy delicate song, a bubble of light words, exquisitely blended of half-tints and semitones, intimately thrilled with the vibrations of the soul—all this rare and immaterial loveliness, such as no other literature possesses, can, none the less, swell its diapason to the absolute cry of passion,—can fling up aloft a jet of clearest, highest, purest thought. The sob of Othello, the smile of the Lady of the Sensitive Plant ; these represent the two poles of English poetry. Between these two extremities what an unspeakable world of visions and ideals, of passions and sensations, often improbable, disordered, or fantastic, but *always sincere.* Aye, there's the secret and the charm ! Nowhere in Europe is there a literature where

convention is less dominant than in the poetry of a people apparently in bondage to Mrs. Grundy, and weighed to earth by the tyranny of cant.

'Twas in 1877 that James Darmesteter first came to England. He already knew a little English. Despite his youth (he was twenty-eight years old) he was known and marked in the limited circles of Oriental scholars. Lately elected Professor of Zend and Pehlvi in the Ecole des Hautes Etudes of Paris, he had published some essays on points of the Avesta which had attracted considerable notice. 'Twas at this moment that Mr. Max Müller asked him to translate into English for the Clarendon Press, the Zend original of the *Vendidad*. James accepted with alacrity. And yet it is not easy to translate into a foreign tongue a dead language handed down to us in transcripts whose imperfection verges upon travesty. But that frail exterior, that sensitive delicate spirit, concealed a mainspring of indomitable will. And all is possible to him whose force of volition is equalled by the quality of his staying-power.

Ah, if he could have yielded, it would never have been because of the obstacles apparent in his path! The sirens sing of a far subtler seduction. And when in the middle of his long arid labour,

James heard the unexpected voice of English poetry—then, ah then, there was indeed a moment when Zoroaster must have feared an instant apostasy. "I "was once on the very point of hating science—I "longed to interpret English literature to France": so my dear one was to write to me one day.

But the temptation passed. James had too true a devotion to his ideal of science for any caprice (or any passion even) to dispel it. He did not sacrifice his rare delight in English books; but, since all his actions converged towards one predetermined aim, he found means to subordinate, and even to make a use of, tastes which at one moment had appeared to menace his career. Zoroaster lived to profit by the flitting infidelities of his prophet. But for his love of English, where were the admirable style of the Oxford *Vendidad*, where the completeness and sincerity of those *Indian Letters*, out of which was to spring the "Essay on the Afghan Tongue?"

And so James renounced the idea, once cherished, of re-forging for a newer generation the colossal work of Monsieur Taine. A dozen essays, a little book on Shakespeare, an edition of "Childe Harold," another of "Macbeth"—these, with the exception of these few following pages, are all that

he had time to glean from English fields. But, in his leisure hours he ever loved to listen to the echo of his dearest thoughts in any kindred English soul. Thus he observed the posthumous adventures of Joan of Arc in England. Thus he noted the reflection of the French Revolution as mirrored in the mind of Wordsworth. Such were the recreations of his meditative spirit. But his study of George Eliot was more than a recreation—it was a profession of faith.

For to James, born in 1849, George Eliot was all that Tolstoï is to the children of the sixties, all that Nietzsche threatens to become to a younger generation: that is to say, less a great writer than a moral symbol, of which the name is no longer a mere proper noun, but, writ in shorthand, a whole theory of altruism, pity or revolt. All that my husband's soul contained of infinite and tender commiseration for human sorrow; all his faith in duty and self-sacrifice; all that sway which the idea of Law exercised over his philosophic mind; no less than his conviction that our world is slowly moving towards some diviner destiny, wherein a new race shall really live at last; this, and the very temper of his mind, his large and gentle indulgence for others, his uncomplaining patient

dignity, his desire for a personal code of ethics (*une morale à moi*), his dream of a new religion to be engendered by the fusion of Faith and Science—all these qualities of his, and all these convictions, were included in his devotion to George Eliot.

Add to the whole his chivalry towards women. A woman to him was ever a thing for mystery and worship. Like Tacitus' Germans, he prized a woman chiefly for what she ventured and what she knew how to suffer ; and George Eliot had dared and suffered "aboon the lave." So it came to pass that her genius, her theory of life, and even her individual experience, combined to make this woman, whom he had never seen, a sort of symbol to my husband of the ten-years'-long growth and movement of his own mind.

Thus by intuition, by reflection, by the love of books and the knowledge of men and women, this Frenchman penetrated the secret of the English soul. But if, as I have said, his knowledge of England began from within, he did not on that account neglect the vast and imposing externals of the British Empire. He saw the nobler aspects of her just but loveless rule. He admired that iron yoke imposed with an impersonal equity upon incalculable races and innumerable religions. The

peace of the British Colonies appeared to him rigid and grandiose as ever was the Roman Peace. Yet, if he hailed the rectitude of the strong, his tenderer sympathies were evoked by the ineffectual rebellion of the weak. His heart beat for the Celt in Ireland, for the Indian in India, and all the more warmly because he saw the uselessness of an effort condemned to miss its aim, for ever. He pitied the bare breast so vainly, so courageously, opposed to the keen edge of the naked sword. And, while he pitied, he saw the superiority of the English, tyrannical and intolerant though they be; he said that their inflexible rule was none the less a liberal education for those who obey them; he recognised that the Fenian conspiring against the Sassenach, and the Bengalee Baboo suffering with a servile smile the inept disdain of the British Civil Servant, are, in spite of all their grievances, enviable and even happy, compared with that which they would become, if freed from the constraint which maintains them in the way of progress.

It was in an hour of melancholy—of deep and heavy melancholy, despite the most brilliant exterior success—that James Darmesteter made up his mind to spend a year in India, in order to learn

the last traditions of the Avesta among the Parsees of Bombay; and, having gathered these, to pursue upon the north-west frontier his investigation into the language and literature of the Afghan tribes. The effort was great, his health of the frailest; but he was out of love with life, and hoped to render one last service to Science, and then to shuffle off this mortal coil. But, as it turned out, this journey, undertaken in such sore depression of spirits, was to be one of the rare and dear delights which brightened up his brief existence. Something of the magic and the miracle, something of the sheer delight and amazement of this voyage into the Silver Land of Indian Nights, lingers still in the enchanted pages of the *Lettres sur l'Inde*. Everywhere he met with the kindest, the most hospitable, reception. At Bombay he stayed with the governor, Lord Reay; the officers of Abbottabad made him a Honorary Member of their mess; the learned *mobeds* of Bombay welcomed him as a brother in Zoroaster; and the most distinguished mendicants of the Fair of Peshawur treated him as a fellow of their rambling Academy of Afghan Letters. He liked, admired, and understood all this variegated universe of India. And I know not if he were more at home in the salons of Government

House, or in the prison where some poet in tatters, taken more or less red-handed, would sing him some villainous, incendiary Poushtou ballad. The Moonshis of Abbottabad, as they watched him come and go, so light and quiet on his sedate old pony, used to call him "Chota Padre Sahib": the little Missionary. But where is the missionary who possesses his magic key for opening the heart and secret of another race?

'Twas in his Peshawur garden that he chanced to read one day—in the long lazy Indian afternoon—the "Italian Garden" of Miss Mary Robinson. He said to himself that, on his return from India, he would make the acquaintance of the writer. It is easy to understand how often I have paused and wondered whether or no I should include in this last sheaf of his ENGLISH STUDIES the essay which prefixed his subsequent translation of my verses. That essay is far less the opinion of a critic, than the ardent expression of a personal sympathy. But all the more for that, perchance, it is one of the most spontaneous and individual pages in this last little garner of relics. The publishing of these fresh emotional pages is at least an indiscretion; but to keep them back, to confiscate them, seems to me almost a breach of trust. So let them stand among

the others ; a few lyric lines of kindness and fellow-feeling rather than of criticism.

The Indian year went by and waned : spring in Bombay, summer in Peshawur, midsummer and autumn on the Himalayan spurs, and then again a winter in Bombay. At last comes the time for turning home : "Adieu, l'Inde aux nuits d'argent." The College of France, the publishing of his researches, recalled the wanderer to Paris. But, back at home, he never lost sight of his Indian friends. A little later, our square white salon of the Rue Bara was to grow familiar with the dusky Indian faces. Ah, kind, grave, charming apparitions ! How can I forget the Arch-priest Jivanjee Modi, whose alert and curious mind moved so nimbly beneath the rigid formula of his antique belief ? The venerable Tahmuras was only known to me by correspondence? But, if I forget the name, my fancy still evokes the face—the brown, eager face—of a certain Gujerati St. Francis despatched to the Paris Exhibition of 1889 by a section of the Brahmo Somaj. He spoke no modern tongue save Gujerati, sprinkled with some half-dozen words of English ; this sufficed for interminable conversations with my husband (each shouting louder than the other in the difficult parts), but I was necessarily somewhat out of court.

We could only exchange the simplest ideas. "You "must find everything very dear in Paris?" I said, one day.

"Oh no," replied the sage. "Two sous of bread, "three sous of milk, and that's enough." And he re-opened the flood-gates of his illimitable Gujerati. I wonder, has he ever published his book? He was writing (this Aryan ascetic) a volume on the progress of civilisation in France, profusely—and most diversely!—illustrated by photographs picked up under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. It was a quaint conception.

Of all these friends from over seas, the dearest to my husband was Bahramjee Malabari. Many English readers will doubtless know, otherwise than by my husband's notice, that warm and apostolic soul, that subtle, brilliant mind, prophet and pressman: an impossible combination, but it exists in Malabari! James did not live to add his remarks on his friend Bahramjee's latest book, *The Indian Eye on English Life*, and perhaps I alone know how greatly he admired its large liberty of outlook and the easy dignity of its expression—only I and Mr. Malabari himself. For life afforded the two friends, separated by more than half a world, one last day together. In the end of September, 1894, Mr.

Malabari was in Paris, too ill to come to us in our summer home in Seine-et-Oise, but eager for a long conversation with my husband:

James, who never gave a thought to his own fragile health, sped up to Paris and spent the day with his old friend. "Never did two people say more in "a single afternoon," he laughed to me on his return; and all that evening was bright with reminiscences, with the plans, and the projects of Bahramjee Malabari. Meanwhile, the Indian pursued his homeward way. Arrived at Bombay, a few days after the 19th October, he learned at the landing stage the news of my husband's sudden death. Ah, how should I forget the explosion of pity, of regret, of admiration which that cruel news aroused in the heart of India! There was not, I think, a single Parsee of any standing but signified his affection, his respect, towards the memory of James: an affection, a respect, which endure undiminished. At the beginning of this year, Prince Henri d'Orléans was to speak at the Dinshaw Petit Club, in Bombay. On his arrival, he glanced over the list of members, and read: *President—James Darmesteter.* "But "he is dead," exclaimed the Prince. "Yes," replied these faithful friends, "but he is still our President!"

"What shall we do for him?" they, then, wrote

to ask me. And I fancied they might give his name to the precincts of some Zoroastrian Temple. But Mr. Malabari, ever generous, has found a better way. Thanks to his efforts, the Bombay University, of which my husband was a fellow, is about to found a scholarship for Zoroastrian research, which will bear the name of James Darmesteter. And so the sound of that dear name—with Burnouf's and Anquetil Duperron's—will hover still above the flower-decked altars of Fort and Colaba. And, for a long time yet, beside the shores of the Indian Ocean, men will recall the deep learning, the ardent gentle heart, the fragile person, the dignified and loving manners, and all the exquisite simplicity of him whom in Bombay they used to call "our French Dastoor."

MARY JAMES DARMESTETER.

ENGLISH STUDIES.

Joan of Arc in England.

THE posthumous fortunes of Joan of Arc in England may be divided into three characteristic periods—Witch, Heroine, Saint, in turn. She traversed two hundred years of wrathful insult, then a century of human justice, until, with the advent of 1793, she touches the final stage of adoration, the apotheosis.

In the following pages I shall attempt to show, as it were, the silhouette of these three great movements of history. Let us arm ourselves with courage, for my earlier outlines will show little that is noble, little that is consoling. But as our road winds on, the sky clears, the prospect brightens, till the hooting of the angry crowd at Rouen (ever further, ever fainter) changes to a hymn of worship and glad honour. Nowhere in Europe has the heavenly character of Joan been more exquisitely felt, more amply proclaimed, than by the sons of those who scouted her and burned her at the stake.

I.—THE WITCH.

The English lack contemporary witness as to Joan of Arc. We must fain be content with a few allusions scattered through the tomes of Rymer's Fœdera, or the pages of William of Worcester. All we know of the immediate impression which Joan produced on her enemies is its reflection in the chronicles of her own country. When on April, 1429, the Maid appeared before the English camp, the terror of her name had preceded her coming, and, thanks to this rumour, the long months wasted by the petty jealousies of courtiers, the Dauphin's unreadiness, the scruples of the Church—the long barren months that separate Domrémy from Orleans—had not been entirely fruitless after all, since the English had learned that a new actor, of quite incalculable effect, was about to enter on the stage. And they measured the Maid by the enthusiasm which she aroused in the common people, who at once, without proof, believed in her and lifted their tired eyes towards hope. This new sudden confidence, which in a moment animated the apathetic French, this expectation of victory after a hundred years' defeat, this revival, this throb of suspense, begat a novel trouble in the self-confident

victor, too well used to supremacy to expect a reverse. He felt none the less that vague uneasiness which is not as yet discouragement, but out of which discouragement may leap into being at the first serious check.

Towards the end of April, 1429, a body of French troops had penetrated into Orleans heralding the "Great Relief." At the same time the English commanders received a missive from the Maid, summoning them, by order of Heaven, to evacuate the realm of France. "English archers, captains of "adventure, noblemen and others! All ye who are "before Orleans, go home to your own country, in "the name of God! King of England! know that "if these obey me not, then wheresoever I lay "hands upon thy men, I will send them spinning, "willy nilly, for I am sent of God on high, the "King of Heaven, to oust ye forth from France! "Obey then, and I will grant ye quarter! But, and "ye will not believe the words of God and Joan, "wheresoe'er we may come across ye, so shall ye "find we are strong i' the arm. And there shall be "such a rising as there has not been in France these "thousand years!"

She offered them peace, this bold undoubting Maiden; or even an alliance between her country

and theirs, in order to effect the great aim of Christendom: a last crusade. To secure Europe against the atrocities of the Turk, to band the States of Europe in a federation against a common enemy, this is our modern expression for that crusade which Europe at one time believed possible, and which she expected Joan to realise. But such dreams visited not the English camp. There, the commanders "holding Joan's epistle for a gibe," kept her herald captive, and solaced themselves by much bad language concerning her who sent him, "calling her ribald, cowherd, with other ugly "names, and threatening to burn her alive."* They mocked at her, but they trembled, for a good general knows the force of panic. When, on the 29th of April, the army of relief appeared before their forts, chaunting the *Veni Creator*, with Joan at its head, mounted on her white charger and bearing her white banner with its angels and lilies, the English looked on in silence and let the troops defile in peace, as though, indeed, they beheld a supernatural legion. On her entry into Orleans, Joan addressed a second summons to the enemy from the top of a tower facing the English forts. Glansdale answered by a volley of oaths and insults.

* *Journal du Siège d'Orléans.*

The Maid wept a moment, and then exclaimed: "Aye, in spite of all, out ye go! But thou, Glansdale, thou shalt not be there to see!"

On the 7th of May, at the storming of the Tournelles, the citizens of Orleans, in a transport of piety, beheld St. Michael, the guardian of the Maid, with St Aignan and St. Euverte, the patrons of the the city, rush up on their white horses and head the troops of France. The English, on their side, thought they beheld an infinite multiplication of their foes, "as though the whole universe were come "together beneath their forts." Glansdale took to flight. "Surrender!" cried Joan. "Yield ye to "God in Heaven and I will grant ye peace!" But the stalwart, obstinate Englishman gave no answer, continuing his headlong rush across the drawbridge which, at that very instant, a French cannon-volley shattered into atoms, hurling into the pit below the man who had defied the Maid. "Behold the finger "of Providence!" exclaimed the French. "Devil's "work," echoed the English camp. But the thought of all devilry armed against him carries small consolation and scant comfort to the soldier who has seen hell as invincible as heaven itself. Thus, whencesoever came her mysterious succour, the Maid marched on from strength to strength.

Behold, Orleans delivered; the unvanquished Talbot a prisoner and defeated; Champagne gained back to France; the Dauphin crowned King at Rheims. Bedford, the English Regent in France, sends a challenge to the King of France, denouncing his abuse of unholy agents and calling him to the bar of public opinion. Hath he not "seduced and "deluded an ignorant people by the aid of super-"stitious and suspicious persons such as a disorderly, "yea, an infamous woman, dressed man-fashion, "dissolute of conduct?"*

The Regent's manifesto was as bootless as his arms. Hitherto, in the long wars against France, a hundred English could hold at bay eight hundred French. Now, owing to the unspeakable terror inspired by Joan, a hundred French could put to flight eight hundred Englishmen.† The fear of the Maid crossed the Channel. Captains of adventure, bound to the King of England, refuse to embark when they learn the name of their opponent. In May the Duke of Gloucester, Regent of England, is compelled to issue a proclamation against those "undutiful captains and soldiers who shirk their "strict engagements through dread of the enchant-

* Monstrelet.
† *Journal du Siège.*

"ments of the Maid."* Cast into prison, their goods confiscated, they serve as an example. But the bad habit continues. In December, 1430, a new proclamation stigmatises the "deserters who flee their "posts through terror of the Maid."† In his report to the King of England on the disastrous turn of affairs in France, Bedford lays plaintive stress on the superstitious shrinking of the army and "the "enchantments of this diabolical wench."‡ "'Tis "at Orleans that our evil day began, caused a great "part, as I think, by a deplorable belief and most "impious dread of a Disciple and Lyme of the "Feende, called the Pucelle, that used fals enchant-"ments and sorcerie . . . ." and this faith in her power diminished the number of the English troops and marvellously damped the courage of the remnant.

But at last the English take her, bind her, hold her fast in their clutches, "this fiend and restorer of "the affairs of France." Still, from the depths of her prison she lays a palsy on her captors. They dare not lay siege to Louviers in his lifetime, so greatly

* "Contra capitaneos et soldarios tergiversantes incantationibus Puellæ terrificatos."—Rymer, *Pacta Fœdera*, x. May 3, 1430.

† "De fugitivis ab exercitu, quos terriculamenta Puellæ examinaverunt, arrestandis."—*Ibid.* December 12, 1430.

‡ Incantamentis diabolicæ feminæ quem Puellam nuncuparit.

do their soldiers dread her spells. Then they tie her to a stake and burn her.

Burnt, they must blast her memory lest it accuse them: but they incur the reproach of Europe. For not France alone has saluted the advent of the Maid; Germany has acclaimed her "the Sybil of the "French"; Italy has hailed her "the Messenger of "Heaven." These powers must be speedily disabused. So Bedford dictates to his secretaries a circular to the Emperor, to the Kings and Princes of Europe, and to the nobility and clergy of France. This precious deed declares Joan's repudiation of the evil spirits who had so long deluded her, and reproduces her dying speeding, "humbly craving pardon of the English "and Burgundians."

But the English conscience was ill at ease; these apologies did protest too much. Probably no small section of the English public misdoubted the version of the government. We know that during the trial an English Lord had exclaimed, half against his will: "The noble girl! Why is she not "an Englishwoman!" Others had been much moved by her demeanour at the stake. One English soldier, who had sworn to bring a faggot to the burning of her, came up at the moment when her pure soul took flight. He reeled back fainting, and

afterwards declared that he had seen a white dove flit upwards from her lips. One of the King of England's secretaries, on his way home from the execution, had been heard to say: "We are un-"done; we have put to death a Saint!" As disasters accumulated on disasters, little by little, the English saw the charm outlive the witch and the soul of Joan spring up, Phœnix-wise, from her burnt ashes flung abroad to the four winds of heaven. And many must have pondered these things in their hearts; many must have said that, after all, God was with her; that England strove in this matter against the express will of Heaven. Already the Wars of the Roses thrust forth their first red promise. Who knows if, in the guerilla warfare which preluded the declaration of hostilities, the name of Joan was not bandied between the opposing parties and cast in the teeth of those who had burned her? The general of a lost cause is open to any accusation; a party in opposition exults in foreign glories when they may serve to humiliate the government; and more than once civil enmity has dictated international justice. Vague surmises, which the absence of evidence must ever leave obscure! William of Gloucester sums up Joan and all her story in one line: "1430. On the 23rd of May of this year,

"the English captured near the fort of Campeigne a "woman called the Maid of God."

We must leap over fifty years till we come across the name of Joan in Caxton's *Chronicle*. Caxton, the English Gutenberg, was born in the same year as Joan of Arc. An honest merchant, who had prospered in haberdashery up till the age of sixty years, Caxton retired from business, found his time heavy on his hands. He took up printing as an old man's hobby. One of his first editions was an English chronicle, which he himself had completed from earlier histories. This chronicle, published in 1480, contains a single page on Joan of Arc. Her image is not yet disfigured by the spite and fury of later historians. Caxton admires her courage, although he admits a nasty story, perhaps contemporary with the trial, invented to explain the law's delays. Joan, so runs the tale, had feigned to be with child in order to postpone the date of her execution:

"Aboute this tyme and afore the reame beynge in "grete myserye and trybulacion, the Dolphyn with "his partye began to make warre and gate certayne "places, and made detrusses upon Englysshe men, "by the meane of his capytaynes. That is to wyte La "Heer and Poton de Satraylles. And in especyall a

"mayde whiche they namyd La pucell de dieu. This "mayde roode lyke a man. And was a valyaunt "Capytayne amonge them. And toke up on her "many and grete enterpryses. In so moche that they "had a bylewe te have recouered all theyre losses by "her. Not ivstandynd at laste after many grete fayres "by helpe and prowesse of Syre Johan Luxembrydge "whiche was a noble capytayne of y^e^ dukes of Bur- "goyne, and many Englysshe men, Pycardes, and "Burgonynos, whiche were of our partye before the "towne of Compyne, the thre and twentyest daye of "Maye, the sayd Pucell was take in the felde armyd "lyke a man, and many other capytayns with her. "And all brought to Roan and there she was juged "by the lawe to be brente. And thenne she sayde "that she was with chylde, whereby she was re- "spyted a whyle. But in conclusyon it was founde "that she was not with chylde. And thenne she was "brente in Roan. And the other capytaynes were "put to raunsonne. And as men of warre ben "acustommed."—*Liber ultimus capitulum*, xviii., fol. cccxxxv.

NOTE.—*The polychronicon conteynyng the Berynges and Dedes of many Tymes* was written by Ranulph Higden, a Benedictine of the monastery of St. Werburg, who died about 1300. It was translated into English by John de Treina in 1357, from which Caxton

The witness of Caxton is especially precious, for it may be said to be that of a contemporary. Although he writes fifty years after the event, Caxton could himself remember the apparition of the Maid. He had been a lad of twenty when she met her martyrdom. It is therefore probable that his account represents his own opinion, which again may stand for the impression of the liberal and educated English burgher of his times. Save for the final dash of calumny—which an untravelled Londoner had no means of controlling, but accepted ready-made from the soldiers who had been through the French campaign—the story is seemly and impartial, at least in the degree possible in the mouth of an enemy and a contemporary. 'Tis the version of the Burgundian chronicles.

The scene shifts with the successors of Caxton. Joan, to them, is a mere creature of legend, interpreted by a national prejudice, irate at the tone of French historians. One sees that they were eager to give *their* version, darkened to suit the hues of contradiction. The story of Joan becomes a furious

made this version, adding an eighth book bringing it down to 1460, printing it in 1480. It was textually reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde in 1495, and paginally reproduced by Peter de Treveris in 1527, from which issue the above extract is made.

polemic against the chroniclers across the channel. An alderman of London, Robert Fabyan, writing towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, opens fire with his *Newe Chronicles of England and France:*

"In this tyme and season, many skirmishes were "foughten betweene the Englishe menne, and the "Frenche menne, in divers partes of Fraunce. And "greatly the Frenche menne prevailed, by the helpe "of a woman, whiche thei named the maiden of "GOD. So that lastly she with her compaignie, "came to a toune called Compeine, to the entent to "remove the siege, laid there unto by the Duke of "Burgoyne, and other of the Englishe capitaines. "And thereupon the twentie and three daie of Maie" (hence as Caxton, but not literally).—*The seuenth parte,* page 421.

But forthwith he turns to the French chroniclers, such as Gaguin, who made so much to-do about the woman. He gives their version of Joan's early years, the scene of her recognition of the Dauphin, the discovery of the mystic sword at Fierbois, whilst suppressing certain details so obscure and fantastic that he will not therewith soil his page. He enregisters her victories only to exclaim with a cry of relief that Almighty God, though permitting for a season the triumph of magic and miracle-mongers,

yet showeth always His power in the end, and unveils the unholy mysteries of darkness. So it was in this case, he adds, for a Burgundian knight took the woman, sent her to Rouen, and there she was burned for her pains.

The honest alderman sounds the note of a score of his successors. Copied by Stowe, he is writ large by Hall, who wishes to say some words of this strange venture, especially because the French, and especially Jean Bouchet, have made too much of it:

"While he (the Dauphin) was studiyng and "compassyng this matter (the relief of Orlans), "there happened to hym a straunge chaunce, of "the whiche I will write a litle, because some of "the Frenche aucthours and especially Ihon "Boucher, of it writeth to muche. For as he and "other saie, there came to hym beying at Chynon, "a mayd of the age of xx yeres, and in mans "apparell, named Ione, borne in Burgoyne in a "toune called Droymy, beside Vancolour, which "was a greate space a chamberleyn in a common "hostelrey, and was a rampe of suche boldnesse, "that she would course horses and ride them to "water, and do thynges other yong maidens bothe "abhorred and wer ashamed to do: yet as some "say, whether it wer because of her foule face, that

"no man would desire it, either she had made a "vowe to live chaste, she kept her maydenhed, and "preserued her virginitie. She (as a monster) "was sent to the Dolphin, by sir Robert Band- "rencoit, capitain of Vancolour to whō she declared, "that she was sent frō GOD, bothe to aide the "miserable citée of Orleaunce, and also to remit "hym, to the possession of his realme, out of "whiche he was expulsed and ouercomed: re- "hersyng to hym, visions, traūses and fables, full "of blasphemy, superstitiō and hypocrisy, that I "maruell muche that wise men did beleue her, and "lerned clarkes would write such phantasies. What "should I rehearse how thei saie, she knewe and "called hym her kyng, whom she neuer saw before. "What should I speake how she had by reuelacion "a swerde, to her appointed in the churche of "saincte Katheryn of Fierboys in Torayne where "she neuer had been. What should I write, how "she declared such priuy messages from GOD, our "lady, and other sainctes, to the Dolphyn, that she "made the teres ronne downe fro his iyes. So was "he deluded, so was he blynded, so was he deceiued "by the deuils meanes whiche suffred her to "begynne her race, and in conclusion rewarded her "with a shameful fal. But in the meane season

"such credit was geuen to her, that she was "honoured as a sainct, of the religious, and beleued "as one sent from GOD of the temporalitie, in so "muche that she (armed at all poyntes) rode from "Poytiers to Bloys found men of war, vitail, and "munitions, redy to be conveyed to Orleaunce."—Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. cvij.

Hall then recounts the revictualling of Orleans, the capture of Jargeaux, and the subsequent events with but slight mention of Joan of Arc until fol. cxiij.: "The duke of Burgoyne accompanied with the "erles of Arundell and Suffolke and the lord Ihon "of Luxenbrough, and with a geal puissaunce, be-"sieged the toune of Champeigne, which toune was "well walled, manned and vitailed, so that the "besiegers must either by assault or long tarriyng "wery or famishe them within the toune. So thei caste "trenches and made moynes, and studied al the waies "that thei could deuise how to compasse their cōquest "and enterprise. And it happened on the night of the "Assencion of our lorde, that Pothon of Xentraxles, "Ione the Puzell and five or sixe hundred men of "armes, issued out of Chāpeigne, by the gate of the "bridge towarde Mowntededier [fol. cxiij], intending "to set fire in the tentes and lodgynges of the lord "of Baudo, whiche was then gone to Marigny, for

"the Duke of Burgoyns affaires. At whiche tyme "Ihon of Luxenborogh with eight other gentlemen "(whiche had riden aboute the toune to searche and "vieue, in what place the toune might be moste "aptly and conveniently assaulted and scaled) were "come nere to the lodges of the lorde of Baudo," &c. Skirmish takes place. "Sore was the fight, "greate was the slaughter,"—and the French fled. "In whiche chase was taken Ione the Puzell and "diuers other: whiche Ione was sent to the duke of "Bedford to Roan wher (after log examinaciō) she "was brent to ashes. This wytch or manly woman "(called the maide of GOD) the frenchemen greatly "glorified and highly extolled, alledgyng that by her "Orleaunce was vitailed: by her kyng Charles was "sacred at Reynes, and that by her the Englishemen "wer often tymes put back and overthrowne. O "Lorde what dispraise is this to the nobilitie of "Fraunce! What blot is this to the French "nacion! What more rebuke can be imputed to "a renouned region, then to affirme, write and "confesse, that all notable victorious and honour-"able conquests whiche neither the Kyng with his "power, nor the nobilitie with their valiauntness, "nor the counsaill with their wit, nor the cōmon-"alitie with ther strength could compasse or obtain,

"were gotten and achieved by a shepherdes daughter, "a chamberlein in an hostelrie, and a begger's brat." —*Ibid*, fol. cxiiij.

The Reformation was to add to the old hereditary enmity the peculiar asperity of religious hatred. Bishop Bale, well-named, most bilious of Anglican saints, manifests a jealous care of the honour of his neighbours. For the French are injured in their proper pride, so he declares, by the scant sense of their own chroniclers, who vaunt "as the saviour of "her country—not without a signal slight to the "princes thereof—a certain Joan of Domrémy who "herded swine first of all, and Frenchmen after-"wards."* Methinks his Protestant Grace hath somewhat forgotten the manger in the stable at Bethlehem.

The end of the sixteenth century produced the most popular of English chronicles — that of Holinshed. 'Tis a general summary of the researches

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NOTE.—Edward Hall's chronicle, or, to give it its correct title, *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustrious Families of Lancastre and Yorke*, was issued by R. Grufton after the author's death. The first edition is that of 1548, and from which the above is extracted.

* Joannam illam Dampremam, porcorum primo, postea Gallorum, ductricem, quam eorum chronographi tam crebro ab Anglorum jugo liberatricem, non obs que insigni suorum principum ignominiæ, jactitant.—*Scriptorum illustrium Majoris Britanniæ Catalogus*, 1559.

of his predecessors, but in literary history it wears a special grace, not only for its own ability, but because it is the quarry where Shakespeare found the material for his historical plays. Much of the best of Holinshed survives word for word in Shakespeare, even as much of the best of the chronicler, Jean le Beau, survives word for word in Froissart: such a man may congratulate himself, that though no peculiar Phœnix in his own person, he has been the constant cause of genius in others. Holinshed was not without a rare gift of historical sympathy. He reproduces, with the appearance of a friendly feeling, the version of the French chroniclers regarding Joan of Arc:

"In the time of the siege of Orleance (French "stories saie) the first weeke in March, 1428, unto "Charles the Dolphin, at Chinon as he was in verie "great care and studie how to wrestle against the "English nation, by one Peter Badrecourt, captaine "of Vacolour (made after Marshall of France by "the Dolphin's creation) was carried a yong wench "of an eighteene yeares old, called Jone Arc, by "name of her father (a sorie sheepheard James of "Arc, and Isabell, her mother, brought up poorelie "in their trade of keeping cattell, borne at Domprin "(therefore reputed by Bale, Jone Domprin) upon

"Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocesse of Thoule. "Of favour was she counted likesome, of person "stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, "hardie, and stout withal, an understander of "counsells, though she were not at them, great "semblance of chastitie both of body and behaviour, "the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her "businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse "daies in the weeke. A person (as their bookes "make her) raised up by power divine, onlie for "succour to the French estate, then deeplie in "distresse, in whome, for planting a credit the "rather, first the companie that toward the Dolphin "did conduct her through places all dangerous, as "holden by the English, where she neuer was afore, "all the waie and by nighter-fall, safelie did she "lead: then at the Dolphins sending by her "assignment, from saint Katherines church of "Fierbois in Touraine (where she neuer had beene "and knew not) in a secret place there among old "iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out "and brought hir, that with fiue flour de lices was "graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and "did manie slaughters by hir oune hands. On "warfare rode she in armour cap a pie and mustered "as a man, before hir an ensigne all white wherein

"was Jesus Christ painted with a floure de lice in his "hand. Unto the Dolphin into his gallerie when "first she was brought, and he shadowing himself "behind, setting other gaie lords before him to trie "hir cunning from all the companie, with a salu- "tation (that indeed marz all the matter) she pickt "him out alone, who thereupon had hir to the end "of the gallerie where she held him an houre in "secret and priuate talke, that of his priue chamber "was thought verie long, and therefore would have "broken it off; but he made them a signe to let hir "saie on. In which (among other) as likelie it was, "she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) "giuen her to understand by releuation diuine, that "in vertue of that sword she should atchieue, which "were, how with honor and victorie shee would "raise the siege of Orleance, set him in state of the "crowne of France, and driue the English out of "the countrie, thereby he to inioie the Kingdom "alone. Hereupon he hartened at full, appointed "hir a sufficient armie with absolute power to lead "them, and they obedientlie to doo as she bad "them. Then fell she to worke, and first defeated in- "deed the siege of Orleance, by and by incouraged him "to crowne himselfe King of France at Reims, that "a little before from the English she had wonne.

"Thus after pursued she manie bold enterprises "to our great displeasure a two yeare togither, for "the time she kept in state untill she were taken "and for heresie and witcherie burned, as in "particularities hereafter followeth." [Fol. 600.] Here follows accounts of the siege of Orleans and its relief, the coronation of King Charles, notice of King Henry's letter to Charles, the events before Paris, the siege of Laignie "in which was the Pucell, her "slaughter of Franques (May 1430);" and [fol. 609] "after this the Duke of Burgoynie acompanied with "the earles of Arundell and Suffolke, and the Lord "John of Lutzenburg besieged the towne of Cam- "piegne. . . . At the very time Campeigne was "besieged sir John Lutzenburg with eight other "gentlemen chanced to be neere unto the lodgings "of the Lord Bawdo, where he espied the Frenchmen, "which began to cut downe tents, over throw "pauillions, and kill men in their beds: wherupon "they with all speed assembled a great number of "men, as well English as Burgognions, and "coragiouslie set on the Frenchmen and in the end "beat them backe into the towne, so that they fled "so fast that one letted another, as they would have "entered. In the chase and pursute was the Pusell "taken, with diuerse other, besides those that were

"slaine, which were no small number. Diuerse were "hurt also on both parts. Among the English, sir "John Montgomerie had his arme broken, and "sir John Steward was shot in the thigh with a "quarell.

"As before ye have heard somewhat of this damsels "strange beginning and proceedings, so sith the "ending of all such miraclemongers dooth for the "most part plainlie decypher the vertue and power "that they worke by hir shall ye be aduertised what "at last became of hir; cast your opinions as ye may "haue cause. Of hir louers (the Frenchmen) reporteth "one, how in Campeigne thus besieged Guillaume "de Flaire the capteine hauing sold hir aforehand to "the lord of Lutzenburg, under colour of hasting "hir with a band out of the towne towards hir king, "for him with speed to come and leauie the siege "there, so gotten hir forth he shut the gates after "hir, when anon, by the Burgognions set upon and "overmatcht in the conflict she was taken: marie "yet (all things accounted) to no small maruell how "it could come so to passe, had she beene of any "true deuotion or of true beleefe, and no false "miscreant, but all holie, as she made it. For earlie "that morning she gat hir to saint Jameses church, "confessed hir, and recieved her maker (as the booke

"termes it) and after setting hirself to a pillar, manie "of the townesmen that with five or sixe score of "their children stood about there to see hir, unto to "them (quod she) Good children and my deere "freends, I tell you plaine one hath solde me. I am "betraied and shortlie shall be deliuered to death. "I beseech you praie to God for me, for I shall "neuer haue more power to doo seruice either for "the king or to the realme of France againe.

"Saith another booke, she was intercept by a Picard "capteine of Soissons, who sold that citie to the "duke of Burgognie, and he put it ouer into the "hands of the lorde of Lutzenburg, so by that "meanes the Burgognions approached and besieged "Campaigne for succour whereof as damsell Joan "with hir capteins from Laignie was thither come, "and dailie to the English gave manie a hot "skirmish, so happened it one daie in an outsallie "that she made by a Picard of the lord of Lutzenburgs "band, in the fiercest of the fight she was taken, and "by him by and by to his lord presented, who sold "hir ouer againe to the English who for witchcraft "and sorcery burnt hir at Rone. Tillet telleth it "thus, that she was caught at Campeigne by one of "the earle of Ligneis soldiers, from him had to "Beaureuoir castell, where kept a three months,

"shee was after for ten thousand pounds in money "and three hundred pound rent (all Turnois) sold "into English hands. In which for hir pranks "so oncouth and suspicious the lord regent by "Peter Chauchon bishop of Beaunois (in whose "diocesse she was taken) caused life and beleefe, "after order of law to be inquired opon and examined. "Wherein found though a virgin, yet first shame-"fullie reiecting hir sex abominablie in acts and "apparel to haue counterfeit mankind, and then all "damnablie faithlesse, to be a pernicious instrument "to hostilite and bloudshed in diuelish witchcraft "and sorcerie, sentance accordinglie was pronounced "against hir. Houbeit upon humble confession of "hir iniquities, with a counterfeit contrition pre-"tending a carefull sorow for the same, execution "spared and all mollified into this, that from hence-"foorth she should cast off hir onnatural wearing of "mans abilliments, and keep her to garments of hir "own kind, abiure her pernicious practises of "sorcerie and witcherie, and have life and leasure in "perpetuall prison to bewaile hir misdeeds. Which to "performe (according to the manner of abueration) "a solemne oth verie gladly she tooke. But herein "(God helpe us) she fullie afore possessed of the "feend, not able to hold hir in any towardnesse of

"grace, falling straight waie into her former abomin-
"ations (and yet seeking to eetch out life as long as
"she might) stake not (though the shift were shame-
"full) to confesse hir selfe a strumpet, and (onmaried
"as she was) to be with child. For triall, the lord
"regents lenitie gaue hir nine moneths staie, at the
"end wherof she found as false as wicked in the
"rest, an eight daies after, opon a further definitiue
"sentance declared against hir to be relapse and a
"renouncer of hir oth and repentance, was she there-
"upon deliuered ouer to secular power, and so execu-
"ted by consumption of fire in the old market place
"at Rone, in the selfe same steed where now saint
"Michaels church stands, hir ashes afterward without
"the towne wals shaken to the wind. Now recount-
"ing altogither hir pastorall bringing op, rude
"without any vertuous instruction, her campestrall
"conuersation with wicked spirits, whome in hir
"first salutation to Charles the Dolphin, she uttered
"to be our Ladie, saint Katharine and saint Annes,
"that in this behalfe came and gaue hir command-
"ments from GOD hir maker, as she kept hir fathers
"lambs in the fields (where saints in warres among
"christen men were (be we sure) never so parciall
"patrons or partners to maintenance of horrible
"slaughters, rapines and bloudshed) hereto hir

"murtherous mind in killing of Franquet, hir owne "prisoner, hir tuo yeares continuance in hir "abominations and deadlie mischiefe without anie "hir trauell or motion betueene the princes for "peace hir relapse at last and falling againe into hir "abuired iniquities, by hir virginitie (if it were anie) "by hir holy words, hir fasting and praiers what "they might be sith satan (after S. Paule) can "change himselfe into an angell of light, the deeplier "to deceiue."—*Holinshed*, fol. 600-605.

Such was the verdict of history upon the Maid of Orleans two hundred years after her martyrdom. Such were the fables which fed the imagination of England. With the sudden blossoming of the drama, all this obscure vegetation of ignorance and prejudice burst forth into a new importance under the glamour of the stage. A melancholy specimen of such iniquities is preserved still in the First Part of *Henry VI.*, attributed to Shakespeare.

This historical farce, written to catch the applause

NOTE.—Ralph Holinshed's *Chronicles of Englande Scotlande, and Irelande*, by Raphaell Holinshed, first appeared 1577, folio, in two vols.; a second edition appeared in 1586-7 in three volumes, supervised and enlarged by Abraham Fleming, with an elaborate index compiled by his brother, Samuel Fleming. It is from this second edition that the above extracts are taken.

of the gods in the gallery, is too well known, even in France, to need description. We all remember how, when the curtain rises, we find the Dauphin, already crowned, laying siege to the English before Orleans. Dunois introduces to him a Heaven-sent maid, who convinces him, by single combat, of the truth of her mission. She enters Orleans, only to be driven forth again in the middle of the night. The French leap over the battlements in their shirts, leaving their clothes behind them. She takes Rouen by stratagem, having disguised her men as innocent country folk come to market with their corn. She reconciles the Dauphin with Burgundy, who exclaims: "She hath bewitched me with her words." Defeated before Angers, she is taken prisoner in the act of practising (but all in vain at last!) her charming spells and periapts. Her father, the shepherd, comes to embrace his "sweet daughter Joan," and to share her "timeless, cruel death." But she, in disgust, disowns the good man before all the camp and proclaims herself a Herald Angel, a Royal Virgin, "issued of the progeny of kings." Then, seeing the English will not stand her bravado, she tacks brusquely round and appeals to their pity, declaring herself with child, first by Peter then by Paul, till York exclaims: "There are so many, she knows not

"well whom she may accuse!" She is dragged to the stake, vomiting imprecations.

"Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul, accursed minister of Hell!"

cries her indignant judge. And thus the scene comes to an end, wallowing in vileness.

It has been proved of late that this poor play is no reproach to the mighty mind of Shakespeare. This is not the occasion to expound all the reasons which, I think, prove the case to a moral certainty; but it is well known that, in his 'prentice days, Shakespeare got his hand in as a mere adapter. He rehandled the plays of other writers, sometimes recasting them from end to end, sometimes simply touching up here a phrase, and there a scene. The First Part of *Henry VI.* belongs to the latter class. The only visible trace of the master hand of Shakespeare exists in the scene before Angers, where Joan invokes her familiar spirits.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly!—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! (*Thunder.*)
You, speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

(*Enter Fiends.*)

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are culled
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field!
(*They walk about, and speak not.*)
O, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earnest of a future benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now!—
(*They hang their heads.*)
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit!
(*They shake their heads.*)
Cannot my body nor blood sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then—take my soul, body, and soul, and all,—
Before that England give the French the foil!
(*They départ.*)
See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap!
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust! [*Exit.*

Despite its flatness of rhythm, its feebleness of diction, this scene bears the imprint of a superior genius. The oft-quoted encounter of Joan with Burgundy barely rises above the commonplace. But here a very great poet—still young, as yet no master of his craft, as yet a mere inexperienced prejudiced

youth, but a great poet—shows himself touched by that mysterious sympathy which heroism inspires in genius. He has lifted to the height of his own soul the hateful witch, the foul limb of the fiend, which Joan of Arc appeared to him no less than to his contemporaries. He divines the inner meaning of her actions. His hand, though hostile, ennobles and enlarges all its touches. Joan, as Shakespeare sees her, is still a witch, but the Satan in her is sister to Milton's Satan. Her familiar demon is the love of country ; 'tis for her native land she sells herself, body and soul and all.

"Then, take my soul—body, and soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil!"

Two centuries later 'twill be the cry of Danton : "Que ma mémoire soit maudite, mais que la France "soit sauvée."

Ah ! that last cry of despair of a devoted woman, eager to immolate herself in an utter sacrifice—that last sob when all is lost, when her nether deities abandon her ! 'twas never found in the heart of the miserable rhapsodist who penned the First Part of *Henry VI.* The earliest rehabilitation of Joan of Arc in English literature is due to the master hand of Shakespeare.

II.—THE HEROINE.

The First Part of *Henry VI.* marks the culminating point in a long tradition of international calumny. We have seen that, from a subtler point of view, it may also be taken as the first sign of a reaction towards a nobler ideal of the Maid. The seventeenth century was not to hasten the hour of reparation. The war with France embittered and revived old memories. On the eve of the campaign of La Rochelle, Michael Drayton prints his splendid Ballad of Agincourt, full of the spirit of the elder English drama. Yet, as after all the age was more enlightened, 'tis not for her witchcraft that the English chiefly blame the Maid. (There had been witches enough in England at the beginning of the century, but King James was so liberal with his faggots that he burned them all, and faith in them died out for lack of an object.) Sorcery, then, was no longer so objectionable a crime; but nothing is easier than to find a good reason for hating. Hypocrisy, charlatanism, and even, strange to say, nullity, are the new offences charged against poor Joan.

Some of the seventeenth century historians simply suppress her. In William Martyn's *Historie and*

Lives of the Kings of England the Maid is conspicuous by her absence. 'Tis the death of Salisbury at Orleans, the treachery of Burgundy, and, oddly enough, the exceeding *frivolity* of the French, which are held responsible for the expulsion of the English. The French, out of sheer lightness of heart, forsake their lawful sovereign for the spurious Dauphin. The English are victors all along the line. At Orleans the French are repulsed in great disorder, and "flee like sheep before the wolf," so that, on the morrow morning the Duke of Suffolk raises the siege as no longer necessary. From triumph to triumph the English army marches (backwards from choice) till it reaches the Channel coast and beholds itself safe at home by the white cliffs of Albion. Charles meanwhile, in his headlong flight and terror, reaches Paris, shelters there, and wakes one morning to find himself (Heaven knows how !) the King of France.

The intrepid silence of honest William Martyn did not find many imitators. In the succeeding chronicles Joan reappears. Out of regard to the progress of civilisation, she is no longer dubbed as a witch, but a charlatan. As such she is portrayed in the Chronicle of Sir Richard Baker, a venerable tome of 1640, which for more than a hundred years was to

remain the household treasure of the country squire. We all remember how Sir Roger Coverley used to doze over Baker in his hours of philosophic leisure. 'Twas indeed a book no gentleman's library could be without, and, with a complete *Shakespeare*, a Family Bible, a *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, and some useful work on farriery, it formed the usual contents of the manorial book-shelf. Baker gives the following account of Joan of Arc:

"About this time (1429), in *France* a strange Im-
"postor ariseth: A maid called *La Pucelle*, taking
"upon her to be sent from God for the Good of
"*France*, and to expel the *English*; and some Good
"indeed she did; for by her subtil working, the
"King was recieved into *Champaigne*, and many
"Towns were rendred to him, whilst the Lord [p.
"184] *Longueville* took by Surprize the Castle of
"*Aumerle*, and slew all the English that were in it.
"But all these were but petty Acquests to the King
"of *France*: There is a Knot of Friendship between
"the Dukes of *Bedford* and *Burgoigne* which must be
"broken, or he will never be able to compass his
"designs; he therefore labours by all Means pos-
"sible to disunite them; wherein he so little
"prevailed, that the Duke of *Burgoigne* acquaints the

"Regent with all the Practices; who thereupon, "with many thanks exhorteth him to continue firm, "of which he should never have Cause to repent "him; And because *Normandy* was a principal Part "of the *English* Strength in *France*, he goeth thither "and by many Reasons persuades them, as their "Ancestors had always been, to be faithful to the "Crown of *England*. In this Time of the Regent's "Absence from *Paris*, the King of *France* drew all his "Forces thither, using all Means possible, by Esca- "ladò, Battery, and burning the Gates to enter the "City, but was so withstood by the Vigilance of the "Citizens, that he was glad to sound a Retreat "leaving his slain and maimed soldiers behind him, "all but *La Pucelle*; who being hurt in the Leg, "and almost stifled with Mire in the Ditch, was by "a servant of the Duke of *Alanson* drawn up, and "conveyed after the King to *Berry*, who by the Way "recieved the Submission of the inhabitants of "*Lagny*. Some other Services were performed on "both sides, for the Duke of *Suffolk*, and Sir *Thomas* "*Kyrriel*, for the *English*; by the Bastard of *Orleans* "and Sir *Stephen le Hye*, for the *French*; but of no "great Importance. Till at last *La Pucelle* (who a "little before had caused an *English* Captain's Head "to be cut off, because he would not humble him-

"self to her upon his knee) was by Sir John of Lut-
"zenburgh taken and presented to the Duke of
"*Bourgoigne*, who sent her to the Regent, and he to
"the Bishop of the Diocese, who judicially proceed-
"ing against her as a Sorceress, and Deceiver of
"King and his Subjects, she was (after many Delays
"of Promise to discover secret Practice, and lastly
"of he feining to be with Child) publicly burnt at
"Roan."—Baker's *Chronicle*, p. 183-184.

These are old stories, with but one word changed to suit the spirit of the age: sorcery is now writ down "imposture." The alteration is serious, and Baker probably never realised how difficult a position he had taken up. For to ascribe an almost miraculous victory to the imposture of a charlatan is simply begging the question. The charge of sorcery had been a homage in disguise to the more than

NOTE.—Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicles of the Kings of England from the time of the Roman Government to the death of King James the First*, was first published in 1641; the second set, 1653; third (with a continuation by Edward Phillips), 1660; fourth, 1665; fifth, 1670; sixth, 1672; seventh, 1679; eighth; 1684; ninth, 1669; tenth, 1730-3, with two continuations, one being that of Phillips' of 1660, and a second bringing it down to King George I. Until it arrives at the seventeenth century, it is not of much value, though evidently a very popular work. The extracts are taken from the last of these editions.

mortal grandeur of the Maid; the marvel of her deeds had been recognised by friends and foes alike. To explain their own defeat, the English called up the powers of darkness. But if Joan was not inspired by invincible demons—if her mission was the mere, natural, human, personal action of her own genius—then how immensely great she appears, this girl under twenty,—surely, one of the very greatest of all mortal men and women!

In 1642, the very year before the publication of Baker's Chronicle, there appeared a strange, gifted book, in which the first of the English conscience plainly work. The author, Thomas Fuller, was triply eminent, as a theologian, as a writer, as one of the most courageous defenders of Charles I. In his *Profane State* he gives us a picture of Joan of Arc. The book is a gallery of portraits, something in the manner of Theophrastus, where each subject is, so to speak, god-fathered by authentic historical characters; the sponsors for his fancy head of a sorceress are the Witch of Endor and Joan of Arc. Fuller, primed with his Bible, relies firmly on the Witch of Endor, but he is not so sure of Joan of Arc. He tells us, after the Sire de Haillan, how Joan was invented by three French gentlemen, who kept the ball rolling between them, thanks to the crass

delusions of the ignorant. "Fancy is the castle "commanding the city, and if once men's heads be "possessed with strange imaginations, the whole "body will follow and be infinitely transported "therewithal."

The French commanders took advantage of this public transport, and used the general enthusiasm to push their arms. But though, of a certain, man knew how to make his profit by her, authors of great judgment have declared Joan to be a saint of Heaven. "*Nullum memorabile nomen Fœmineœ in "pœna;* her former valour deserved praise, her "present misery deserved pity; captivity being no ill "action, but ill success." But, notwithstanding his bent towards mercy, Fuller cannot withold all blame.

"Two customs she had which can by no means "be defended. One was her constant going in "man's clothes, flatly against Scripture. Yea, mark "all the miracles in God's Word, wherein, though "men's estate be often changed (poor to rich, bond "to free, sick to sound; yea, dead to living), yet we "read of no old Æson made young, no woman "Iphis turned to a man, or man Tiresias to a "woman; but as for their age or sex, where nature "places them there they stand, and miracle itself "will not remove them.

"Beside, she shaved her head in the fashion of a "friar. Herein she had a smack of monkery, which "makes all the rest more suspicious as being sent "to maintain as well the friars as the French "Crown."

The good Fuller is quite bewildered by so many excellent authorities. She may have been a saint, she may have been a witch; no one can hope to decide until the Last Day. Then we may hope to know the truth about Joan of Arc.

The doubts of so judicious a historian inspire circumspection in his successors. In 1679, Dr. Howell pronounces simply: "The famous French "shepherdess, Joanna of Lorraine, did great deeds "in her day. We may laugh as we please at her "challenges and call her a witch, if it suit our fancy, "but none the less she captured the good town of "Orleans, of which the English had heretofore "been masters." The doctor is in advance of his generation. A few years later an anonymous history of England reproduces the text of his discourse, but tacks on to his description of Joan's trial and burning the old familiar calumny of her proven dishonour.

Meanwhile, in France, the dawn of the encyclopedia was illuminating the world. 'Twas an age

of scepticism; too enlightened to believe in the Deity, not sufficiently enlightened to believe in the Divine. As such it had scant justice and little generosity for Joan.

The good, humdrum, common sense of the eighteenth century, which admitted nothing above its own level, in rejecting the supernatural rejected also the superhuman. It had not, of course, conceived the *Uebermensch*. The Frenchman's patriotism no longer sought in heaven the source of the mission of the Maid. By an inverse effect, the same plain common sense raised the position of Joan of Arc in England. No one thought now of calling her a witch. For the first time the two shores of the Channel repeated her name in unison—in a middle register, suitable to the spirit of the day. Behold the Maid dejected from her ancient grandeur, infernal or divine, uncrowned of her aureole of light, her dim halo of cloud! For the whole French eighteenth century she is but an instrument in the hands of unscrupulous but patriotic statesmen: an instrument of superstition upon which to strike the necessary *sursum corda!* Voltaire himself describes her as the unconscious accomplice of a patriotic France, deluding France to save her; courageous enough, intelligent enough, to render this pious fault

sublime; "a heroine worthy of the miracle she "feigned."*

The English historians of this period, although they take their tone from the French, show as a rule a truer sentiment, a deeper sense of the real grandeur of Joan of Arc. The religious spirit, more alive in England, left even in the most incredulous, even at this instant of temporary eclipse, something more serious in the soul, and in the heart a feeling more quick to vibrate in response to her momentum. The mean and superficial theory of a simulated inspiration, a patriotic imposture—noble in its aim, but smirched with lies at the origin—was never sympathetic to the English. Baker had presented it to a preceding generation; Rapin de Thoyras, malignant refugee, had developed it to its utmost bitterness; the Jacobite, Beville Higgins, comments upon it with more reserve, accusing Joan herself less than the French court, admiring her valour and execrating her assassins; it appears for the last time, I think, in

* *Essai sur les mœurs.* 'Tis to these pages the reader should turn for the veritable opinion of Voltaire on Joan of Arc, not to his unworthy poem. Here we find an estimate narrow but not impure. This meagre and insufficient interpretation of a career so extraordinary was a tradition bequeathed to the eighteenth century by its predecessor. We find all the essentials of the case in the pages of the dull and pretentious De Haillan.

an anonymous history of 1764.* This volume sees in Joan a myth invented by the Sire de Baudricourt. The king could no longer be saved but by a miracle, real or feigned; Baudricourt adopted the pseudo-miracle and succeeded. He chose for his subject the daughter of an innkeeper, whom he trained to play the amazon and prophetess. He passed her off as a maid of eighteen years, though she really owned to twenty-seven. She was none the less a woman of a virile energy and valour.

But the greater part of these writers, and even the most free-thinking among them, whilst attributing the success of the Maid to an audacious political machination, disengage the noble character of Joan from any conscious part in these unworthy calculations. According to Hume and Goldsmith the French court adopts this country chambermaid, converts her into a shepherdess as more poetic and inspiring, and takes ten years off the age of its neat-handed Phyllis to add to the romantic interest. 'Tis then easy to excite in her a popular sentiment of love and chivalry which is all grist to the patriotic mill. Joan is a mere *machine de guerre*. But the machine itself is no party to the imposture and is a

* *A History of England:* in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son.

thing all faith, all heroism, all self-sacrifice, all inspiration, and so noble that we wonder whether such unusual virtues might not have served as well unmasked. The barbarity of the victors ties her to a stake; "the more generous superstition of the "ancients would have erected her an altar."

This is the attitude of Hume (1754), of Robert Henry (1785), of Bicknels (1794), Home (1796), Spencer and Barnard (1805), and even of the Catholic Lingard (1819). It was indeed inevitable so long as the modern mind was still condemned to feed only on the monotonous *rechauffé* of the chronicles. Historians had not as yet disturbed the dust upon the shelves of the archives; no direct and living document, no first-hand record, as yet inspired them with a wider and truer illumination. It is barely forty years since M. Jules Quicherat—the man of all others who has best served Joan of Arc—published the actual papers of her trial and showed how, far from being a simple enthusiast in the hands of political wire-pullers, Joan knew how to assert herself and dominate, aye, transform, her environment. 'Twas the political advisers of the Dauphin who, willy nilly, became the instruments of Joan. Her sovereign will, her imperious instinct, saved the king in spite of himself, and

dragged him, irresolute, to the final victory. Quicherat revealed, for the first time, all the tragic struggle which Joan maintained unceasing against the worldly wisdom of Court and Church, wounded to the quick by the success of this mere country girl who quite eclipsed them. All this torrent of sentiment and enthusiasm ruined their affairs and threatened to swamp their petty projects and their petty profits. Court and Church were ever in her path, ever prompt to treason, and at the last they let her perish without a word, without a sign. All this was left for Quicherat to show us; this no less than the purity, the spotless disinterestedness of that pure conscience; how she turned, as from a thought of sacrilege, from the bare idea of a personal miracle; how far she kept herself from the fetichism of the crowd; how she severed herself from her most devoted followers* when she detected them in any miracle-mongery. All this beautiful and godlike story could only be fully known to our own times; the earlier centuries did but divine it.

It was a Conservative, nay a Tory historian, who first in England discovered the true Maid of Orleans.† Religious writers, those who see the

* Brother Richard.

† *A General History of England*, 1797.

hand of God visible in history, are, in this case, by the very particularity of their point of view, better placed to comprehend the life of Joan. Statesmen may profit by a timely charlatan; God cannot interrupt the order of the universe with a card-sharper's trick of loaded dice. William Guthrie is scarce a second-rate author, a village Bossuet, deplorably emphatic; but he was a man of feeling, he understood the impetus of the soul. "If Joan "had been an impostor," so he writes, "had she "been capable of any such collusion, I believe she "could never have accomplished her great deeds, "nor the grand designs which she pursued. Only "enthusiasm, which is the operation of a sincere, "fervent, and disinterested spirit, could sustain her "in her work; the smallest proportion of artifice "would have stifled her ardour; the least breath "of a lie would have snuffed out all her virtues." In these few lines there is more philosophy than in all the encyclopedia. With a profound sympathy, Guthrie follows his heroine on the field of battle and through the trial, where her native purity disconcerted the calculations of her judges—where, "like true gold, she shone the brighter for every "test." He concludes: "I shall make no reflec- "tions on the circumstances of her death; they cry

"to Heaven, and the voice of history has no need to "swell their clamour. But if an all-wise Providence "should ever deign to avenge the perfidy, cruelty, "and injustice of private persons upon an entire "nation, then may the English read in the woes "which at that time shall befall them, the history of "their chastisement for the death of this incomparable "Maid, who, taken in fair fight, and born under a "foreign flag, was not subject to their jurisdiction, "and whose life they had no right to take away."

In 1775, John Wesley, the restorer of English Christianity, wrote an abstract of *Christian* History in England, destined to show the continuous action of Providence. He reproduces almost textually the page of Guthrie upon Joan of Arc, adding to the narration of her death these simple words: "She "certainly did not deserve this end, whether we "consider her as a sincere enthusiast or as a person "raised up by God for the deliverance of her country."

These words were written three years before the death of Voltaire. English thought had made a notable stride in the hundred years behind him, and stood, when the eighteenth century drew near its end, far ahead of the culture of the French. English historians asked themselves no longer: Was she an impostor or was she an enthusiast? The only question

lay between a sincere enthusiasm and a divine mission, humbly accepted, devoutly believed in. And thus the best tradition of the fifteenth century chronicles of France renews itself in the land and language of them who put the Maid to death in torments.

Naturally there are, from time to time, brief retrogressions, lapses, sudden atavisms of the old Adam. The course of civilization never did run smooth. But, little by little, these unhappy vestiges subside and disappear. The level of the public conscience had risen. In the last years of Louis XVI. all Paris streamed to see a glorification of the Maid of Orleans—a sort of pantomime, given at the Théâtre Nicolet. It was in the mid-tide of the American War: public feeling surged high between France and England, and if Joan scored some of her modish successes as the ejectress of the English, across the Channel many were ready to jeer at any prodigy of the French. The lessee of the Covent Garden Theatre rose to the occasion. He responded with a rival pantomime, wherein, at the conclusion of the last act, Joan, like Don Juan, is hurried off to hell by a troop of demons. But the public rebelled, the finale fell flat; and a fortnight later it was replaced by an elegant transformation scene: an angel descended open-armed from heaven to save the Maid of Orleans.

III.—The Saint.

The third period of Joan's literary life in England opens with the French Revolution and with Southey's epic, "Joan of Arc."

Southey, first in date of the Lake-poets, was a garrulous, fecund writer of much apparent imagination, chiefly gleaned in books. He may be remembered as the inventor of local colour, but is no longer read save in a few facile ballads. In his time he was Poet-Laureate and author of five epic poems—"which will be read (said Porson) when "Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but not before!" An ardent Democrat in his salad days, later on a Tory among the Tories, he began his career with the daydream of an ideal republic on the banks of the Susquehannah, and finished it as the well-rewarded partisan of a Conservative Government. A man of doubtful temper, lacking (to say the least of it) in tact and measure, he piled insults on the head of Lord Byron, who repaid them accordingly. Southey was none the less a man of talent; and Byron himself wrote of him—in 1813, at the thick of their difference—that his prose was perfect, his gifts of the first rank, though opinions might differ as to his verse! There is too much of it (he went

on) for the present generation. Posterity may make a choice and like it better. But so far, posterity has left Robert Southey severely alone.

Of his five epic poems, "Joan of Arc" is the first and the feeblest. He wrote it originally in six weeks, from August to September, 1793, and then re-wrote it on the proof-sheets in six months, in 1796. The first rough copy was the impromptu ravings of a clever lad of twenty, fresh from college, in all the fine fervour of his new republicanism. In 1796 he was still a red Radical, despite the reaction which Robespierre and the Reign of Terror were beginning to produce in England. His conversion—like that of Coleridge and of Wordsworth—arose not from the excesses but the foreign victories of the French Revolution. Still, in 1796, it was an audacious idea to choose the Maid of Orleans for the central figure of an epic and one that betokened both independence and magnanimity in the writer. Southey considers the Maid of Orleans as a symbol of Young France, of her right to live and to be free, of her duty to break the chains which a foreign hand—aye, were it England's—should impose upon her. The author's opinions are quite undisguised. A fiery dedication to Liberty; more than one tirade, in the most approved Jacobin manner, against tyrants who tremble

on their blood-cemented thrones, adequately explain his point of view. (Needless to say, both dedication and diatribes disappear from the later editions.) The preface contains the following passage:

"It has been established as a necessary rule for "the epic that the subject be national. To this "rule I have acted in direct opposition and chosen "for the subject of my poem the defeat of the "English. If among my readers there be one who "can wish success to an unjust cause because his "country supported it, I desire not that man's ap- "probation." These were two-edged words in 1796.

The poem succeeded at once, partly on account of its ambitious proportions ('twas the first considerable poetic effort which had been attempted for many years), but above all as a political manifesto. Fifty years later a sound Conservative, Southey was to deplore this success as due to the republican spirit in which his epic was conceived, a spirit, however, which he excuses as natural after all in a lad bred up in Greek and Roman traditions, and ignorant enough of history and of human nature to imagine that the independence of the United States had opened a better order of things, which the French Revolution would accelerate. Although Liberal opinions were not popular in England, the

reviewers, almost to a man, shared the enthusiasm of revolutionary ideas. And 'twas as a political pamphlet that Southey's epic made its splash. A certain Miss Seward, a Conservative muse, contributed to the *Morning Chronicle* a copy of verses inflamed with the liveliest admiration for the poem, and with a not less lively horror of its political import. The editor replied with a counter-protestation, which made out Southey little less than a statesman. All this was grist to the poet's mill, and made the publication of his epic almost a political event. Alas, it could not make it a masterpiece!

Southey so little comprehended the true grandeur of his heroine, that he dismissed her in mid-triumph, before the altar of the Cathedral of Rheims. There she pronounces a revolutionary disquisition against tyrants, and all is over! He concludes the career of Joan of Arc just when its tragic beauty begins to appear—when a military triumph develops into a passion, when the long agony commences. De Quincey was swift to see the poverty of this conception. To him, as to all later historians, the veritable excellence of the Maid was revealed at Rouen, not at Rheims: "Never, from the foundation of the earth, "was there such a trial, if it were laid open in all its "beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack.

"O child of France, shepherdess, peasant girl, "trodden under foot by all around thee, how I "honour thy flashing intellect, quick as God's "lightning and true as God's lightning to its mark, "that ran before France and laggard Europe by many "a century."* Something would have been lacking to Joan's perfection had she died amid the shouts of victory, had the sublime fatality of human things not accorded her the crown of martyrdom, and that most noble aureole which comes from suffering, unmerited and well-endured. Joan is in history what Jesus is in sacred history; and none the less divine because she knew herself to be a mere mortal woman; more utterly abandoned, since neither Magdalen nor Mary wept beneath her cross, since, even more than He, she died surrounded by hate and insult beyond measure. Behold her, most innocent, so free of all bitterness, accepting the cup without a word, never casting at her king the cry of reproach and anguish, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" To me, a Jew, the stake of Rouen appears loftier than the cross of Calvary. The night of the Mount of Olives loomed again, fourteen centuries later, in the poor little church of Compiègne, but it was suffered with how sweet a sadness, how pure a resignation!

* De Quincey: *Joan of Arc.*

A few days before she was taken, says the old chronicle, the little children of the village clustered round her as she leaned against a pillar of the church: "My little ones," she said to them "I am "betrayed, and soon I shall be handed over to the "death. I entreat ye therefore, pray to God for me; "for never more shall I render service to the King, "neither to the noble realm of France." The militant and suffering Christ, bringing the sword and bringing his own life with it, the ideal redeemer, dreamed of by a dejected people longing for deliverance, was at last in truth beheld upon our planet, not in Galilee, not as men believed in the age of Tiberius and of Herod, but fourteen hundred years later, in the land of France, in the figure of a woman, more marvellous thus in her achievement, and more touching in her martyrdom.

This ideal divinity of the Maid, this true "Imitation "of Christ"— loftier, purer, than that À-Kempis dreamed of in the darkness and silence of his cells—this inner Joan was unseen, unsuspected by Southey. We cannot reproach him with a lack of understanding shared to the full by Schiller, a more excellent poet. Perhaps Joan of Arc is unfitted to make the heroine of a poem: how should the author interpret her thoughts? There are souls so far above the range

of humanity, soaring so out of reach of the noblest imaginations, that it is a vain temerity in a poet to attempt to touch them. History alone can attain their level. No poet has added to the words of Christ. No poet will add to the speech of Joan. The λὸγια of the one, and the other remain intact, intangible, to all eternity. The utmost permitted to the art of a consummate artist, would be to enshrine in a worthy setting the unforgetable speech of Joan, those words unextinguishable as lightning which flash through the immense and fathomless mediocrity of the fifteenth century; these, united in a book, would certainly form one of the most elequent of living pages. Not one of these miraculous sentences is to be found in all Southey's epic poem! True, he lets his heroine give free play to her eloquence; his epic is a ceaseless flood of speech—she talks, talks, talks sometimes as a Biblical prophetess, sometimes as one of Cromwell's Puritans—a false note, but tolerable, being sustained by the eloquence of Scripture,—sometimes as a strong minded free-thinking Deist, and sometimes as the man in the street. Her discourses fill at least a quarter of the ten cantos of the epic. She describes, in the manner of a Lake-poet, her impressions of the Holy Well of Domrémy; she dreams in the style of Beattie's Minstrel, of

storm and tempest; she quotes, after the fashion of a Roundhead Covenanter, select passages from the Hebrew prophets. Three centuries in advance of her time, she exposes Tindal's doctrine of rational Christianity to the ecclesiastical Council of Poitiers, not unjustifiably astonished. She discusses the Mass, like the worthy Protestant she is; but also, I regret to say, she cavils at the dogma of original sin. Last, but not least, she is in love—Platonic love, of course—with a fellow countryman of hers, named Theodore.

Southey's work takes no great rank as literature, but its conception makes an epoch in the history of Joan of Arc in England. From the day when an English poet could, with impunity and even with success, adopt as the heroine of an epic poem the accursed and loathsome sorceress of by-gone ages, a whole past of international hate was for evermore eclipsed. Henceforward the aureole shall not quit the brow of Joan. History bows down before her, and she becomes the darling theme of poetry, romance, and art.

"Joan will never be forgotten in England," wrote Sharon Turner,* "and we award her a liberal meed "of that praise, and those tears which our forefathers, "in the ardour of battle, too ungenerously refused

* Sharon Turner: *A History of England*, 1832.

"her." The most brilliant of the younger historians, John Richard Green, sees in her the central figure of her century, a figure of noble pureness detached against a background of selfishness, greed, unfaith, and lust. But, perhaps the finest page which history has yet inspired in praise of Joan, comes from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, an erudite searcher of archives, whose dry and learned doctrines become animate with poetry upon the appearance of the Maid. Listen to him :*

"In putting Joan to death the Duke of Bedford "terminated the English ascendency in France. "Had she returned home with her parents from the "coronation at Rheims, had she escaped from prison, "or even had she been pardoned by her judges, it "had been different. She would have become the "heroine of romance instead of the heroine of "history. But the Regent willed that it should be "otherwise, and he crowned her work; for her "death was her triumph, and from the ashes of "her execution-pile at Rouen arose the regenerated "liberty of France. Although, in compassion to "the weakness of her womanhood, the full truth, the "terrible but necessary end to her mission, was

* J. Stevenson: *The Wars of the English in France during the reign o Henry VI.* 1 vol. xii. 1861.

"never clearly revealed to herself until it was about "to be realised, yet it had been marked out from "the beginning. The two Saints, her 'Voices,' S. "Catherine and S. Margaret, were both of them "Virgins and Martyrs. To Orleans they promised "deliverance, to Charles they promised that he should "be crowned King at Rheims; but for Joan they had "no promise save this—that at the end, after a great "victory, they would conduct her into Paradise."

We have not space to enumerate all those who in the last fifty years have embalmed in English the memory of Joan of Arc, from Lord Mahon to Miss Harriet Parr, nor to take count of the cloud of her witnesses in the form of anonymous histories, novels, tales, tracts, &c. Of these, I will but mention first of all a tale for girls, *Joan of Arc* published in Edinburgh in 1871, whose author, a Rationalist of the pietistic sort, counsels her young readers against believing in the visions of the Maid, and warns them against the imitation of her actions; they may love God as fervently, but that is all; and secondly, a biography by the Rev. John Gurney, in his chapters from French history. The reverend gentleman regrets to meet so frequently in Joan's career the degrading traces of Roman Catholicism mingled wtih the most truly pious sentiment, "associated

"with which I should be glad to hear less often the "names of the Holy Virgin, Saint Margaret and "Saint Catherine." Here, at last, is a worthy descendant of old Fuller, though it is ill to see how the Maid of Orleans could have profited by the inestimable blessings of the Reformation.

Yet these worthy souls offer homage, each after their fashion. Others, more free, perhaps, from religious prejudice, carry even in their admiration a trace of national rancour. De Quincey in his admirable pages on Joan of Arc—marred, alas! by a journalist's polemic against Michelet—De Quincey himself indulges in an acrimonious triumph over Voltaire's Pucelle. Carlyle, in his eloquence and his venom, goes further still. He would transpierce the French with the heroic lance of their redemptrix.

"Jeanne d'Arc must have been a creature of "shadowy yet far-glancing dreams, of unutterable "feelings, of 'thoughts that wandered through "eternity.' Who can tell the trials and the triumphs, "the splendours and the terrors, of which her simple "spirit was the scene. 'Heartless, sneering, God-"forgetting French,' as old Suwarrow called them— "they are not worthy of this noble maiden." *

We must believe they were, however, since 'twas

* *Life of Schiller.*

they who produced her. As to the disdain of the Russian Suwarrow, France can bear it. Landor, in the reproaches that he heaps upon servile France, cowering at the feet of Bonaparte, shows a truer appreciation of Joan, the Maid,

"To whom all maidens upon earth should bend."

More than once since Southey's epic, poetry has touched the legend of Joan, but rarely with felicity. I do not speak, of course, of Dibden's versified History, which contains a chapter on the Maid. Dibden is an honest fellow, but there are subjects which no man should parody. The *Joan of Arc* of Mr. Simcox is the error of a man of talent. 'Tis an inferior version of Schiller's *Joan of Arc*, already so infinitely below the reality. Schiller's heroine dies of a scruple, cannot outlive the mere apprehension of a fault. Mr. Simcox's Maid of Orleans sins—and survives.

Of these poetic efforts, the sole one worth a thought is the poem of that poor John Stirling, familiar to all lovers of Carlyle. Stirling beheld in Joan "the most wonderful, exquisite and complete "personage in all the history of the world." His heart prompts him when he writes with something of the intensity of sentiment, and the tranquil faith of Joan herself, and his work only lacks the spark of

genius to be a thing of lasting beauty. Such as it is, with all its faults upon its head, it contains more true poetry than the whole of Southey's epic; and, better than the lengthy Poet-Laureate, Stirling conceives that noble heart in which, even in the stress of battle, there dwells no bitterness nor hate.

"High amid the dead that give
Better life to those that live,
See where shines the Peasant Maid;
In her hallowed mail arrayed,
Whom the Lord of Peace and War
Sent as on a flaming car
From her father's fold afar.
Hers the calm, supernal faith,
Braving ghastliest looks of death;
For, O loveliest woodland flower
Ever bruised in stormiest hour!
Guardian saints have nerved thy soul
Battling nations to control . . .
Awful hands have marked thy brow,
And in lonely hours of prayer
'Mid the leafy forest air,
Boundless powers, eternal eyes,
Looks that made old prophets wise,
Have inspired thy solitude . . .
Race and country, daily speech,
That makes each man dear to each,
Friends and home and love of mother,
Grandsire's grave and slaughtered brother,
Fields familiar, native sky—
Voices these that on thee cry!
Winds pursue with vocal might,
Stars will not be dumb at night,

Loud from God commanding thee :
'Go and set thy people free !'
. . . . .
Ne'er so smooth a brow before
Battle's darkening ensign wore ;
And 'twas still the gentle eye
Wont when evening veiled the sky,
In the whispering shades to see
Angels haunt the lonely tree."

She beholds them again at Rheims, her familiar angels of Domrémy, and wishes she might have followed them to her old childish haunts :

" And returned to green Lorraine,
Be a shepherd child again.
Now the crown of Charles is won !
Now the work of God is done !
Angels' wings, away, away !
Lift her home by close of day,
And upon her mother's breast
Give her weary spirit rest."

A literature of novels, unparalleled in France, clusters in England about the fame of Joan of Arc. It does not wear a high rank in the realm of letters, but it shows a generous feeling. Let us look, and pass, at the romantic chronicle of Mr. J. Robinson, *The Maid of Orleans*, a sentimental caricature of history, much admired, it is said, by His Majesty, King Louis Philippe. Nor will I do more than notice Miss Manning's novel, *A Noble Aim*, not un-

readable and closer to the facts. But let us glance an instant at Mrs. Charles' *Joan of Arc, Deliverer of France and England.* Were the merit of a novel co-equal with the fineness of its inspiration and the character of its setting, this would be a remarkable book. The framework is that of Æschylus' *Persæ.* Joan is described as seen from the English camp. 'Tis an enemy, Perceval the Welshman, who relates the Maid's tragedy as he sees it, from her apparition with floating white banners under the walls of Orleans, to her last cry of agony from the blazing stake at Rouen; and there he falls upon his knees conscience-stricken. The idea which inspires this picturesque setting is that of Joan's signal service to the English—to an England exhausted by a century of foreign warfare—in preventing their absorption by the continent which they had conquered. Had Joan never lived, had Henry VI. reigned as King of France and England, then the mother-isle had speedily become a mere province of the larger inheritance.

Unfortunately, in this novel, all is excellent except the execution. The inspiration is ill sustained. At every step some modern anachronism breaks the charm. The author has not penetrated far enough into the heart of her creations; their pulses do not beat. The novel is for ever straying into the barren

region of abstract ideas. It is vague and "viewy," and, as is ever the case, where the author has insufficiently reflected, the characters reflect too much.

Joan enters into art at the same moment as into history. In 1881, two Joans of Arc appeared upon the walls of the London exhibitions. And Dante Gabriel Rossetti has left us an armed Joan, with heroic eyes and streaming golden hair. In 1877 Mr. Calderon exhibited a "Joan of Arc listening to her Voices"; she is alone on a solitary rock, her gaze lost in the sunset. But I will only speak of the earliest and most considerable of these paintings, the colossal trilogy of William Etty.

'Tis the career of Joan resumed in three acts: the Vow; the Victory; the Martyrdom. The first panel represents her at Fierbois, dedicating to her God and her country the mysterious sword which the angels had revealed; the second, outside Orleans; the third, at the stake. The central scene, the second, full of movement, of light, of armed knights and prancing horses, is animated in the extreme—save in the principal figure, dull and dead. Etty has been led astray by a false idea of inspiration, to him. Joan is the almost unconscious instrument of the Divine power which leads her. Afraid of

degrading her sublimity by an expression of passion, he refines away the look of life itself: Joan faces us with eyes cast down. The third scene is the truest, and has a tragic simplicity of its own. Joan stands at the stake, her eyes raised to heaven in a throe of anguish subdued by faith; above her head, the sky is clear and brilliant as the soul about to take its flight upwards; a white dove hovers ready to escort it. In the background, the old houses of the market place, copied with the exactest precision, give to this ideal figure of faith, of anguish, and of terror, the character of a poignant reality.

But the history of the triptych is perhaps more interesting than the triptych itself, a production of the exhausted old age of the artist. 'Tis the story of a professed religious homage. 'Twas in 1839, at the age of fifty-two, that the first conception of his picture visited Etty. One day, in Henry Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, among the trophies of knightly banners, while the organ was playing, the painter, his eyes fixed abstractedly on the great portal, saw, as in a vision, Joan of Arc on horseback riding towards the gates of Orleans. He set to work at once. "Joan of Arc haunts me!" he exclaimed. Other pictures intervened; but Etty did not forget. In 1843, he went to France to visit the houses and

haunts of his heroine. He sketched in Rouen the old houses in the market-place, probably contemporary with the martyrdom of Joan; he ransacked Orleans for the trace of her passage, and dreamed upon the bridge which she had crossed in triumph. "The "river was muddy in the wind and rain; the weather "was stormy as in the time of my poor Joan." On his return to England, Etty turned animal-painter, in order to draw the horses of the escort of the Maid. Old age drew nigh, and he was fifty-nine. Sickness followed in its wake. "Sometimes"—he writes in 1846—"hard times quite lay me up. But I get the "better of them and fight side by side with my "heroine. If I believe what people tell me, I may say "I have done wonders. If God only grant me health, "I hope to make my picture worthy of her." At last after seven years of obstinate labour, he put the finishing touch on a Saturday evening, Easter Eve. "I feel "I must go to church to give thanks to the Almighty, "who has shown me so much mercy. I went. Never "had I found the glorious abbey so magnificent. The "sun shone pure gold. The Dean preached on this "text, 'Let there be light, and there was light.'"*

*, Gilchrist's *Life of Etty*, 1855. The subject was bought for £2,500 by a dealer, who showed it in a private exhibition. The price made its success. People came up from the country to see the picture that had fetched £2,500.

IV.

Such is the history of the conversion of England to the cult of Joan of Arc, a spontaneous and natural conversion, proceeding wholly from within and being so much the more remarkable. Of all homage ever rendered to her sacred memory, this is the most eloquent, being, as it were, rescued from a long past of rancour and of pride. 'Tis at once the honour of England and a witness to the invincible power of the Ideal. The Ideal can afford to wait, sure of eternity.

May we not find, we of France, a lesson in this story? Have we done for Joan all that we ought to have done? I know we have not been remiss in external memorials of respect; speech and marble witness to her memory. Year after year, in Orleans, her holiday and her eulogium are repeated, and will repeat themselves so long as there exists a land of France. Her statue stands in the streets of Orleans, at Compeigne, at Paris, at Rouen and elsewhere. Shall that be all? Is that enough?

Our poets can do nothing for her. Their instinct shows its delicacy by a homage of silence. Joan may stand to foreigners for a heroine of poetry or romance. To us, her plain history is more than

poetry; no imagination can take breath at that level! Let her remain therefore our Sybil of history, an emblem of the past and an augury of the future. Let France re-make herself in the image of Joan of Arc! A nation lives by a book or a life: a book which teaches it what it ought to do; a life which shows it what it may become. We have lost our faith in the Book; may the Life still abide with us! Now that the the national conscience is re-born in a great effort towards a wide, wise, unsectarian and universal education, may the life of Joan of Arc to every Frenchman and every Frenchwoman be something of the living lesson which the life of Jesus and Mary is to every Catholic.

In every cottage, in every wharf or workshop, her life should enter, her image should be seen. And be sure that the generations reared under this holy influence would be purer, wiser, stronger than those grown to manhood under the fascination of Napoleon. Joan of Arc is more than a historical personage, she is a symbol. She belongs not only to the France of yesterday, but to the France of to-day and to-morrow. Under the catholic phrase of her simple speech, the eternal truths of justice, love, self-sacrifice beat in a living motion. In all our eighteen centuries of history we Frenchmen have only two august and

unforgetable dates—1429, 1789: Joan of Arc and the Revolution! In each of these France was born again; the two of them contain the whole of France, and by them shall her future be accomplished.

The spirit of the Revolution and the soul of Joan of Arc! Whoso shall unite them has solved the secret of the coming age. To unite them must be the dream of the dreamers and thinkers, of students and statesmen. Artists, too, may find in that mystic marriage what they have sought so long in vain—a true image of the French Republic. Some years ago, one 14th of July, the committee of a Parisian arrondissement erected on the Boulevard de Vaugirard the statue of a girl holding a drawn sword. As I went by, two women of the people were gazing and talking. "'Tis the Republic," said one. "No," replied the other "'tis Joan of Arc!" These two poor housewives had settled the question which had so long distressed the schools of art: they had found a nobler successor to the stout Phrygian-capped matron of whom we are so weary in all our public places. How should this robust Goddess of Reason of 1794 continue to symbolise the ideal Republic of the French? 'Tis manifestly impossible! Art can only live by beauty. Let her then forswear this meaningless image and impersonate the true Re-

public, beautiful as true, in the good shepherdess of Domrémy, "la bonne Lorraine," the first of all French women, and the best, and the bravest. What sculptor need ask a nobler inspiration? At her feet the past and the future shall meet at last in amity; the torn heart of France shall be healed by her influence; and the image of our pacified Republic shall be a Joan of Arc holding aloft the Tricolour!

The French Revolution and Wordsworth.

THE French Revolution has had no more enthusiastic admirers, no enemies more implacable, than the three creators of the Romantic school in England—the three Lake-poets, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. The revolutionary poets of the succeeding generation, Byron and Shelley, are pitiless in scorn of these turncoats. Shelley is especially sensitive to the apostasy of Wordsworth, the greatest among them, who was his poetic idol and perhaps, in a sense, his master.

"Poet of nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return;
Childhood and youth, friendship, and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.

These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,
Which thou, too, feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar.

Thou once hast, like a rock-built refuge, stood
Above the blind and battling multitude ;
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be."

Browning, in the flush of his youth, was to show himself still bitterer, still sterner :

"Just for a handful of silver he left us !"

'Tis untrue. Of the Lake-poets, Southey alone might, at a stretch, be reproached with a traffic of his muse : for, if he never sold his verses, he accepted the price of them, and yet, even more than Wordsworth and Coleridge, had he given the most ardent pledges of his faith in the Revolution. The sincerity of Wordsworth is above suspicion, and the history of the development of his opinions is of striking interest to the French reader. This history he has himself consigned in an auto-biographical poem, *The Prelude, or The Growth of a Poet's Mind*, composed between 1795 and 1805, but only given to the world after his death in 1850. At the time of its composition Wordsworth, then in his thirtieth year, was fully conscious of his genius and of his poetic mission. He hoped to raise a lasting monument in literature ; and he wished to realise the development of his own

powers and the influences which had gone to their shaping. The French Revolution was one of these forces, and the ninth, tenth and eleventh cantos of his poem are concerned with it. The *Prelude* is not, perhaps, very widely read in England; it is almost unknown in France, and its analysis may not be superfluous.

'Twas in the summer vacation of 1790 that Wordsworth, then in his second year at Cambridge, for the first time saw France. He was only passing through on his way to Switzerland on a holiday excursion with a university friend. He tells us in the *Prelude* how

> "Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
> France standing on the top of golden hours
> And human nature seeming born again."

The two friends landed at Calais on the Festival of the Federation. The town was but a small, mean place—

> "But there we saw
> How bright a face is worn, when joy of one
> Is joy for tens of millions."

They pursued their route directly southward through towns and villages, still gaudy with the relics of the Feast of Brotherhood; garlands in every window, and over every road a half-withered

arch of triumph. As they walked, day after day, through province after province, everywhere they found

> "Benevolence and blessedness
> Spread like a fragrance everywhere where spring
> Hath left no corner of the land untouched."

They sailed down the Rhone with a merry crowd of Federals, delegates on their way home from Paris.

> "Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees!
> Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,
> And with their swords flourished, as if to fight
> the saucy air."

Everywhere the foreigners were welcome, everywhere invited, to the banquet and the dance.

> "Guests, welcome almost as the angels were
> To Abraham of old. . . . We bore a name
> Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,
> And hospitably did they give us hail."

The English were then, in fact, at the zenith of their popularity across the Channel, saluted everywhere by good Liberals as their forerunners and examples in the career of liberty.

After a few months passed in Switzerland, Wordsworth and his friend retraversed the same route on their homeward way. They still found throughout the kingdom the same effusion and expansiveness of joy.

"A glorious time.
A happy time that was! Triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all eyes.
As if awakened from sleep, the nations hailed
Their great expectancy——"

And the young men moved as in a new yet natural element, in this atmosphere of millenium, where custom, law, rule, habit were all suddenly, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye caught up and transfigured from their old tame selves into an ideal of romance. All Europe was thrilled, in a less or greater degree, with the heart-beats of this strange enthusiasm. In Switzerland the two friends had left the cantons exalting in the liberty of France, and on the frontier of Brabant they found the Belgian armies mustering, full of confidence, in the same sacred cause.

Wordsworth went back to Cambridge to finish his university career, which came to an end in January, 1791. He passed ten months in London, where he bored himself to death. France drew him with the old attraction. He crossed the Channel a second time in November, 1791. The Legislative Assembly had just begun to sit. The second period of the Revolution had opened, and already the dawn of the Republic appeared on the horizon. Wordsworth stayed but a few days in Paris, pocketed a stone of

the Bastile as a relic, visited the Jacobins and the Assembly, where the Revolution still swayed to and fro, uncertain, like a vessel at anchor rocked by the storm. Then he proceeded to Orleans, where he meant to make some stay. He became intimate with the officers of the garrison ; they were fine examples of the *Emigrés* at home, leagued with foreign powers against their own country, each only waiting the signal from Coblentz in order to reverse the existing order of things.

"All
Were men well born ; the chivalry of France.
In age and temper differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart ; alike
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)
Were bent upon undoing what was done :
This was their rest and only hope ; therewith
No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
For worst to them was come ; nor would have stirred,
Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,
In any thing, save only as the act
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by years,
Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile
He had sate lord in many tender hearts,
Though heedless of such honours now, and changed :
His temper was quite mastered by the times,
And they had blighted him, had eaten away
The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and mind. His port,
Which once had been erect and open,
Now was stooping and contracted, and a face,

Endowed by nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry, and light, and bloom, expressed
As much as any that was ever seen :
A ravage out of season made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice, and fanned his yellow cheek
Into a thousand colours. While he read
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch
Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body."

Wordsworth could not share the passions of these men. Born and bred in Cumberland, a poor district still ripe with a certain quaint and ancient homeliness, his boyhood had never encountered a class of men set apart as specially honourable, merely on account of the accidents of rank or fortune. On leaving Cumberland, he had found at Cambridge the best sort of republic,—that where distinction is ever open to merit. Thus, the young Englishman, although sedate of mind and temper, felt all his prejudices muster none the less on the side of the Revolution. The rising of the nation seemed to him the return to a more natural order of things, and inspired him in the beginning with a tranquil sympathy rather than with enthusiasm. But the prejudices of these young nobles at Orleans inflamed his ardour—and

their excess of partisanship scaring him off violently to the opposite extreme. 'Twas an hour of passion.

> "The soil of common life, was at that time
> Too hot to tread upon."

'Twas an hour of farewells. The emotions were perpetually excited by the spectacle of devoted leave-takings, of cruel separations, of the heroism of men, the fortitude of women, the universal enthusiasm of all alike. Life went on to a sound of music and a streaming of banners, and the secret music of things seemed to thrill its *sursum corda*. A cause that made the heart beat so quick, must be just, good, and pure. Those who maintained the contrary must, to all evidence, be monsters of depravity, egoism, meanness, and injustice. So thought France, and so thought William Wordsworth.

Among the officers of the garrison at Orleans, there was one—and only one—who could sympathise with the poet. He was a man of another mould from his comrades, rejected by them as a patriot and a Republican. He, like they, was of noble birth,

> "But unto the poor
> Among mankind he was in service bound
> As by some tie, invisible oaths, professed
> To some religious order."

A gentle, dreamy idealist, he wandered through the passionate world of the Revolution as through some

fairy forest of romance; amiable to the fierce, ingratiating to the harsh and brutal, and letting the fresh aroma of his nature breathe but the deeper where it was wounded. "A kind of radiant joy," says Wordsworth "lingered about him." This brave and courteous soldier—for he was no less brave than gentle—was the General de Beaupuy, one of the army of Mayence, who was to fall, at nine-and-thirty years of age, in the Franco-German campaign of 1796.*

> "Most blessed
> In this, that he the fate of later times
> Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
> Who have as ardent hearts as he had then."

The soldier and the poet became sworn friends; often they strolled together along the broad banks of the Loire at Orleans, discoursing of the change in government, of the rights of man, and of his noble nature. Beaupuy enlarged upon the miserable condition of the mass of the people; the arbitrariness of justice, and the law's delays. He loved to

* Wordsworth makes him die in Vendée. 'Tis an error. He fought in Vendée on his return from Mayence; was wounded twice at the passage of the Loire; was carried in this state on to the ramparts of Angers, where he received a third bullet. But he recovered from all these honourable accidents, took part in the campaign against Germany, and had his head carried off by a bullet at Emerdingen, while retreating with Moreau's battalion (October 19, 1796).

show the deep roots of that universal injustice, which the young Revolution meant to cast out for ever.

In his academic conversations at Cambridge, Wordsworth had never yet met with a soul so devoted, a theme so fiery, an hour so impassioned. All nature, then, was standing on the brink of a great trial; and, for or against the results of that trial, every man was absolutely convinced or resolute. There were no sceptics; there were no doubters. But each party, certain of the truth, felt that truth itself widen, till it embraced hope and desire, and all devotedness, within its own essence.

On those banks of the Loire, as yet innocent of carnage, the two young men remarked the monuments of a courtlier age—relics of chivalry and royal love, of corruption and of art, such as the Renaissance has strewn broadcast along the historic windings of that river—Blois, Chambord, Chenonceaux, Azay, Amboise. The charm of their beauty would lull for a moment the fanaticism of the patriot.

"Monuments de la vieille France,
Passé plus frais que l'avenir,
Où trouverai-je une espérance
Egale à votre souvenir?"

Beaupuy would not have thus forsworn the future; but even (he and Wordsworth in a far greater degree)

felt the force of that royal tradition which had left behind it such unfading mementoes. But one day, on such a site, the two friends encountered a young girl quite faint with hunger, leading a heifer in the lane. The poor child could scarce drag one foot before the other, yet her pallid hands never ceased to ply the knitting needles, while over one feeble arm she held the tether of the calf, which wandered here and there, plucking a scanty meal from the hedges. 'Twas a pathetic little picture of courage, and want, and youth. Beaupuy fired up with a noble indignation: "'Tis against *that* we are fighting," he exclaimed. "And I, too, believed," adds Wordsworth—

> "That a benignant spirit was abroad
> Which might not be withstood—that poverty,
> Abject as this, would in a little time
> Be found no more——"

For the Revolution still continued arcadian and paternal by the Loire. But the march of events was swift in Paris.

Thither Wordsworth bent his steps in October. One beautiful, silent October morning, he bade farewell to Beaupuy and the gliding Loire. He found the capital the scene of great excitement. The King had fallen and lay in prison with his wife

and children; the Republican forces had beaten back the invaders; France had challenged Europe, and had thrown down in defiance the word: "Republic." Hence an intoxication of pride and courage in the air. There was, it is true, something of a reverse to the medal. As Wordsworth left his gay and pleasant *mansard*, as he crossed the sunny Square of the Carrousel, it would come over him how, a few weeks before, the dead and the dying had lain in heaps there. Doubts rose in his honest heart. He looked at the brilliant city as at a book written in an unknown language.

But one night suddenly the full horror burst upon him. He sat in the high-perched, lonely room he liked so much, just under the roof of a large mansion. It was late at night, but the young poet was still busy with his books. And then he felt, suddenly, the full divorce between illusion and reality:

> "The fear gone by
> Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
> I thought of those September massacres,
> Divided from me by one little month.
> Saw them and touched . . .
> And in this way I wrought upon myself
> Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried
> To the whole city: *Sleep no more!*"

The trance fled with the echo of the voice which

had evoked it ; but not so the abiding impression of horror. His cheerful *mansard* no longer appeared to the wandering poet a pleasant high-perched nook of peace and retirement, but rather

> "A place unfit for the repose of night,
> Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam."

From that moment the attitude of Wordsworth was constrained. The Revolution no longer appeared to him wholly as a happy waking dream, an augury of the millenium. Party hate, treason, ferocity, met him and daunted him with strange questionings. On the very morrow, as he was walking under the arcades of the Palais Royal, he heard the shrill voices of the hawkers bawling a "Denunciation of the Crimes of Maximilien Robespierre." 'Twas the audacious accusations of Louvet, who, alone of all the Assembly, had dared to cast in the teeth of the new tyrant his responsibility with regard to the massacres of September. But Louvet had been severely left alone ; one sole bold man, without a follower, cannot change the face of things, and Heaven refuses to help those who will not help themselves.

So Robespierre remained supreme. Wordsworth, linked by personal friendship to the party of the Girondins, had felt a generous impulse to follow in

the steps of Louvet, to attempt—a young inexperienced foreigner, uneloquent, completely obscure—what no French patriot had the weight and force to undertake at that moment.

> "I revolved
> How much the destiny of Man had still
> Hung upon single persons."

One strong voice, one strong hand, might yet dominate the unreasoning masses; and Wordsworth, obscurely conscious of his own powers, thought that voice, that hand, might perchance be his. Louvet had failed, Mirabeau had failed, he might succeed! Had the young Englishman made his desperate attempt, it would certainly have led him straightway to the scaffold. But the fate of the Girondins was spared him by a prosaic accident: his family, fortunately, cut off the supplies. Wordsworth therefore returned to England, but his heart was still in France, was still with France. Then came the last cruellest cut of all. O shame! O pity! England, free England, entered the league against the Republic! The poet abjured his misguided country; he triumphed in his righteous joy when the English were overthrown in their thousands and their tens of thousands.

"It was a grief—
Grief, call it not—'twas anything but that !—
A conflict of sensations without name,
Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
Of a village steeple as I do, can judge,
When, in the congregation bending all
To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
Or praises for our country's victories ;
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance
I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sate silent—shall I add,
Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come !"

Before the idea of universal justice, the idea of country disappeared, as the Precursor before the infant God whose coming he proclaimed. And apostasy was but the conversion to a truer, higher faith.

In France, the war was popular among the extremists. Tyranny felt her hands strengthened by external aggression,

"And thus, on every side beset with foes,
The goaded land waxed mad ; the crimes of few
Spread into madness of the many."

The guillotine was set up in every town ; detection lurked by every domestic hearth ; murder became a public amusement, till head after head, old, young, friend, enemy, love, perished, and never heads enough for the spectators of that cruel game.

"O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy "name!" the soul of Wordsworth echoed to the cry of Madame Roland. He, no less firmly than that disenchanted woman, had believed in the innocent authority of Liberty, in its sacred power to transform the brute into man; and behold, the man was changed into the brute! Wordsworth, a Girondin in England, watched with dismay the spread of the Reign of Terror. And yet his sympathy was not wholly alienated from France. He beheld with admiration the victories of the young Republic, which he compares to the infant Hercules strangling the snakes about his cradle. That was well, and as it should be; the invaders fared as they deserved. But alas, if he continued to applaud the Republic without, the honest young Englishman could no longer look with less than the direst apprehension upon the fatal errors, the madness, of the Republic at home.

Nature alone, in the divine spectacle of her obedience to eternal law, nature relieved him, and gave him back his dreams by day and his sleep of nights. In a heart lifted up beyond the common run of human days, yet not so high as to lose all sight of them, passion and trouble, and doubt and terror may blend together in a pacified and trustful

hope. Wordsworth, above all modern poets, possessed the gift of Lucretius. His religion also went deeper than the shows of things and dwelt not in rites and forms.

"Sed mage pacata posse omnia mente tueri."

He knew how to find beneath the thunder of the whirlwind that music of the still small voice. And amid all the excesses of the Revolution his heart treasured up the sparks and gleams of human perfection, which were incessantly sent up towards heaven from the very clash and contest of that great disaster:

"Bright sparklings of all human excellence,
To which the silver wands of saints in heaven
Might point in rapturous joy."

So much fortitude, so much devotion, so much courage, pleaded for the unhappy country which exacted their sacrifice, and carried back the poet's imagination to those bright early days when he had first paced the enchanted soil of France. Again, a dear companion at his side, he trod in fancy the streets of Arras; he saw the gay windows all hung with garlands, and the rainbow-arch that spanned the streets; and his heart thrilled—how dolorously! —in tune to the old illusions, the brilliant promises, which then accompanied with their deceiving

glamour the enthusiastic presence of the deputy Robespierre.

And one day, as he walked upon the shore of Loch Leven, a passer by called out to him : "Robes-pierre is dead !"

> "Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
> To everlasting justice, by this feat
> Made manifest. 'Come now ye golden times,'
> Said I, forthpouring on those open sands
> A hymn of triumph, 'as the morning comes
> From out the bosom of the night, come ye !
> Thus far our trust is verified. Behold !
> They who with clumsy desperation brought
> A river of blood, and preached that nothing else
> Could clean the Augean stable—by the might
> Of their own helper have been swept away !
> Their madness stands declared and visible.
> Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
> March firmly towards righteousness and peace.'"

The Terror had ceased, in truth. Authority in France put on a milder face, and, though the Government was still weak and incoherent, Wordsworth felt all his old trust in the people revive anew. He believed in the young Republic. He felt sure that all her enemies were destined, sooner or later, to perish. And again and again he proclaimed the final triumph—great, irresistible, universal, and certain—of the sacred principles of '89, of the real Republic, fashioned after the pattern of the earlier

Girondins. But behold! scarce relieved of the yoke of terror, the French, so lately oppressed, become in their turn oppressors, exchange their defence of their own soil for a war of aggression, losing sight of all their earlier principles. Wordsworth, however French in his sympathies, was backbone English, of the stoutest Cumberland make. He had voted for Liberty, not for Glory; disappointment at their apostasy towards liberty, alarm at the danger to Europe of a conquering Republic—united in his heart. Sick to the heart he turned awhile from the spectacle of politics, buried himself in abstract ideas, in nature, in poetry, in his profound domestic affections. And when, from this inner peace, he cast a glance abroad, true to his own soul, he did not hesitate to condemn where he had once approved; he saw

> "A people
> That once looked up in faith, as if to heaven
> For manna, take a lesson from the dog
> Returning to his vomit . . . . when to close
> And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope
> Is summoned in to crown an Emperor.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I read her doom
> With anger vexed, with disappointment sore,
> But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame
> Of a false prophet. . . . .

In nature still
Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her,
Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height,
Maintained for me a secret happiness."

Such, in a brief summary, is this confession ; one of the noblest, frankest, and most eloquent ever written. France should not continue to ignore it, for these pages hold many a lesson, for the history of Europe no less than for the history of literature. They present a picture of the army of '91, and of its double principle, which is a masterpiece, and one that could only have been drawn from the fresher observation of a foreigner.

I would merely underline two important traits affecting the history of the Revolution as seen from abroad. Firstly, let us mark, learn, and inwardly digest this significant detail : the horror inspired by the French Revolution in Europe is a result, not of her crimes, but of her conquests ; the point of her sword was more atrocious than the edge of her guillotine. Wordsworth abjures the Terror, not in '93, but in '99, after the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte ; and he does not stand alone. Southey, the frantic Tory of 1808, preserves in the second edition of his *Joan of Arc*, published in 1796, all the revolutionary fervour of his preface to the edition of

1793. In 1796 Coleridge chants the incarnate demon Pitt, monarch of massacre and battle.

All the blood of the Terror did not shake the enthusiasm inspired by the principles of '89. Notwithstanding these excesses, at more than one moment France might have made her peace with her neighbours; at more than one moment Europe was ready to repress her involuntary shudder, and to extend a not unsympathetic hand. But, without fail, once and always, some fanatic of the tribune would arise to brandish the torch of war, to dismiss all promise of peace within and peace abroad. The brood of wordy lawyers was disastrous to their country—even then.

But, and this is our second lesson, France was not alone in her responsibility for the deviations of the Republic, and for a war whose fatal consequences are not over yet. The English Government of 1793 must share the blame. In all Europe, England was the sole country which the Revolution never menaced. The invectives of the English Jacobins did not endanger the Republic; and at worst, if the English Government and the French Government came to words, there was no feeling of hatred, but rather one of sympathy, between the two nations. The intervention of England was a mistake. By

doubling the risks of France, it increased the power of the extremists. Violently dislodging the huge machine of the Revolution from the moderate lines on which it had commenced its career, England sent it spinning down a groove of folly, endangering thereby the peace of France and the peace of Europe. Thenceforth, all common agreement became impossible. And many generations must pass before the envenomed memories of wrath and hatred bequeathed to us by that fatal error shall quite have passed away. That was an evil hour when Pitt, after a long resistance, yielded to the furious sentimentality of Burke's too-Irish eloquence, yielded to the pressure of a public enamoured of the lachrymose, and sought to escape from the harass of unsatisfactory home affairs by declaring a popular war against the French Revolution. For the French Revolution was the younger sister of the English Revolution, and should have been, not opposed by England, but directed in a course of wiser liberty. No man has ever, more than he, done harm to the cause of Europe and humanity. We will not say of Pitt (though we might have an English warrant for it) that he deserves the title given to the late Emperor of the French after the *coup d'Etat* of 1852—we will not call him "the greatest scoundrel of his day."

But we may admit that the execration heaped upon his memory by the advanced Liberals of England, and by public opinion in France, is but the blind expression, not ill founded, of a legitimate grievance which history and the future still have against him. He was sincere and he was honest. The excuse may serve the man, but not the statesman. For the statesman must stand or fall by the evil he has left after him, and not by the good he may have meant. That is an affair for those casuists of history, who amuse their leisure and absolve the disaster of a nation, by seeking in the story of a tragic blunder the secret intention of the heart.

The Life of George Eliot.

MESSRS. ALLEN in projecting their *Eminent Women Series*, must feel sure of their success. What subject could be more appropriate to these days of feminine agitation, when the rights of women are discussed, not only with passion, but with so much intelligence? All the contributors to the *Eminent Women Series* are to be ladies, more or less eminent themselves. Behold the feminine Pantheon raised by feminine hands!

Ab Junone principium: the series naturally opens with George Eliot. Her biographer is Miss Mathilde Blind, a distinguished writer, known chiefly by her poems, so individual and personal in their accent. Although George Eliot had no great affection for her critics, she would, I think, have read this little book with pleasure. She would have found in it a ray of her own aureole and some of the qualities which she must have preferred in other people, since they are the stuff of which her genius is made. I speak of a sympathy deep enough to

penetrate the thoughts of another; a wideminded-ness which embraces the whole complexity of the soul and life, a force and virility of expression which in nowise diminishes the delicacy of the finer shades. There is a harmony between George Eliot and her biographer. Let me, in brief, follow Miss Blind in her survey, not of the works, but of the life of George Eliot.

'Tis a life apparently devoid of all adventure, and whose sole romantic incident is not disclosed to public curiosity—a life whose whole history might seem to be resumed in a mere catalogue of titles—yet not without its deep invisible convulsions, its pent-up tempests, whose traces are manifest in the genius of George Eliot. The principal charm of Miss Blind's little volume is in its restitution of the soul's tragedy of one of the noblest and most powerful women of our century. This restitution, due in part to the testimony of the great novelist's intimate friends, but far more largely to the abiding witness of her work, is a true piece of scientific criticism.

Mary Ann Evans, whom the world remembers as George Eliot, was born in 1819, in Shakespeare's Warwickshire. Her father was agent to a rich county gentleman, Sir Roger Newdigate. Bred in the garden of England, in daily contact with rural

realities, she grew up a true child of nature, and from her very cradle learned her two great secrets: her deep intuition of the reality of things and her sympathetic love of real life, however melancholy and disenchanted it may appear on after thoughts. If it be true that the work of every artist is but a confession of his own life and feelings, one may say that the writings of George Eliot are essentially a confession of her childhood. The most living characters of her novels, those who have a home in all our memories, are sprung from the real men and women of her early days. That is why they are so veracious and so vivid. Nothing lives and endures like the life and recollection of our very first impressions, like the heart of the child which pulses in the brain of the man. Her own child's heart is born again to us in the adorable image of Maggie Tulliver, the dear little girl, so oddly compact of day-dreams and logic, of imaginative enthusiasm and serious good feeling.

Mary Ann grew up early. Her school-fellows worshipped her from a distance with mingled admiration and respect. Far more than grown up men and women, schoolchildren have the idea and the instinct of genius. They feel the superiority of the shy, solitary comrade who lives in a world of his own,

peopled with dreams and visions, isolated — not by any disdain for the happy games and passions of his fellows, which often he watches with longing, with a wistful envy,—but by the obscure tyranny of the master-thought that dominates his young ideas. 'Tis a mistake to suppose that children of this nature are unpopular at school; on the contrary, their peculiar power is far more quickly, far more spontaneously recognised among their comrades in the class-room than everit will be in later years. In this young, sincere, whole-hearted audience the homage due to genius is not slurred over by any base jealousy, cliquery, or envious mediocrity; and the gifted child himself is more natural, more unconscious, feels his gift more directly spring, like a flower, from the substance of his soul, than it is likely to be the case when the world shall have poisoned him with its mortal influence; when his happy days shall have felt the deadly leaven of doubt and self-distrust.

When Mary Ann was fifteen years old she lost her mother. Her elder sister and her brother both married and went to live away from home. Separation followed separation, until the young girl found herself almost alone in the world. The last and hardest of all was to come: her estrangement from

her brother Isaac ; for that was an enduring absence, not only from the home but from the heart. Her brother had been the idol and the guide of her childhood, but by some unhappy chance, they were not kindred spirits. Isaac Evans, the original of the striking and tragic figure of Tom Tulliver, was the devoted brother and inexorable tyrant of his little sister, the incarnation of conventionality and its laws of honour, honest, upright, narrow, impeccable and implacable. From his childhood he was rather a Rhadamanthine personage, particularly clear and positive on one point : that he would punish everybody who deserved it. ("Why ! he wouldn't have "minded being punished himself if he deserved it ! "but then, he never *did* deserve it.") The remembrance of this affection and this estrangement runs like a sombre strand through all George Eliot's work. She has thrilling tones to describe the mingled attraction and repulsion, the united hearts and divided brains, which breed so many a cruel domestic situation, and the grief and pity of it when we see eyes so like our mother's turn from us in chill repulsion.

Mary Ann, or as her friends loved to call her, Marian, lived alone with her father at Griff House Farm for several years. She was a model farmer's

daughter. She had remarkably beautiful hands: one day she made one of her friends remark that one of them was larger than the other, adding, with a touch of pride, that the difference was due to the quantity of cheese and butter it had turned out at the farm.

In 1841, when she was twenty-two, her father retired from the farm to Foleshill, near Coventry. A new life began for Marian. She had long, empty days for reading, and chance brought her into relation with a group of singularly intellectual persons established not far away, at Close Hill. The Warwickshire Unitarians are widely known for their intelligence, for their high standard of cultivation in days before "culture" was a household word. A study of the evidences of Christianity had led these earnest inquirers to a respectful rationalism, which admitted in religion little beyond the religious sentiment. Of such were Mr. Bray, his wife, and his brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Mr. and Miss Hennell. Marian had for years been a fervent evangelical, almost a dissenter. A common friend, counting on her talents and her ardour, introduced her to the Brays, in the hope that she might bring these wanderers to the fold. But lo! the sheep-dog followed the stray sheep. The first doubts lay

already in hidden germ in Marian's fertile mind; her wide readings in ancient and modern literature had done much to enforce them; only the tender associations, the clear remembrance, which held her to her long-loved faith, kept her dumb and patient. The new friends, whom she was charged to convert, had littte trouble in her conversion. Religious opinions were not then, as now, a part of individual liberty. Marian's secession was followed by intimate heart burnings, by family discord, by almost the rupture of domestic ties. Many of her old friends broke with her. Even her father, who declared she she might *think* whatsoever she chose, burst forth in anger when she would not go to Church. For a moment Marian thought of leaving him, of going to live alone in Coventry. It was the Brays themselves — the very instruments of the arch-fiend — who patched up the breach, and persuaded Marian into an outward conformity with her father's tenets.

Marian thought she had found her path at last, and took deep draughts of philosophy and theology. 'Twas the moment when Strauss had reduced the life of Christ into a fine dust of impalpable myths, and his *Life of Jesus* sent a shudder through the theologians of two worlds. A friend of Mr. Hennell's—a Miss Brabant—had begun an English

translation of the book by his advice; but half way through the first volume, she laid down her pen to marry her adviser. Marian took up the interrupted task and completed it. In order to fit herself for this task, of which only the initiated can imagine all the difficulty, her fine conscientiousness compelled her to study not only German, but Hebrew. She passed three years over this hard labour, for which she received the sum of twenty pounds. From Strauss she passed to Feuerbach,—from whom she translated the *Essence of Christianity*—from Feurbach to Spinoza and his *De Deo*. The vigour and precision of these three translations established her reputation among students of metaphysics, and were to be the means of calling her to London. Dr. Chapman, who had recently replaced J. S. Mill at the head of the *Westminster Review*, offered her a situation as co-editor. It was in the palmy days of the *Westminster*, when Mill, Herbert Spencer, George Lewes, Harriet Martineau—and all the profound and brilliant group, who united the tradition of Bacon to the tendency of Comte—were clustered in their prime about its pages.

Miss Evans entered the office of the *Westminster* in 1852, at the age of three-and-thirty. Some of her contributions have remained famous, especially

those in which she let flood all her pent-up rancour against the hypocrisy and hollowness of a Church "as by law established"; all that odd convention which refuses to form morality out of the natural order of things, but hangs it, so to speak, from the edges of a star. The force and bitterness of these essays reminds us of Pascal and the *Provinciales*. Of such was her article on the author of the *Night Thoughts*, the perfect type of the approved Anglican moralist, equally impressed with the supreme importance of death—and of his funeral-fees; languishing at once for life eternal and a good living here below; ardently devoted to his patrons, though after all preferring the Almighty; teaching with something more than an official conviction, the nothingness of earthly things, yet feeling something more than a mere personal disgust, if his praiseworthy efforts be not recompensed by a substantial benefice; perfectly persuaded that, but for heaven and hell, it would be agreeable, and probably salutary, to lead an immoral life, or, for instance, assassinate one's parents; and that, putting his eternal welfare out of the question, the man would be an idiot who was not a scoundrel. She is unrelenting in her contempt for the Evangelical divine. Given a man of mediocre under-

standing, of an average moral standard, a facile rhetoric and ceaseless flow of speech ; what is the career in which, without either rank or fortune, he can easiest obtain a standing and a reputation in English society? Where is that Goshen of intellectual mediocrity, where a tincture of education passes for scientific depth, where platitudes are wisdom, and bigotry a holy zeal? Let the man become an Evangelical preacher! He will easily conciliate a slender talent with a vast ambition, an average morality with the reputation of a saint. Let him avoid extremes in practice, reserving them for the domain of pure theory. Let him be strict on predestination, but latitudinarian as to fast-days; inflexible as to eternal punishment, but timid as to the necessity of retrenching the commodities of daily life; ardent in the description of Christ's Second Coming, but lukewarm as to any nearer innovation in the *statu quo*. Let him be hard and literal only in polemic, but spiritualise into the finest ether his special Christianity for the use of the nineteenth century. In this way, he will soon find himself a bishop—carriages will wait at his church door as thickly packed as before the Opera House. His prophetic sermons, bound in gold and lilac, will be the light Sunday reading of many a boudoir, and

the prettiest possible foreheads will pucker over his brilliant comparison of the "grasshoppers which have "their sting in their tail," to the horsetail standard of a Turkish Aga, and will admire his analogy between the French and the frogs, spoken of in the Apocalypse.

The long-repressed satirical humour of Miss Evans, runs away with her sometimes; but at the bottom of all her sarcasms, there was already something more than satire, a personal morality, a theory of life. We find it first expressed in the brilliant essay which, borrowing a happy saying of Coleridge's, she entitled "Worldliness and other World-"liness." Already she begins to teach that our brief mortal span requires no heavenly perspective to lend it infinity, for earth may hold its heaven here. Already she touches a new spring of moral emotions, and brings out of the very sense that life is fleeting, new, tenderer pities, a more heart-breaking pathos, than older writers show. The thought that this brief life, such as it is, often so cruelly incomplete, is all that is accorded to those we love—to the innumerable companions of our pangs and disappointments—inspires her with an infinite charity. All the bitterness, all the possible pitiful sweetness of this vein of feeling, was to be brought to light by the future novelist, in a manner wholly new and wholly hers.

But nothing as yet announced the novel-writer. An essay published in the same year as her first stories, so infinitely tender—a sarcastic, merciless essay on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists"—shows us at least that her conception of what the novel should be is firm and finished. The writer has an object, to paint the life of the people; a principle, the devotion to truth. Art is the nearest thing in the world to life; 'tis a fashion of enlarging our experience and extending our contact with our fellow creatures beyond the narrow limits of our individual lot. The artist's task is not less sacred when he labours to reproduce the life of the common people. The least mistake here is more fatal than when dealing with an artificial and complete civilization. 'Tis a matter of comparatively little consequence if our author deceives us in the fashions and story of the hour, the exact *nuance* and *ton* of fashionable society; but 'tis serious, indeed, if he mislead us when our sympathies are engaged with the great elemental facts of life—if the joys, struggles, tragedies, humour, he represents, are falsified or perverted in his rendering. Already she turns with preference to subjects dealing with country life, a subject almost untouched in 1856, when the countryman was still either Hodge or

Corydon. She does not idealise her peasants, and in this very article she has a striking passage on the pastoral beauty of a field full of haymakers, the golden light, the great waggon slowly moving beneath its fragrant load, the line of bright green, aftermath, gradually enlarging behind the mowers. But approach! the coarse laugh, the ribald jest of the real living peasant will shock and disconcert us. "The only realm of fancy and imagination known "to the English countryman lies at the bottom of "the third bottle." The rustic's honesty is no less mythical than his delicacy in affairs of the heart and fancy: a thresher will not, for reasons, commit a forgery, but he will stuff his boots and his pockets with his master's corn; the harvester will not write a begging letter, but he will coax the dairy-maid to fill his bottle with the farmer's ale. The sight of buttercups is no panacea for selfishness, and you cannot make a man moral by turning him out to grass.

Miss Evans was already fit to take up the pen of the novel writer. She knew her art, but she did not as yet know her own genius. She might have continued to use her life in an effort unworthy of her gifts, lofty though it be—she might have continued to squander in fleeting abundance all the

treasures of her garner. More than one man or woman of genius has thus gone down to his grave exhausted, leaving no measure of his mind, for lack of discerning the work for which he was born—for lack of a friend to point out this predestined task. George Eliot was to find this timely friend; and the divining-rod that was to indicate her hidden treasure already quivered in the hands of Love.

George Eliot:

In her Letters to a Friend.

LETTERS are the very pulse of biography. They let us into the daily detail of a life and the very core of an individuality; and this is truer of the letters of a great writer than of any others. If they be written in all sincerity—for the person to whom they are addressed and not for a possible public—they reveal moreover the exact relations of the character of the man to his work, and the degree of truth which animates his art.

The letters of George Eliot are still unpublished.* Yet she was an abundant letter-writer, and had in especial three constant friends with whom, during all her thinking life, she exchanged a continual correspondence. Mr. Cross has collected all these papers, which form the materials of the monument which he intends to raise to the lofty spirit that he knew so well, and which, for a few brief months, was called by his name among us.

* This essay was printed in the *Débats* before the publication of Mr. Cross's *Life of George Eliot.*

One of these friends—the friend of thirty years—(I speak of Mme. Bodichon) has done me the honour to trust me with her share of George Eliot's correspondence. I have her authority not only to study it, but to extract what may touch or charm the friends of George Eliot and of English literature in France. The letters begin on the morrow of the appearance of *Adam Bede*. Before letting the reader into the author's confidence, let us recall to him her *début* as a novelist.

In the office of the *Westminster Review* Miss Evans had made the acquaintance of George Henry Lewes, the most alert, the most universal mind of his generation, equally remarkable as a critic, as a physiologist and as a philosopher, a brilliant talker, whose dazzling wit played over an abyss of deep reflection. Miss Evans, who at first sight had not greatly cared for Lewes ("a little Mirabeau," so she describes him), soon fell under the charm: he was fascinated. A domestic disaster shattered his hearth and home; she gave her life to repair the ruin, and a union was formed which, in the situation of Mr. Lewes, the law could not sanction, but which remained unalterable during five-and-twenty years, till death dissolved it, and which, little by little, imposed itself upon the respect of thinking men and women.

One day Lewes, struck by the prodigious observation of his wife, said to her: "My dear, you should "write a novel; it would be excellent." A few days later, Miss Evans shut herself up in her room, and wrote the first of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*: "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton." Lewes had divined the very secret of her nature: he had revealed her to herself; she had found the true channel where she could let loose in deep abundance all the thought which twenty years of meditation had accumulated in her brain. And in her novels she found again not only her own thought, but all that she had gathered in of the world's universal life: the harvest of her eye, the harvest of her soul and heart, all she had loved, and watched, and felt from her remotest infancy—aye, long before the days when, going a-fishing with her brother, the little dreamy girl would forget her line "and never knew she had a bite unless Tom told "her." The *Scenes of Clerical Life*, published anonymously in 1857, immediately arrested the attention of the reading public, who felt that a new novelist had swum into their ken. Two years later *Adam Bede* appeared over the signature of George Eliot. A few days later England had learned this unknown name, never thenceforth to be forgotten.

'Tis at this moment that our letter opens. Mme. Bodichon took the most passionate interest in all the literary questions of the day. She was herself a landscape painter of a rare talent, of a penetrating poetry, whose water-colours, well known in a limited circle of connoisseurs, would have reached a far wider public had she cared. She was one of the most active pioneers of the higher education of women, convinced that there lies at least one answer to the social problem: lift up the woman and, through her, lift up the man—as much as she in need of such improvement. At the age of one-and-twenty she had founded and endowed one of the first London High Schools for Girls, which she herself directed for many years. Later she became one of the founders of Girton. 'Twas at London, in the circle of the *Westminster Review*, that Mme. Bodichon met Miss Evans, in the month of July, 1852. They had three great things in common: the same cultus for the intellectual life, the same philosophic faith, the same ideal of social progress. They were not long in making friends, and their friendship was as complete as it was sudden, an entire community of thought and feeling.

These letters deal with the second period of George Eliot's life. The time of endurance was

past and gone, the time of triumph had begun. Of those earlier days of trial as by fire—in a sense, the most important of all, since they formed and fashioned the spirit of George Eliot—we have no direct confession in either her novels or in this correspondence, but the shadow of them passes across it more than once. She had suffered through herself and through others; she had striven against herself and against those she chiefly loved; and she had come out a conqueror, but at the price of her own peace. She had watched the faith of her childhood die in a long agony within her soul; she had seen the change of her opinions change the dearest affections of her household; she had watched her dear brother pass her by with the chill, disapproving glance of a stranger; death had taken her father from her in her hour of need. Then, in the silence and apparent calm of settled work, she had known all the vague, incommunicable tortures of a lonely heart without a guide, of a genius bewildered which has not found its final path. And she had felt in her heart the dim anguish of a love that dies for lack of an object. And she had endured in her mind the painful radiance of a thought which might have been a light of the world, but which burnt, pent-in upon itself, obscurely. Nor did she ignore the undefined

remorse of feeling that God had made her, perchance, of His rare Elect, with a mission to fulfil and a work of her own, but that, for lack of guidance, she must disappear with all her task undone, misunderstood and undervalued, not only by the indifferent world, but by herself. Trouble and doubt had marked their imprint on her worn, irregular features, which an unearthly beam of thought irradiated in conversation. Such was this woman, still young, whose appearance recalled, it is said, three great leaders of men, Savonarola, Dante, and the traditional face of Christ. Moulded by suffering, even her glory was not to come to her without its own peculiar pang. More than once the cant of the British public was to veil its face before the courageous woman who, without the least bravado, the faintest defiance, had quietly refused to submit her conduct and her conscience to the authority of convention. Years must pass, a tyranny of universal admiration must persist, before, in a certain set, the hypocrisy of social decorum should acknowledge the superiority of one of the noblest and purest spirits of the century.

The correspondence of Madame Bodichon is concerned, as we have said, with George Eliot's days of fame. It is doubtful if any letters of hers

will throw much light upon those earlier days of inward strife. A part of her correspondence, dealing with the rebuffs and affronts with which the world saluted her union with Mr. Lewes, has been burned long ago, at her request and desire: having forgiven, she wished that all that might be forgotten. And her other trials are of the sort that cannot be written: the rare souls who undergo them are of too proud a nature to confide them. At most, here and there, one word, one lyric cry, reveals the abyss within as by a flash of lightning. Always, and till the end, despite her ardent need for sympathy, —that hunger of the heart no less imperious than that other hunger by which Nature forces us to wear her yoke and change the face of the world—George Eliot reserved her right to silence, her claim to an inner solitude of joy and pain. In 1863, nine years after her marriage, she writes to Madame Bodichon, then at Algiers and much out of spirits :—

"I am sorry to think of you without any artistic "society to help you and feed your faith. It is hard "to believe long together that anything is 'worth "while' unless there is some eye to kindle in common "with our own, some brief word uttered now and "then, to imply that what is infinitely precious to us "is precious alike to another mind. I fancy that to

"do without that guarantee one must be rather "insane, one must be a bad poet, or a spinner of im- "possible theories, or an inventor of impossible "machinery; and yet in the most entire confidence, "even of husband and wife, there is always the "unspoken residue, the *undivined* residue, perhaps "of what is most sinful, perhaps of what is most "exalted and unselfish" (4th December, 1863).

There are a hundred and fifteen letters from George Eliot to Madame Bodichon, and perhaps a dozen from George Lewes. They extend over a period ranging from the April 27, 1859, to April 18, 1880; the last preceding by some eight months the death of George Eliot.

Adam Bede had just appeared under the pseudonym of George Eliot. The incognito had been kept with the strictest care. The real name of the author was not known even to the publisher, who received the manuscript from the hands of Lewes. The irresponsible reviewer, with his usual sagacity, began ransacking the list of well-known writers to find an author for so new a book. Dickens alone declared the book was by a woman, but no one believed him: there was more force and more depth in *Adam Bede* than a masculine critic could permit to the scribbling daughters of Eve. The

brother of George Eliot, it appears, had recognised in the earliest *Scenes from Clerical Life*, the touch of his sister, together with certain incidents, special details, which only a member of their family could know. But he kept his secret. The inhabitants of Nuneaton, where George Eliot, under an altered name had laid the scene of "Amos Barton," had recognised their own streets and their acquaintance: 'twas true that none but a Nuneatonite could have written "Amos Barton." Nuneaton gloried in the possession of an university man, a certain Mr. Liggins, late of Cambridge; the book was fathered on him, for who could associate a work of genius with the little schoolgirl who, twenty years before, had followed the course of Miss Lewes' seminary for young ladies? Mr. Liggins did not resist long. He suffered a gentle violence to surprise his secret, and sat mum when *The Times* declared, *urbi et orbi*, that here was the author of the most striking stories of the hour.

Madame Bodichon, recently married to a French physician well known in Algeria, was at the moment living at Algiers. She was not in the secret, but she had heard of *Adam Bede*—was it not in everybody's mouth?—and had sent for it to London on the strength of its reputation. When she

opened the book she started, as before a well-known face seen in a stranger's album ; she recognised the fashion of the thought, the imagination, the style itself. "No one but Mary Ann could "have written this!" she cried, andi mmediately she sat down and sent to her friend over the sea the testimony of her admiration.

George Eliot's answer is the second letter in the packet that lies upon my desk. This correspondence opens in the midst of the excitement of success. 'Tis a long cry of delight and gratitude towards the quick and kindly heart which had so instantly divined the secret of her fame :

"God bless you, dearest Barbara, for your love "and sympathy. You are the first friend who has "given any symptom of knowing me—the first heart "that has recognised me in a book which has come "from my heart of hearts. But keep the secret "solemnly till I give you leave to tell it, and give "way to no impulses of triumphant affection. You "have sense enough to know how important the "incognito has been, and we are anxious to keep it "up a few months longer. Curiously enough, my "old Coventry friends, who have certainly read "the *Westminster* and *The Times*, and have "probably, by this time, read the book itself, have

"given no sign of recognition. But a certain Mr. "Liggins, whom rumour has fixed on as the author "of my books, and whom *they* have believed in, has "probably screened me from their vision. I am a "very blessed woman—am I not?—to have all this "reason for being glad that I have lived. I have "had no time of exultation; on the contrary, "these last months have been sadder than usual "to me; and I have thought more of the future "and the much work that remains to be done "in life, than of anything that has been "achieved. But I think your letter to-day gave "me more joy, more heart-glow, than all the letters "or reviews, or other testimonies of success, that "have come to me since the evenings when I read "aloud my manuscript to my dear, dear husband, and "he laughed and cried alternately, and then rushed to "me to kiss me. He is the prime blessing that has "made all the rest possible to me, giving me a "response to everything I have written—a response "that I could confide in as a proof that I had not "mistaken my work."

Lewes adds an expansive postscript—'tis the gay treble in harmony with George Eliot's bass:

"My dear, you are adorable, and I always said so. "I don't know if I ever let it out to you; my

"constitutional timidity may have held me back as "usual ; but I tell you now. You are the one person on "whose sympathy we always counted ; and we could "scarely retain our secret when it came to saying "goodbye, but now we are delighted that you have "found it out of yourself. The success of the book is "simply unheard of ; for once public opinion appears "unanimous. The amusing part of it is, that with "the exception of Dickens and those who hang on "his dicta, everyone believes it to be by a man, and "especially a clergyman ; all the dons of Oxford "and Cambridge add, an University man. If you "know Polly, as I think you do, you can understand "all the good, all the cordial good, your letter has "done her."

But the crown of laurel hid a crown of thorns. George Eliot had the strangest sensibility to criticism—partly from an inner conviction of her strength, partly from a womanish weakness. Genius, when it is not infatuate of itself, genius which has kept its cool good sense, is the only competent judge of its own work. It alone knows all the strength and all the weakness, for it alone knows the intention and the aim and the distance between them and the result. The incompetent opinions of reviewers, however well meant, can but wound it,

not in the mere vanity of the man of letters, but in the easily hurt sensitiveness of a highly-strung nervous organisation, of all others the most dependent on sympathy. Such natures, in order to give their full measure, must feel another heart beat in unison with their own; must feel themselves understood at the first word, or rather divined, interpreted, for they suffer too much in explaining themselves. When Lewes offered "Amos Barton" to Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, while accepting the manuscript with high praise, had asked for certain alterations, certain corrections. George Eliot had been downcast and discouraged—she had lost confidence in herself, and had not refound her courage until she heard that Mr. Blackwood, informed of the effect of his criticism, had come round to her own views, and would print the story as it stood. The only bitter lines in all George Eliot's letters are provoked by the reviewers. The realism of *Adam Bede* had been the cause of numberless polemics. Not content with identifying all the places spoken of in the novel of the day, every reader would have his say in fitting the characters with the names of living persons. For instance Dinah was declared to be a Methodist aunt of the author, a Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, whose sermons must

have been noted down and reproduced *verbatim* by her niece. Two literary pamphlets, or rather continuations of the novel, on these lines, are thus summarily dispatched by the indignant author:

"Seth Bede and Adam Bede, junior, are specula-
"tions of those who are always ready to fasten
"themselves like leeches on a popular fame."

Mr. Lewes, ever vigilant, decided to isolate his gifted charge from all such irritating influences. He intercepted them, and only let the serenest, the benignest among them, reach the sensitive spirit of their subject. Hence forward she dwelt in calm—ignorant of the noises about her which disturbed a lower sphere—alone with her art, in face of her mission and her God.

"The rewards of the artist lie apart from every-
"thing that is narrow and personal: there is no
"peace until that lesson is thoroughly learned.
"I shall go on writing from my inward promptings
"—writing what I love and believe, what I feel to
"be true and good, if I can only render it worthily—
"and then leave all the rest to take its chance. 'As
"it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be'
"with those, who are to produce any art which will
"touch the generations of men" (December 5, 1859).

The difference between George Eliot and the

circle of novelists and lady-novelists who flourished under the shelter of the five or six great names of the fifties—the whole apocalyptic difference lay in this fact, that every character in her novels had its spring in her own experience. She had known them all from childhood, she had seen them move about her, she had heard them speak on a hundred matters; she invented nothing.

Fanciful invention is the trick of a morbid imagination, the sign of the unsound mind. George Eliot created: that is to say, she inspired or re-inspired with life things which once had lived and breathed, or which, at the very least, *might* so have lived. Her fancy followed the motions of a fundamental law. During the first period of her literary career—the most brilliant, the most enduring—she lived wholly on the treasure of accumulated emotion which her youth and childhood had supplied her. *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, and even *Middlemarch* (so much later in date), are offsprings of Griff and Nuneaton. Later, when she tried her touch on the experience of more recent days, on the less familiar London world of politics, art, society—when she wrote *Felix Holt*, *Daniel Deronda*, *Romola*, she produced work of a less lasting quality. The gift of the thinker and the writer is

fresh and vigorous as ever, but the material is the fruit of study or of conscious observation ; it is, in however slight and pure a degree, "copy" ; it is no longer the lively, impromptu emotion, the first fresh feelings that lie at the roots of life, and form the very fibres of the heart. In *Adam Bede* she is in the very flush of this happier first period ; eagerly interested in the present, but drawing the source of her inspiration from the past :

". . . I do wish much to see more of human life : "how can one see enough in the short years one "has to stay in the world ? But I meant that at "present my mind works with the most freedom "and the keenest sense of poetry in my remotest "past, and there are many strata to be worked "through before I can begin to use *artistically* any "material I may gather in the present."

'Tis the moment when she is planning the first chapters of *The Millon the Floss* "in much anxiety "and doubt about my new novel." 'Tis the moment when she is living over again the first years of Tom and Maggie, or rather of little Mary Ann and Isaac, the dear beloved brother, lost now to her though yet alive : and the old memories revive new wounds—wounds that no time shall heal. "The "emotion of the artist !" cries Lewes, who finds his

wife in tears at her writing-table; and he dashes off, in his light, cheerful fashion:

"My wife is at present reddening her eyes and "blackening her paper over the silly sorrows of two "silly young persons of her imaginary acquaintance, "and therefore cannot give her mind to correspond-"ence. So under her orders, I take up my pen "and undertake the serious part of this letter, leaving "her just a little corner to put a word of sentiment." In this little corner we find the tragic line: "I have "been crying myself almost into stupor over visions "of sorrow." The secret of her power lies there: her work lives because she wrote it with her heart's blood.

As ever happens with those who have greatly suffered and who have consumed their sufferings in meditation, the work into which she poured all her matured and disciplined heart brought with it a sort of sad optimism, a sort of impersonal serenity, which beholds in the evil of the past but one of the many fruits of life. She writes to a friend in trouble: "I "shall expect you to be a heroine in the best sense, "now you are happier after a time of suffering" (April 10, 1866).

And what she expects of others, she expects of herself. In 1868 on revisiting Matlock and the

country of her childhood, she writes with a calm joy tempered by melancholy:

"I recognised all the spots I had carried in my "memory for more than five-and-twenty years. I "drove through that region with my father when I "was a young grig—not very full of hope about my "woman's future. I am one of those, perhaps, excep- "tional people whose early childish dreams were "much less happy than the real outcome of life" (Nov. 16, 1868). Weak in health, with a delicate husband, ever anxious for the one and for the other, she feels with every day the serene and strengthening blessing which work, perservered in, ever confers on life.

"We have both been as happy as usual; some- "times well, sometimes ill; but always more and "more happy. I am finishing a book (*Felix Holt*) "which has been growing slowly like a sickly child, "because of my own ailments. We are getting "patriarchal, and think of old age and death as journeys "not far off. All knowledge, all thought, all achieve- "ment, seems more precious and enjoyable to me "than it ever was before in life. But as soon as one "has found the key of life 'it opens the gate of death.' "Youth has not learned the *art* of living, and we go "on bungling till our experience can only serve us

"for a very brief space. That is the 'external order' "we must submit to."

Few incidents, few events, vary the even tenor of those days. All the drama is within; its acts are the work produced by the husband and the wife. Lewes' *Life of Goethe* is to appear—a great affair. Or else he is correcting the proofs of his *Aristotle*, which occupies all their familiar circle. Clarke of Cambridge is looking over the revises to make all sure as to the accents, while Huxley and Tyndall keep a sharp look-out for scientific heresies.

"George is sitting in a comfortable room, enjoying "the delicious pleasure of a complete immunity from "barrel organs and street cries, while he pursues his "studies for his *History of Science*. I am doing "nothing but indulging myself—enjoying being "petted very much, enjoying great books, enjoying "our new quiet home. I sat taking deep draughts of "reading—*Politique Positive, Euripides, Latin Christ-* "*ianity* and so forth—and remaining in glorious "ignorance of 'current literature.' Such is our life, "and you perceive that instead of being miserable "as you imagine, I am rather following a wicked "example, and saying to my soul: 'Soul, take thine "'ease'" (Dec. 14, 1863).

They give to the world one day a week; they

love their double solitude and their dear studies too much to accord it more. They find society what it is everywhere: an elegant emptiness.

"You know all the news, public and private—all "about the sad cattle plague, and the Reform Bill, "and who is going to be married and who is dead. "So I need tell you nothing. You will find the "English world extremely like what it was when you "left it, conversation more or less trivial and insincere, "literature just now not much better, and politics "worse than either. Bring some sincerity and energy "to make a little draught of pure air in your particular "world" (April 10, 1866).

After all, the world which amuses them the most is the charming, unpolished world of the animals in the Zoo, where they love to take their walks abroad whenever they are tied to London. But more and more they desire to spend a large part of their time in the country. The love of the fields and the open country which the habits of all her youth had made a second nature in George Eliot could never be stifled in her breast, and grew more and more imperious with every year of life in town. The streets give her the shudders. The least of her friend's lovely sketches of Algeria, some line in a letter merely, some hint

of blue horizons and arching sky space, reawake the old nostalgia.

"I *know* how you are enjoying the country. I "have just been having the joy myself. The wide "sky, the *not* London, makes a new creature of "me in half an hour. I wonder then why I am "ever depressed—why I am so shaken by agitations. "I come back to London, and again the air is full "of demons" (Aug. 19, 1863).

From time to time they venture on a Continental tour; once in Italy, another year in Spain. On the way to Spain they stop in Paris to visit the salon of Madame Mohl, where they meet "the Sherers "and other interesting people," including M. Renan, "an experience that we were glad to have." They traverse Spain from San Sebastian to Seville, and George Eliot notes many a detail for the *Spanish Gipsy*, saluting, as she passes, "the famous Pam- "peluna, looking as beautiful as it did ages ago "among the grand hills." She visits as in an enchanted dream the southern Scotland of Aragon; admires the Moorish art of Andalusia; but, in the picture galleries of Madrid, and before the façade of the Cathedral of Seville, acknowledges the full superiority of the art of the West over the art of the East.

In 1869 her troubles begin. One of her husband's three boys—her own abopted children, to whom she served as a second mother—died after a long and painful illness.

"We are beginning to see our friends again, and "to outward appearance our life is what it was before ; "but I have the deep feeling in an inward change, "and of a nearer and more permanent company "with death." The love of travel has left the heart-wearied pair ; George Eliot has lost her old pleasure in moving house—ever in search of something nearer the ideal: henceforward one only home until the grave! But by an effort of the will she controls her constitutional melancholy :

"I am no longer one of those whom Dante found "in hell-border because they had been sad under "the blessed sun. I am uniformly cheerful now, "feeling the preciousness of these moments in "which I still possess life and thought" (July 17, 1874).

In 1874 a last journey takes them towards Italy. But illness stops them at Aix-les-Bains, and they come slowly homeward by Switzerland and the Black Forest, where they stay at St. Blasien : "A "Luftkurort, all green hills and pines, with their "tops as still as if it were the abode of the gods. But

"imagine how we enjoy being at home again in our "own chairs, with the familiar faces giving us smiles "which are not expecting change in franc pieces. "We are both pretty well, but of course not cured "of all infirmities. Death is the only physician, the "shadow of his valley the only journeying that will "cure us of age and the gathering fatigue of years. "Still we are thoroughly lively and 'spry.'" Their own liveliness sufficed the busy couple. Fashionable society stretched out eager hands to the woman of genius, and was willing to condone the offence to its social code. It was she who held back, disinclined to exchange her happy, well-occupied days for an idle round of gaieties.

"On Wednesday," writes Lewes, "I was pre-"sented to the King of the Belgians, at his request, "not at mine, and we had an agreeable conversation "in German, French, and English on the *Life of* "*Goethe*, on Italy, on Belgium and her relation to "England, and on the unpronounceableness of "English by foreigners. He is six feet two in "height, is rather good-looking, and has pleasant "manners. He expressed a particular desire to "make the acquaintance of Madonna; but the "timid saint declined to come" (June 6, 1876).

The month of March, 1877, is one of quite

extraordinary dissipation. On Good Friday Tennyson comes to read his "Northern Farmer" to George Eliot; on the 15th a dinner at the Goshens to meet the Princess Louise who had expressed her desire to make the acquaintance of the great novelist. Musical soirées, Wagner recitals, receptions, and parties fill her letters. "We are working a little too hard at "pleasure just now," she writes, though pleasure had its compensations in new friendships, such as that which attracted both the Leweses to Madame Cosima Wagner. "'Tis long," writes he, "since such a "woman rose on our horizon." But old friendships are the true society of their heart. Nothing replaces the void they leave behind. In October, 1878, George Eliot writes to Madame Bodichon, absent from London through ill health:

"I miss so much the hope that I used always to "have of seeing you in London and talking over "everything just as we used to do, in the way that "will never exactly come with anyone else. How "unspeakably the lengthening of memories in com-"mon endears our old friends! The new are "comparatively foreigners, with whom one's talk is "hemmed in by mutual ignorance. The one cannot "express, the other cannot divine."

And thus the hour arrived when the dearest link

of all was to be riven. George Lewes died towards the end of 1878. His widow passed some months in utter solitude, alone with the memory of her dear companion, in company with his manuscripts which she meant to publish, "a bruised creature that "shrinks even from the tenderest touch." A little later she founded in memory of G. H. Lewes a scholarship for physiological research. "I have "been determined in my choice by the idea of what "would be a sort of prolongation of *his* life. That "there should always, in consequence of his having "lived, be a young man working in the way he "would have liked to work, is a memorial of him "that comes nearest my feeling." Little by little, time and the necessity for work, still half involuntary, yet imposed by conscience and an inner force, restored a sort of life to the desolate widow. "We "can live and be useful without happiness," she writes. But happiness was not quite over for her sensitive and thrilling nature. She was yet to know a flash of summer. The last letter but one is dated from Italy, whither she went with Mr. Cross upon their wedding journey. Her power of observation, her philosophic depth of thought, are strong as ever. A psychologist of the historic school might envy her these lines so profound in their simplicity. "We

"have been staying at Milan and enjoying the "frescoes and a few other great things there. The "great things are always by comparison few, and "there is much everywhere one would like to keep "seeing after it has once served to give one a notion "of historical progression" (June 1, 1880).

This is the last page but one of the book so soon to be closed for ever.

II.

We have glanced at the course of George Eliot's life as reflected in her letters. Let us now consider what they show us of her opinions on social questions, on philosophy, on politics.

Her theory of life is not always clear in her novels, not clear, at least, to him who runs and reads, because her power of sympathy with every really living sentiment makes her sometimes appear a convert to beliefs which she comprehends to the point of loving them, but not to the point of accepting them as true. Thus a contemporary critic, Mr. Kegan Paul, has asked how is it possible to class George Eliot in the ranks of unbelievers? Yet we can be in no doubt as to this point. Her convictions, her personal intimate convictions, remain in her articles for the *Westminster Review*, written

before the earliest of her novels. They are expressed with an aggressive and sometimes with a cruel lucidity. The pen which wrote the *Provinciales* might have served for her denunciations of the Anglican spirit. None has ever criticised with a more scathing subtlety the worldly after-thoughts and delusions which go masked in the garb of other-worldliness.

But, as years roll on, her resentment fades. Once her personal independence asserted, like all really lofty minds, George Eliot retains no animus in the revolt of her reason against a religion found untrue. Her personal denial leaves her room for all possible tolerance, all pity, all sympathy for the dear consoling faith, once so profoundly loved, which still sustains, direct, enlightens the heart, if not the intelligence, of her weaker brethren. In that she showed herself superior to Lewes, who to the end maintained the attitude of a personal enmity towards Christianity, and strutted ever on his barricade, sword in hand. In this connection, I recall a characteristic anecdote. A young friend of the Leweses was describing an act of self-sacrifice on the part of a common acquaintance; she concluded:

"Is not that quite Christ-like?"

"Christ-like!" cried Lewes with his most indignant

flash. "Never say that again! *He* do it! He "would have told others to do it!"

At bottom, there is more than a sally in this witticism—à la Voltaire. 'Tis the humouristic condemnation of the very essence of Christianity—the condemnation of faith by works. George Eliot must have smiled—but without approving:

"Pray don't ever ask me again not to rob a man "of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind "tended to such robbery. I have too profound a "conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere "faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no "faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. "In fact, I have very little sympathy with Free-"thinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in "mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care "only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that "lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till "now" (November 26, 1862).

She is one of those minds with whom Freethinkers succeed in discrediting free thoughts.

"I am terribly frightened about Mrs. ——. She "wrote to me telling me that we were sure to suit "each other, neither of us holding the opinions of "the *Moutons de Panurge*. Nothing could have "been more decisive of the opposite prospect to me.

"If there is one attitude more odious to me than "any other of the many attitudes of 'knowingness,' "it is that air of superiority to the vulgar. However, "she will soon find out that I am a very common-"place woman."

What she seeks chiefly, what she prizes highest, is the direct honesty of a mind which cannot rest short of the truth, and seeks not to deceive itself with vain illusions. She salutes the birth of Darwinism—not as a discovery which will solve the dolorous riddle of the earth, as certain thinkers seem to imagine—but because it places boldly in the land of scientific fact, a vital question hitherto confined to the airy realms of argument:

"We have been reading Darwin's book on the "*Origin of Species* just now: it makes an epoch "as the expression of his thorough adhesion, after "long years of study, to the Doctrine of Development "—and not the adhesion of an anonym like the "author of the *Vestiges*, but of a long celebrated "naturalist. The book is sadly wanting in illustra-"tive facts, of which he has collected a vast number, "but reserves them for a future book, of which this "smaller one is the *avant-coureur*. This will "prevent the work from becoming popular as the "*Vestiges* did, but it will have a great effect in the

"scientific world, causing a thorough and open "discussion of a question about which people "have hitherto felt timid. So the world gets on, "step by step, towards brave clearness, and honesty! "But to me, the development theory and all other "explanations of processes by which things came to "be, produce a feeble impression compared with the "mystery that lies under the processes" (December 5, 1859).

Thus, she goes through the world, searching in everything the quality of reality in her faith as in her life, in her life as in her art. Religion suffices her no longer, since religion does not repose upon an evident demonstrable truth; yet she feels that religion carries in her bosom the germ and the presentment of the truth that is to be:

"God bless you—that is not a false word, how-"ever many false ideas may have been hidden under "it. No, not false ideas, but temporary ones—"caterpillars and chyrsalides of future ideas" (February 15, 1862).

Let us leave religion to those whom she contents, and quit, not in unfaith, the ritual of our little hour when our heart requires a wider outlook.

"As for forms and ceremonies I feel no regret that "any should turn to them for comfort, if they can

"find comfort in them; sympathetically, I enjoy "them myself. But I have faith in the working out "of higher possibilities than the Catholic Church, or "any other Church has presented; and those who "have strength to wait and endure, are bound to "accept no formula which their whole souls—their "intellect as well as their emotions—do not embrace "with entire reverence. The 'highest calling and "'election' is to *do without opium*, and live through all "our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance."

Thus in her mind the graft of stoicism is budded in the stem of science. Truth examined becomes capable of endurance.

"I think the highest and best thing is rather "suffer with real suffering than to be happy in the "imagination of an unreal good. I would rather "know that the beings I love are in some trouble, "and suffer because of it, even though I can't help "them, than be fancying them happy when they are "not so, and making myself comfortable on the "strength of that false belief. And so I am "impatient of all ignorance and concealment" (February 15, 1862).

Her idea of the universe, as it reveals itself in this correspondence, is essentially one with that which disengages itself from the fabric of her novels. 'Tis

a courageous and ardent pessimism, the sombre vision of Hartmann enlightened by infinite beams of tenderness and self-sacrifice. A reign of universal misery—ignorance, pride, suffering, and above all, those great fatalities which are the acts of God—incessantly combatted by the loving and disinterested effort of the great of soul ;

> "The benignant strength of one, transformed
> To joy of many."

But for the pure goodness which flows noiselessly, obscurely, beneath the vain tumult of things, she would think this world of ours "the work of a "demon." Yet the tendency is persistently upward. The strong, or even those who are only a little stronger, must persevere in helping their more delicate fellows along the difficult path :

"My impression of the good there is in all un-
"selfish effort is continually strengthened. Doubt-
"less, many a ship is drowned on expeditions of dis-
"covery or rescue, and precious freights lie buried.
"But there was the good of manning and furnishing
"the ship with a great purpose before it set out."

Honest and effectual work is the ideal law of all society. Nothing is more vulgar than our current opinions on the relative values of functions and employments. "Who sweeps a room as to God's

"praise" fulfils his destiny with honour. She develops her thoughts upon this matter in connection with the higher education of women. A wider learning does not necesarily imply a more imperious ambition. Rather should it teach both men and women that the very highest forms of work must always be reserved and sacred to a few, who alone may accomplish them in all their fulness. The true Gospel is that the worst form of dishonour consists in shirking any work we have before us.* "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy "might," said an elder Apostle. Above all, let none devote himself or herself to a task for which he or she is unfit. When women are more highly educated they will grasp a wider scheme of things, they will recognise the immense quantity of social unproductive labour which some one *must* perform, and which, in the present state of things, is either left undone or done badly. They will, many of them, devote themselves gladly to doing it well. The

* George Eliot put her theory in practice. All she undertook was done in perfection. At Griff she had been a model farmer's daughter; to the end of her days she was an accomplished housekeeper, "so delicate with her needle, and an admirable musician." Her handwriting and her pronunciation were of the rarest clearness, the index of a thought always desirous of expressing itself with exactness; for the hand and the voice have also their virtue of honesty. It was only as an after-thought that one remarked the elegance of the writing and the sweetness of the voice.

personal example of George Eliot was, it is true, better calculated to encourage a feminine ambition than to point the truth of her maxims. She felt this, and was always a little embarrassed in explaining her theories on this subject.

"There are many points of this kind that want "being urged, but they do not come well from me."

But she does not therefore cease to interest herself in the cause. Her name figures in the list of the the earliest benefactors of Girton College. In 1878 she announces in the same triumphant line the victory of the Republican party in France, and the opening of London University to women.

M. Dupin may thunder against the "frantic luxury "of ladies" and the futility of their tastes. He takes the effect for the cause. George Eliot complains of the tendency of life in the sixties, which pushed with a detestable perseverance all the instincts of women towards the sole development of personal extravagance. "I feel half guilty when I buy a "bonnet or a gown made anywhere near the fashion. "I am not sure but that we ought to invent some new "sort of quakerism, as a protest and a reaction." Higher education will give a broader scope to women's energies, and therefore she welcomes it in faith and hope. But her concern with the intellectual

poverty, with the moral waste, which diminishes the value of life in the upper classes is not allowed to blind her to the grosser misery of the poor.

"I have just been reading with deep interest and "heart-stirring article on the 'Infant Seamstresses' "in the *Englishwoman's Journal*. . . I am writing at "the end of the day, on the brink of sleep, too tired "to think of anything but that picture of the little "sleeping slop-worker who had pricked her tiny "fingers so" (September 17, 1859).

Home politics occupy her relatively little. The Conservative elections of 1874 leave her absolutely indifferent. She is far more interested in foreign affairs, which place more visibly in action, and in a more forcible fashion, the passions, and forces, and miseries of humanity. The spectacle of the universe, as seen from the point of view of a Foreign-Office philosopher, is melancholy enough and little to the honour of the species. George Eliot looks on sufficiently discouraged. As to the absurd paper war between France and England, which succeeded the Italian Risorgimento, and very nearly provoked material hostilities between the two combatants, she writes:

"It is a sad thing to contemplate such a return to "savagery. One would like to feel one's life borne

"forwards on the advancing wave and not back-
"wards on the receding one; one would like to
"move with the flowing rather than the ebbing
"tide" (December 15, 1859).

The war of 1870 could not but impress profoundly a nature at once so musing and so sensitive. In the first months of the war her sympathies, as 'twas general in England, went with the Germans. On August 25 she writes to Madame Bodichon, who was naturally firm for France:

"I am very sorry for the sufferings of the French
"nation; but I think these sufferings are better for
"the moral welfare of the people than victory would
"have been. The war has been drawn down on
"them by an iniquitous government, but in a great
"portion of the French people there has been
"nourished a wicked glorification of selfish pride,
"excluding any true conception of what lies outside
"their own vain wishes. The Germans, it seems,
"were expected to stand like toy soldiers for the
"French to knock them down. It is quite true that
"the war is, in some respects, the conflict of two
"differing forms of civilization. But whatever charm
"we may see in the Southern Latin races, this ought
"not to blind us to the great contributions which
"German energies have made in all sorts of ways to

"the common treasure of mankind. And who that "has any spirit of justice can help sympathising "with them in their grand repulse of the French "project to invade and divide them? If I were a "Frenchwoman, much as I might wail over French "sufferings, I cannot help believing that I should "detest the French talk about the 'Prussians.'"

The war continues. Victorious Germany did not hesitate to disabuse her friends. In a letter dated October 10, 1870, George Eliot exclaims: "Oh, what a lovely autumn is shining on those hideous guns which are being hauled along to Paris! What novices in wickedness were Milton's devils!"

And when the war is over, she follows with a vigilant anguish that yet more cruel inner war, which during seven years was to dispute the moral future of France. She writes under the *Ordre Moral:* "The saddest part of our life is reading the "French telegrams in *The Times.*" But the triumph of legal liberty arrives and throws a bow of promise across the sombre horizon of Europe: "Yes, it is a "comfort to me that in the midst of so many "dispiriting European signs, France has come so "far through her struggle." (Jan. 17, 1873).

III.

The reader will naturally expect in these letters many an interesting reference to the men and events of the day. The anti-vivisectionists would not be edified to read how Huxley speaks of their well-intentioned championesses, and of the "profligate "lying of virtuous women." A more flattering notice is accorded to the hero of the hour, the conqueror of the Ashantis :

"At Sir James Paget's I was much interested to "find that a gentle-looking, clear-eyed, neatly-made "man was Sir Garnet Wolseley; and I had some "talk with him which quite confirmed the impres-"sion of him as one of those men who have a "power of command by dint of their sweet temper, "calm demeanour, and unswerving resolution."

Criticism of literary matters is far rarer than any would expect. She is a great admirer of Lowell, especially of his *Study Windows*; she praises the *Autobiography* of J. S. Mill, but would have liked a different end. She goes to the play for the first time after many years to see *The Bells* of Erckmann-Chatrian. She finds *Les Koumiassine*, by Henry Gréville, a pretty novel, but sees nought but a certain theatric ability in her

Epreuves de Rassic. Her great friend in literature is Molière, with whom she has, in truth, far more affinity than with Shakespeare, though she is continually compared to the Swan of Avon:

"It is nice to think of you reading our great, "great favourite, Molière, while, for the present, we "are not taking him down from the shelves—only "talking about him, as we do very often. I get a "good deal of pleasure out of the sense that "someone I love is enjoying my favourite writers. "I think the *Misanthrope* the finest, most com- "plete production *of its kind* in the world" (Dec. 5, 1859).

I have not yet spoken of the value of these letters as literature. I think they will be counted one of the jewels in George Eliot's crown. They have none of her faults; even the latest in date are completely free from that too abstract and philosophic style, that heaviness of phrase, that excess of detail, which mar the last period of her novels. These letters are as clear as fresh water welling from an ample spring, flowing straight to its goal. Every here and there the pleasant negligence of a hasty pen, unembarrassed by the agreement of metaphors;—never a trace of affectation or fine writing. The idea suggests the image; the feeling finds its vent at

random. Hence a poetry, a naturalness, of a rare degree :

"Our dear Mrs. S. is laid up with illness. The "doctor orders her to keep her bed for three or four "years at least. She looks like a white angel in her "little bed" (Sept. 16, 1874).

The heart and the genius of George Eliot are one and indivisible : "Every kind of love that comes "near me does me unspeakable good," she writes to her friend in August, 1859. Hence her incomparable superiority. This century has borne as powerful realists as she—Thackeray, Balzac, Flaubert—but no one of them has had her universal touch, her deep completeness ; for none of them has felt with the same intensity the full powers of affection and sympathy ; none of them has built his work as she does, directly on the very foundations of the human soul ; none of them, like she, has strung his instrument with heart-strings and thrilled us with the very fibre of our own most intimate nature. None of them—however capable of tender friendship—could have written to a friend just such lines as these :

"I can enter into what you have felt about poor "dear E——'s illness ; for serious illness, such as "seems to bring death near, makes one feel the

"simple brother and sisterhood so strongly, that "those we were apt to think almost indifferent to us "before, touch the very quick of our hearts. I "suppose if we happened only to hold the hand of "a hospital patient when she was dying, her face, "and all the memories along with it, would seem to "lie deeper in our experience than all we knew of "many old friends and blood relations."

The same power of sympathy which makes her so great an artist, render her also a profounder moralist than her fellows. The scientific ethics of the modern age contemplate a millennium of social peace, and a perfected humanity, the result of the victories of thought and science. But thought and science will only arm us for the struggle of life; they can add no cubit to the stature of our souls, unless a springing well of emotion gush beneath them. The horrors of the American War reveal the inadequacy of all purely industrial, material or scientific progress:

"It is a discouraging thing to see the low moral "level, the barbarity of feeling—rendered still more "ugly by the pretence of progress—which are shown "in the acts and words of the Americans. . . . My "best consolation is that an example on so tremen- "dous a scale of the need of the education of mankind "through the affections and sentiments as a basis for

"true development, will have a strong influence on "all thinkers, and be a check to the arid, narrow "antagonism which, in some quarters, is held to be "the only form of liberal thought" (Feb. 15, 1862).

Such, in its essential outline, is this notable correspondence. It may give an idea of what George Eliot was in her relations to her friends. Her letters, when published by her husband's piety, will not, I believe, be found to modify the unanimous judgment of her contemporaries: they will but confirm and justify the high eminence accorded to her work and to her personality. In her private letters, as in her novel, she reveals that peculiar union (perhaps unique in literature) of profound reflective powers with an intense emotivity, of a mind open to the widest teachings of modern philosophy and science, with a heart quick to sympathise with every phase, individual or social, of our human destiny. It may be that the heart of woman, richer in tenderness and self-sacrifice, is more capable than ours of supporting with impunity the melancholy and redoubtable privileges of the psychologist. *Non flere, non indignari, sed intelligere,* is the last word of Spinoza; and the device which might be written on every page of George Eliot is: *Comprendre et aimer.*

Oliver Madox-Brown.

THE name of Madox-Brown, rendered illustrious by a painter of genius whose influence has renewed the artistic atmosphere of England, appeared at one moment destined to surround itself with a second aureole. The son of Ford Madox-Brown, Oliver, a painter by heredity, a poet by vocation, promised a great artist and a great writer to the future. 'Twas but the gleam of an instant; all their visions of glory were extinguished for ever in his twentieth year. Oliver Madox-Brown died a mere child; but he had lived long enough to leave behind him a cherished memory, and in the hearts of those who had loved him—even among the greatest of them—an ineffaceable impression of strength, of power, of gift, of something more than promise. Nine years after his death the poor lad found still a poet to bewail him, and a biographer to recount his brief and brilliant story.

Mr. John Ingram, to whom we owe the life of Oliver Brown, is also the biographer of Edgar Allan Poe. It was no mere hazard of friendship, but a real intellectual sympathy which induced him to seek, in his second subject, as it were, an echo of the past. The name of Edgar Allan Poe rises involuntarily to the lips of the reader of young Oliver's "Reliquiæ." Nor was this the first apparition, in the family history of the Madox-Browns, of a like spirit of fantasy and strangeness. Oliver's great-grandfather was Dr. John Brown, the celebrated Edinburgh physician, the precursor of Broussais, who found in *excitability* the last secret of our vital forces, as certainly it was the first and last explanation of his own ardent and disordered destiny. Oliver's father, Ford Madox-Brown, the great historical painter, the Socialist of a school of Realism, was the grandson of the famous mystical physician. It is interesting to note this transmission of imagination and nervous force; it explains how the young Oliver came to be as original as he was precocious, contrary to the rule of infant prodigies, who owe their success, almost invariably, to their powers of assimilation and imitation.

Oliver was born in London in 1855. Tradition embellishes the childhood of remarkable children,

especially when 'tis seen through a mist of parents' tears. It is said that Oliver's first word was the adjective "beautiful," which he suddenly pronounced while looking at some fine engravings. When the child was two years old, he lost a little brother, and was found alone in the nursery sobbing and saying, "Arthur, shall I never see you any more?" This first encounter with death marked him thenceforth for ever; towards the end of his short life he spoke of the death of Arthur as his earliest memory. At four years old, one of his father's friends was playing with them one day, when the child began to describe one of Mr. Madox-Brown's landscapes so faithfully, so minutely, that his astonished interlocutor listened as surprised "as if the cat had taken to talking." At five years old his father painted him as "The English Boy"; the toys in the child's hands threw into strong relief the depth and seriousness of the great wide eyes.

At school he was chiefly remarkable for his laziness, his cleverness, and his promptitude in finding a quick repartee in difficulties. In 1867, at twelve years old, he painted his first water colour: "Margaret of Anjou and the Robbers." The subject had been given by his father. The composition is infantine, but the faces of a striking vivacity. At

14, he exhibited at the Dudley Gallery a "Chiron receiving the infant Jason," studied from the life. The art-critics were struck by the life and passion which redeemed the bad drawing and inexperience of this early effort. Movement and force attracted him above all things, and nothing so much as the movement of horses and the sea. In 1870, barely fifteen years old, he exhibited two pictures—the marvellous "Obstinacy," where the horse resists his rider who spurs him into the waves, and "Exercise," an Arab breaking in his steed by the shore of the sea.

In collaboration with his father he illustrated Byron's poems, and his "Mazeppa" is a living tempest. Oliver's mother had once brought him from Tynemouth to London through a fearful storm. The small child, hidden away under a coil of ropes, had stayed on deck all the time, despite the wind, the rain, the lightning, the waves that washed the deck. Admiration held him spellbound; he had no time for fear. And something of that storm at sea was to haunt and possess the boy's imagination thenceforth for ever. In 1871 he determined to paint that tempest, and set to work on a romantic picture, "Prospero and the child Miranda left to perish on the Rotten Ship." The painter was still too much a child

himself to have seized the full spirit of Shakespeare, for on Miranda's face, instead of the smile of exquisite unconsciousness of Shakespeare's heroine, he has depicted a look of appeal and fright. In 1872, after some lessons from a French painter, M. Barthe, he showed at the "French Artists," in Bond Street, his finest piece of work: "Silas Marner, with Effie in his "arms, discovering the body of Geoffrey's wife." In this work the original invention and the dramatic truth of Ford Madox-Brown are conspicuous without the faintest trace of the mere student's imitation. The style and the coloration are wholly independent. At seventeen years old the child was sure of his own footing even on his father's field.

Although he was to live another two years, "Silas "Marner" remains his last attempt at painting. His literary vocation henceforth absorbed him. He had begun to write sonnets at thirteen, to the astonishment of his parents, who never supposed him aware of the existence of sonnets. He tore them up as fast as he wrote them, annoyed at having them shown to strangers. Here, for once, was an infant prodigy who disliked being shown off as a prodigy. But two of these childish sonnets remain; original in expression no less than in thought, I have never been able to read them without a singular admiration.

How Tennysonian in their harmony this quatrain addressed to a lady dreaming :

> " Or art thou listening to the gondolier
> Whose song is dying o'er the waters wide,
> Trying the faintly-sounding tune to hear
> Before it mixes with the rippling tide ? "

The hero of the second sonnet, a Darwinian sonnet, is the Chameleon, the sinister survivor of primeval times, with his melancholy tired eyes, his pleated skin, his look as of some unhappy old man to whom Heaven has refused the boon of death, and who lives on, after all his friends ,after all his joys, with even the memory of them turned chilly and wan, alone. The child who at thirteen could write such verses and conceive such themes was of the race of poets and thinkers.

After 1870, Oliver's literary studies were directed by a M. Jules Andrieu, a Frenchman established in London, at present French Consul in Jersey, a man of letters and, what is more, a man of taste, who seems to have exercised a considerable influence upon his young pupil. Through the bitter winter of 1870-71 Oliver would remain for hours shut up in his bedroom without a fire ; he was composing his first novel, the *Black Swan*. There is a French novel called *Le Cygne Noir : une haine à bord ;* I

do not know if Oliver had ever heard of it. In his novel a hate and a love were both pent up on board a ship. An Anglo-Australian, Gabriel Denver, having made a *mariage de raison* with an heiress, Dorothy, is bringing her home to England. She loves him; he is indifferent. One day, on board the "Black Swan," Denver sees a young girl, a fellow-passenger; she is leaning in the cabin doorway, her arms bare, a kerchief across her shoulders. In an instant the vision has vanished, but his fate is decided: he loves her; his wife is dead to him thenceforward. Laura returns his love. One evening, in the midst of their guilty sweet confessions, they see the figure of a woman detached from the black mass of shade which the ship projects against the luminous sky. The moonlight illuminates her; it is the outraged wife whose name is never spoken between them, whose thought, like an obscure dread, is always in their hearts. One evening Dorothy comes to the lovers' tryst in Laura's place. In the dusk Gabriel stoops to kiss her, recognises her, and recoils as though he had set his foot on a snake. She burst out at length in a fury of insults, defies him, dares him to throw her overboard. Maddened by her goading, he is near to taking her at her word when a waft of a love song wanders by them.

It is Laura, come to her tryst. He is saved from a crime. Still rapt in wonder, in self-loathing, in remorse, he has not yet moved from the spot when he hears the cry of "Fire!" And see! the vessel is in flames! five days' steam from the Cape of Good Hope, the nearest land. All souls are lost save three who are saved in a small boat, and these are, naturally, the injured wife, the husband and his love. Dorothy goes raving mad from drinking sea water, and confesses in her last delirium her crime of arson. The two lovers are thus set free, alone together, on the verge of the abyss. A passing vessel takes them up, but Laura dies of fatigue and exhaustion. In the evening, while the sailors prepare her funeral, they see, towards the helm, a strange silhouette—a man with a dead woman in his arms, her head fallen back, dragged down by the weight of the streaming hair, her white hands hanging inert in the moonlight. An instant the two lovers were seen together against the sky; but in the twinkling of an eye all was over; the infinite waves of the sea had closed above the dead and above the living. . . .

The publisher to whom Oliver showed the first draught of this romance was struck by its power but horrified by its immorality and lugubriousness, neither of them, at that moment, selling qualities

with the British public. The young author was told he must tone down and attenuate. Dorothy is no longer an outraged wife, but a jealous cousin, and the story is provided with a happy ending: the two lovers marry, have a great many children, and live happy ever after. All the cruel logic of necessity, all the fatal determinism, the poetic justice of Oliver's Æshylean vision give place to an Adelphi melodrama. The *Black Swan*, white as a whitened sepulchre, was published under the title of *Gabriel Denver* and obtained a decent success of esteem: the central idea had vanished, but all the publisher's cleverness had not purged the book of more passion and psychology and picturesqueness than often fall to the lot of a reviewer. The editors of Oliver's collected works, his two brothers-in-law, Mr. Francis Hueffer and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, have shown not only piety to the dead but good taste in re-establishing the earlier version.

Gabriel Denver is the only book by Oliver Madox-Brown which appeared in his lifetime, and it is the only one quite finished. Before he had completed it, the beginnings of several others moved their shifting woof on the unceasing loom of his young imagination. Most of them are inspired by his Devonshire holidays of 1871. The few weeks he spent, listening

with all his ears to the county-people's legends, studying the dialect, learning by heart the landscape, were fruitful to his mind. Thence sprung his unfinished novel *Dwale Bluth* (the Flower of Madness), which in a different framework, half legendary, half real, reproduces the stormy passions of *Gabriel Denver*. The heroine, Helen Serpleton, comes of the house of Tracy, descended from the murderer of Thomas à Becket, whose dying curse still clings about the doomed race. She loves a blind poet, who returns her passion. But the part of Dorothy is played by Helen's husband; absent lost, and long believed dead, but who returns to separate his wife from her betrothed. She dies; and her poet comes to gather at her grave the scarlet and purple clusters of the belladonna, whose sprays have grown with Helen's life. In the intimate circle of the Madox-Browns, it was known that the figure of the blind poet was not entirely a fancy picture. Oliver knew and loved him in real life, and many of us still recall with emotion the brief, unhappy days of Philip Bourke Marston. Oliver, fascinated by his charm and his misfortunes, made a hero of his gifted friend, and the survivor—himself long dead, alas!—the still young survivor, nine years after the death of his friend, celebrated his Nightshade in beautiful

verse and sang the tragic destiny of the marvellous boy.

Oliver also had tried his hand at verse. We have spoken of his childhood's sonnets. A riper effort, really fine in its passion and its music was found, after his death, amid his papers :

"God, what a soul that woman had ! ah me.
My own grows chill within me ! There's no standard
In heaven above or hell beneath o'er which
A woman's soul may not predominate—
May not aspire to—or degrade itself.

Once, she was almost beautiful. Her eyes
Shone glittering ; twin stars plucked from the abyss
Of God's most fathomless soul—twin mysteries,
So deep, your drowned brain whirled in them, so bright
That even their colour seemed a mystery—
Whence the emotional keen spirit flashed forth
Its scintillant electricities.

Ah love, love, love !
Whose unintelligible promptings lure
Earth's mightiest nerves to thraldom, whose deep magic,
Too swift for timorous afterthought, too deep
For present doubt, makes blind the brain, whose hands
Mould this man's heaven from that man's hell.

The stillness grew
So deep at last, that I could hear my heart
Throb like an echoing football. Once a thrush

Broke thro' the brambles with wild amorous cries;
And, as I marked its startled flight, the trees
Reeled in my sight till all the foliage

Seemed whirling in a dream. How long I wandered
Dreaming my soul out thus, I know not; only
I think a sudden rustle underfoot
Broke up my reverie at last; and I
Stepped back o' the instant. Stretched across my path
Swift-striped and sibilant-fanged a viper crawled
From one stone to another, and disappeared
Even as I watched it."

The date of these stanzas is autumn. Are they the fancy of a child-poet conjuring up a meet subject for his verse, or have we here the first authentic thrill of a boy's fresh passion? It matters little, whether they come from the heart or the brain, these strophes bear little likeness to the ordinary progeny of calf love. The invocation to love has a ring of Musset in its music. But there is a gulf between the two young men: the melancholy child of the North, with his solemn inward vision, is a Musset, who has encountered the ghost of Ulalume and the night's Plutonian shore.

The visionary character of Oliver's genius grew more and more accentuated. His odd fantasies and strange ways became a cause of anxiety to his friends and relations. Meanwhile, he had his share

of literary disappointment. The editor of *Cornhill*, who had accepted his *Dwale Bluth*, subject to revision, returned him the corrected manuscript without a word of encouragement or excuse. His temper grew sombre ; but his ardour for work remained as strenuous as ever. He stayed in town, busy, when his family took up its summer quarters at Margate, in 1874. He meant to join them in September, but he fell ill. From his lonely bedroom he wrote to his friend Marston :

"I am in bed, and heavily stricken by the Lord "to whom, &c., &c. For the moment I must put "up with the pleasure of minutely observing the "newly white-washed ceiling, under which I have "the honour to lie awake at nights and say my "lonely prayers. I am not a blasphemer at heart— "quite the contrary. But I wish I were master of "all creation for a few moments !"

He got better, and was able to join his parents at the sea ; but on his return he took to his bed again —to rise no more. A fortnight later, all hope was given up : Oliver was dying of blood-poisoning. He worked to the last, dictating to his mother and to his brother-in-law, the eminent art-critic William Rossetti. He had dreamed of doing for London what Balzac has done for Paris, for he was not of

those whom the crowd oppresses: Marston, in his lament for Oliver, speaks finely of that city-passion of his. As he lay a-dying, he invented the story of a little street Arab, the spawn of an alley—such a hungry, witty, ragged urchin, as Dickens would have sketched with sympathy. The child lives in the page with his hunger and his irrepressible gaiety—we can almost see him sitting in the midst of a row of sparrows on some low parapet, kicking his heels, and wondering which is the hungrier, the birds or he.

As the fever ravaged the young delicate frame, the imagination grew still more easily excited. Oliver had read some story of a sick man whose real life disappears in order to make place for a feverish dream, of which the imaginary incidents become substantial, become reality for him:

"Oh, if we had to live out our dreams, a strange "lot we'd be, for certain," he had exclaimed in the Yeth Hounds. And now the poor lad was condemned to live out his dreams.

The whole force of his poetic imagination flaring up in one last brilliant flicker, made of Oliver Madox-Brown's death-bed, a terrible, a sublime, a heart-rending spectacle. All the incidents of his sickness, travestied by his delirium, became so many chapters

of a sinister romance, stranger, more unnatural than the wildest of his fancies ; yet full of pity and terror, whose cruel poetry fell in long tirades of free blank verse from his exhausted lips. Death, death ever nearing, filled his apprehension. The young poet imagined himself condemned to death by law, and not by nature.

It was but three years since the Commune, whose history had passionately excited Oliver ; at the beginning of his last illness, he had devoured the *French Revolution* of Carlyle. His delirium confounded the two great upheavals, and he believed himself one of their victims.

He imagined himself accused before some counter-revolutionary tribunal, of having set fire to a church. Carlyle, in order to save himself, had informed against Oliver—so said the *Times*. It was a calumny of the Press ; so noble a heart as Carlyle's was incapable of baseness. But he had been brought to the bar, and in default of evidence was sentenced to death. So young ; and a bullet was to make an end of him and all his dreams of greatness ! And yet if he had lived—if he could but have lived—there was something in his head, in his heart, that would have come out at last ! He would have ranked amid the great ! Well, no

matter! there was nothing to do now but face the volley without flinching. And he shook his unhappy father's hand, saying:

"Courage, father; you will need all your courage "to-morrow!"

The doctor assured him he should not be shot. When he had left the room, Oliver said:

"I know; he has gone to ask my pardon from "the Queen!"

But how should he send the Queen the ring of redemption—Essex's ring. Ah, what new tortures, what fresh anxieties! Death came soon and stilled the unquiet brain.

In the limbo of the paradise of poets, the souls of children, floating in the mists of dawn, are frail, uncertain visions with little individual feature. Their aureole is made of the vague glimmer of the future. They have done little and dreamed much; and in their dreams it is difficult to see how much is all their own. Mostly they shine by a reflected light. Oliver Madox-Brown is assuredly one of the most vivid, one of the most personal, of these touching phantoms. Chatterton was a prodigy, but rather of assimilation than invention, an echo rather than a voice. Oliver was a voice, a voice still young, broken, uncertain. But he spoke true in his

death agony. Had he lived he would have ranked among the great. His qualities were those which cannot be imitated: intensity of vision, dramatic force, power of emotion.

At fourteen years old, haunted by the dream of Clarence, he had sketched a picture of two men crossing a stream; but at its ford they meet a long row of spectres, the ghosts of all those who have been drowned there before their advent. Oliver, also, was destined not to reach the other shore—the happy and glorious shore of greatness realised. But his shadow haunts the purlieus of the stream of fame, and lingers in the memory of mortals. Quires of poets have wept above his early grave,

"Calling him master, though he was so young."

And there are destinies more cruel than the fate of Marcellus.

The Poetry of Mary Robinson.

THESE poems do not stand in need of any long preamble. They speak for themselves; they are their own commentary, and even through the veil of a translation they reveal their unique and indefinable originality. Neither in England nor abroad has the poetry of idealism shown itself more penetrating or profounder.

The author is an idealist; that is to say, the universe, as it appears reflected upon her imagination, is but a sign and a symbol; a symbol of the poet's soul or of the supreme soul of all. The whole scenery of Nature, all her treasures of form and sound and colour, all her visions, her music, all her perfumes, are but the expresssion in a foreign tongue of the ode and the drama of man's inmost soul, sometimes vast and indefinite as fate and the universe, sometimes limited and personal as an individual destiny.

Mysticism is the rock on which idealistic poetry is perpetually shipwrecked. This continual interfusion

of a conscious soul into an inert exterior world, of mysterious nature into the unknowing soul, of the human soul into the soul of the Cosmos; this fluidity of image entails a vagueness which often becomes a void. But the distinctive character of the pages open before us, their peculiar sign among idealistic poems is their strict union of two gifts seldom seen together—clearness of thought and intensity of imagination.

For the soul of this poet is completed by a reflective and scientific mind. Poetry, Thought, Knowledge, are the triple signs of the same imagination, infinitely sensitive, profound and sincere. The author has made her mark in history by essays, studied directly from the document, which echo with the uninterrupted vibration of reality. That which the historian finds in the archives, the poet has found in the movements of her heart. All her poems spring directly from the source under the influence of a personal emotion; she knows nothing of the artifice and system of the deliberate versifier, for she has the great secret, so rare in our age of decadence, the secret and charm of spontaniety, and the expression wells ever clear from the fulness of her heart and mind. Hence the classic purity of her composition; not a line, not a word but represents a

feeling or a thought; no idle introduction. The emotion or the idea is born with the first word, and develops from heart-beat to heart-beat into its final strength. Her sentiment is too sincere not to be sober, her impulse too powerful not to be direct. Every poem is like a living plant which bursts into instant growth from root to flower. No doubt, this instinctive certainty of touch is a part of the talent of Miss Robinson, a part of her frankness of feeling and expression, but it has been chastened and developed by her intimacy with the great poems of Greece and Italy. This poetess so intensely northern by the seriousness and the sincerity of her sentiment, possesses none the less the purity and clarity of the Grecian atmosphere. The northern blossom has expanded in a southern breeze.

Many influences have educated her. Her first notes echo the accent of Rossetti and the Preraphaelites; they sing of a world of old legends and old music, light and love, with saints and angels in adoration. But even in these pages, traced by so girlish a hand, we find a poetic personality and independent imagination. All she takes from Preraphaelitism is its purity of vision and the freedom of its fancy. She leaves on one side its affectations, its obscurities, its mannerism. Hers is the soul of

the idealist without his mystic trance, the halo without the haze.

Later came the turn of Greece, of Italy; aye, even of the East. But none of them subdued this young imagination. Our poetess assimilated her models; they did not assimilate her. They lent her their hues, their memories, their ideal visions, to express, not their spirit, but her own soul. Thus a procession of Dantesque phantoms whisper her the gospel of neo-stoicism; from a lost line of a Greek sophist there gushes a love-letter worthy of Héloïse; a common-place Oriental fairy-tale becomes a dramatic allegory of human destiny. The very spirit of the writers of the past, usually so tyrannical in its influence over the strongest imaginations, is tranquilly absorbed, and suffers a change, becomes a part of the poet's own fancy, a flexible symbol, like the stars or the moon, or any other of the forms which the visible universe offers to the human soul as metaphors for its expression.

This power of transforming all substances into herself extends even into the material realm of rhyme-rhythm; in her mouth the artificial and intricate forms of verse invented by an ingenious Italy, take on a newer, simpler, more solemn meaning. The sextina's monotonous and idle chime had rung

for six centuries its changes as a madrigal ; and lo ! it becomes the haunting symbol of a philosophic thought—some subtle obsession of the mind, ever banished, ever returning—and rings out the refrain of fatality.

In a translation, the verses I have chosen lose, of necessity, a portion of their charm. For the rhythm is refined and often subtle, in contrast with the clearness of the idea, or the simplicity of its expression. The author leaves nothing to chance in the choice of her cadences or the colouring of her vowel-sounds. Often the hidden harmony of the verse projects, as it were, a reflected light on the theme ; as often, when we speak, the accent and the glance emphasise the afterthought of the words we use.

Many different notes are heard in this concert ; the same from the first of her poems to the last. Dreaminess, passion and compassion, the anguish of human destiny, these are the dominant motives of her work. As time goes on, the poignant tone of suffering becomes ever more and more the keynote of her music ; but it never loses the irrepressible grace of her earliest efforts, and her bitterest tears keep the freshness of the dews of dawn. In her two latest volumes, the *New Arcadia*

and the *Italian Garden*, anguish and beauty are met and wedded together. In the one, all the cruelty of social injustice and human error seen in the exquisite setting of the English country: its lawn-like meadows, its sombre purple heaths, its sun-shot mists, and deep-blue distant haze; in the second, the sob of a broken heart heard in the infinite sweetness of Italian spring. A poignant pessimism underlies this sorcery of music and vague dreaming; the bitter cypress blossom buds on all the branches of her "magic spring," but 'tis a singular pessimism, most unlike the gospel according to the Germans, nor akin to our own disheartened doctrine, for instead of preaching the rights of self and the triumph of force, of the virtues of inertia, it proclaims an ardent *credo* of self-sacrifice: "Forget "thy sorrow in the sorrows of others."

Beyond the sufferings of self, beyond the miseries of society, there is a greater and more incurable evil, the woe of the world, the universal *Weltschmerz;* a triple desolation, shut out from all redress in the future since the skies are void; isolated in the present by the incurable ill of personality; a prisoner of the past and of the thousand inherited fatalities which make of any living soul the mere unconscious sport of the vanished tendencies of its

ancestors. In this century of philosophic thought, no poet has gone deeper into the abyss of moral suffering; but the habit of abstract reflection which chills so many poetic thinkers, is rapt and vanished away by the mood of ardent feeling which suffuses this eager mind.

And Destiny? Is the fate of man a thing for tears? Is there no hope? "Yes," answers science, which, having dashed the light from our beliefs, suddenly illumines the dim Future with an unexpected ray, and an idealistic Darwinism. A development, not only of the physical, but the psychic powers of man, inherits the consolations of our ancestral faith.

CELTICA.

Celtica.

WE all know the name of M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, the great Celtic scholar. It is to him that we owe the entry of Celtic studies into the programme of the Collège de France; before him they were represented in France solely by the learned M. Henri Gaidoz, the founder of the *Revue Celtique*, and lecturer on Celtic Literature at the École des Hautes-Etudes. When M. Henri Martin established for M. d'Arbois de Jubainville the Professorship of Celtic at the Collège de France, we all felt that a master had appeared. Since then he has not ceased an instant from his researches. With a talent and a patience alike indefatigable he has tilled with fecundity the vast uncultured province which he, above all others, has contributed to bring within the domain of science. Leaving on one side the Gaulish remains of the time of Cæsar—too rare, too uniform, to furnish a wide base for theory—passing by with wise neglect the modern dialects of Wales, Brittany and Scotland, deformed and

corrupted from their primitive state, he has concentrated himself upon the study of Ireland. Ireland, in fact, has the peculiar privilege of a history continuous from the earliest centuries of our era until the present day. She has preserved, in the infinite wealth of her literature, a complete and faithful picture of the ancient civilization of the Celts. Irish literature is therefore the key which opens the Celtic world. And in Irish literature M. d'Arbois de Jubainville attaches a special importance to the early epics and juridical texts, because they bring us nearest, the one to the real social life of their epoch, and to the soul, the instincts, the imagination, the spirit of the race.

Do English readers remember the ardent accusation, the impassioned appeal, against the deadness and sterility of higher education in France which M. Lot launched some years ago, which M. Gaston Paris—the honour of French science in the eyes of Europe—echoed, in part, at least, only yesterday? The greatest instrument of scientific progress is a school; that is to say, a group of disciples working under the direction of a master, whom they aid in his task. It is this instrument which has wrought the strength of scientific Germany, and enabled her to produce a series of masterpieces which only the

brain of a man of genius could conceive, but which the work and the time of one man are not sufficient to execute. In many branches of science France possesses scholars at least equal to the German, but in very few does she possess a school. The numerous and fecund group of Egyptologists who study under M. Maspéro are perhaps the most striking example; and M. Paris himself, despite his pessimism, has trained a body of disciples, of whom many have become masters in their turn. The volume which we introduce to our readers proves that we have no less a school of Celtic scholars. *L'Epopée Celtique en Irlande* is the product of M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's lectures at the Collège de France, and due to the collaboration of the professor and his pupils.

In his former works M. d'Arbois had already drawn up a catalogue of Irish epics; he had examined them and briefly defined their character and their literary importance; he had taught us how to distinguish the cycle of Ulster, which crystalised in the North of Ireland around the heroic figure of King Conchobar or Conor; the cycle of Leinster, which celebrated in the east of Ireland the deeds of Osson, or Ossian, as the moderns have it; and finally the mythological cycle, formed in earth, sea and sky, around the conceptions of a

religious imagination. He showed us how the two Epics of the North and the East, artificially combined and quite transformed from their rude, barbarous and fierce antiquity, were idealised out of all semblance by the rhetorical Macpherson till they condensed anew into those pale, vague, nebulous poems of Ossian which appeared so tremendous a revelation of nature to the earlier Romantics. A whole generation found in this mutilated paraphrase a joy for ever. Napoleon, Goethe, Lamartine read and raved of Ossian, as also Baour-Lormian. And Werther was to write: "Ossian has supplanted "Homer in my heart."

M. d'Arbois and his collaborators, MM. Dottin, Duvau and Ferdinand Grammont give, in the present volume, numerous specimens of these various epochs, which dwell, still unpublished, in the dusty seclusion of libraries and archives. It is interesting to study them, to turn from Macpherson to his models. Despite his inferior value—for the copy is far below the original —his versions merit our attention, not only on their own merits and as the testimony, however ill-reported, of a forgotten world, but for the indirect and latent action which during more than fifty years they continued to exercise upon the imaginative literature of Europe. In two of the episodes

selected: the death of Derdrin and the death of Cûchulain, the editors give, side by side with the version of Ossian, a literal translation from the original epic. One knows not which is the more surprising, the audacity with which Macpherson has drowned the brutal, savage, old legends in a vapour of vague exclamations, or the innocent good faith with which our romantic forefathers accepted these tricked-out ecstasies and insipid, tame tirades, which we have not the patience to read to the end of, as the unsophisticated voice of Nature. It is a matter to give pause to the advocates of an absolute standard in criticism, a shaft the more in the quiver of the impressionists, *chi oggi han il grido*, till a new mode arise.

I will not for the moment discuss this volume, sufficiently attractive to appeal, on the briefest recommendation, to the large circle of readers which take an interest in the fragile and mobile material of national imagination. For I would say a few words of another book of M. d'Arbois', severer in aspect, more purely technical in interest, and which only appears to belong to a different branch of study.

II.

The present unhappy state of Ireland has evidently much impressed M. d'Arbois, and has led him to inquire what was the system of proprietorship in ancient Gaul, and what its evolution in France. The conclusions to which this inquiry has led him are of a novelty, a tranquil audacity, which astonishes, while it impresses, the modern student; which the Celtic scholar of an earlier generation would certainly have received with a pious shudder, and which, with the sovereign impassibility of history, quietly proceed to demolish the prejudices of Political Economy and even of Socialism.

Some centuries before the Christian era, the country known to us as Gaul was inhabited by tribes known to the Greeks as Iberians and Ligurians. Towards the fifth century B.C. the land was invaded and conquered by the Gauls. The earlier populations faded from the face of the earth, and are now known to us only by their tombs, and by the fragments buried there. Unless, indeed, we be acquainted with them by other monuments "less distant "and less funereal," in the words of M. d'Arbois, "in fact, by ourselves; since for the most part we, "modern Frenchmen, are the descendants of those

"earlier and forgotten races whom the Gauls, our "so-called ancestors, triumphed over and enslaved "before they themselves were conquered by the "Romans. The mass of Frenchmen descend from "these humble, vanquished subjects, whom, in the "time of Cæsar, the pride of Gaul treated as the "Romans their slaves : *pene servorum habetue loco.*"

In modern times, the right of conquest confers upon the victor only the sovereignty and not the property of the territory which he takes by force ; the landowner remaining undisturbed in his domain. Right of conquest, while affording the invader a certain claim upon the personal chattels of the vanquished (under the form of requisitions, war indemnities, and other compensations for free loot) gives him no rights over his landed estate. It was not thus in ancient times. The Gauls became masters of the lands vacated by the vanquished Iberians and Ligurians. But the Gauls had no notion of individual property ; these lands belonged, therefore, not to such-and-such a Gaul, but to the tribe collectively. Still, in fact, and by the nature of things, the enjoyment of the soil belonged necessarily to the rich, to those who had considerable personal property, whether acquired by booty or by heritage, such as herds and droves, horses, or slaves ; for they

alone could support the expense of cultivation, they alone could house and keep throughout the winter months men and beasts in sufficiency to garner in the harvest. Thus, whilst in theory the land belonged to the nation, or rather to the tribe, in practice it tended perpetually to become the individual possession of a few.

The Roman conquest confirmed this tendency. Cæsar had laid upon the Gauls a quota (*tributum* or *stipendium*) payable by the tribe or by the city, which might distribute the tax as best it pleased. Augustus (27 B.C.) replaced the collective tribute by a personal tax—a *cens*. Thenceforth the city was no longer sole possessor; individuals were accounted answerable for the fragments of its territories which they farmed, and were considered, by the fact of their responsibility, invested with a sort of right or claim over these lands as vicars, so to speak, of the tribe or of the city.

For the assessment of the taxes, Gaul was divided into about sixty circumscriptions, or *cities*, answering in some degree to our modern departments; and these so-called *cities* were further divided into a certain number of *pagi* or cantons; and the *pagus* itself into *fundi*, which are the ancestors of the communes of our times.

The names of a great number of these *fundi* are still known to us; some of them by the charts of the Middle Ages, some of them by the actual names of the communes, their descendants. Let us not suppose that each of our thirty-six thousand modern communes represents a Gaulish *fundus*; very many of them are of quite recent origin, but several thousand Gaulish *fundi*, whose names have been handed down to us, are easily recognisable in their modern substitutes, the name having suffered the normal changes of phonetic law. And the immense majority of these *fundi* are called by the name of a man: *Juliacus* is the *fundus* of Julius; *Severiacus* the *fundus* of Severus; *Romiliacus* the *fundus* of Romulius, &c., &c. That is to say, the four communes of *Juillac*, the three *Juillé*, the three *Jully*, the two *Juilly* and *Jullié*, each of them commemorate a certain *Julius* who was their original possessor; and *Civray*, *Civrac*, *Civrieux*, *Sivry*, *Sevrai*, *Sevrey*, *Sévry*, and *Severac*, each of them preserve the name of some long-dead *Severus*, who had his manor there of old; while it is evident that some *Romulius* was Lord of the several *Romillé*, *Romilly*, *Rumilly*, and *Remilly*. The reader will remark two noteworthy points: firstly, the frequency with which the same name appears as owner of lands disseminated over

all the surface of the Gaulish territory; and secondly, that the names of the greater part of these provincial landowners are *gentilices*, or Roman clan-names rather than individual Gaulish ones. These two facts are explained by a third; namely, that the large Gaulish landowners, rapidly Romanised, changed their national names for Roman ones, and generally adopted those of the great patrician families of whom they were the clients, or of the Emperors who had made them free of the city of Rome. M. d'Arbois does not tell us if these Roman *gentilices* were all worn by Romanised Gauls; or if Rome had not exercised the right of conquest and granted here and there to her Roman veterans certain territories in Gaul. Yet it seems established that Rome profited by her victories with a laudable moderation, and, in point of fact, inaugurated in Gaul the modern principle which leaves intact the landed property of the vanquished. But whatever be the proportion of Roman to merely Romanised landowners, one fact remains established: it is that, in opposition to the feudal and Roman custom, which calls a man by the name of his estates, in the Gallo-Roman system the estate took the name of the man; and if all the names of all the antique communes of France were preserved to us, we

should possess the Blue-Book of the Gallo-Roman landed gentry.

It is probable that it was the novel assessment of taxes which, in conferring on the nobles the property of the nation, rallied them to Rome, and made of the caste which had opposed the most redoubtable, the most ardent, resistance to Cæsar the most eager partisan of Roman rule. Two centuries ago a similar revulsion created the agrarian question in Ireland, but with very different results. If Cromwell's soldiers had been content to exterminate the Irish chieftains and then to take their place, we should long have ceased to hear of national rancour. For, if they had purely and simply substituted themselves (as mere chieftains) to the slaughtered Irish chieftains, the land would have remained, as in the past, the collective property of the tribe, the county or borough; and the individual chattels which had naturally accrued in course of time to the agent who owned the working stock of an estate—in theory, still common land—and farmed it, would have continued to increase without shock or change; and, no doubt, might have naturally developed, as with us in 1789, into the eventual constitution of not merely individual *chattels* but individual landed property. For

the Revolution of 1789 was eminently conservative in its essence, and in its broader features it merely regularised and named a situation created by a long and slow evolution, infinitely different from the feudal system. But the inexpiate—the perhaps inexpiable—error of the Roundheads was, in taking the place of a chieftain, to substitute their individual property for the collective property of the tribe. The farmer was thus rudely uprooted from the soil, of which, so to speak, he formed a part. It was not merely the spoliation of a handful of chieftains, but the confiscation of the property of a nation.

Thus, when the just efforts of the British Government to repair an ancient wrong are dubbed at random socialism or communism, the speaker is the dupe of his own terms for lack of a clearer knowledge of the origins of history.

"Nothing is so ridiculous," writes M. d'Arbois, "as "the reflections of a French pressman on a tour in "Ireland. In Ireland, two centuries ago, by a revo- "lution in the contrary sense to ours, the *eminent* "*domain*, although of recent creation, absorbed the "*beneficial ownership*, whose origin is lost in the "mists of antiquity. To-day the generosity of the "English Government attempts to re-establish the "*beneficial ownership* for the advantage of the de-

"spoiled and ruined tenant. The ordinary French "traveller understands nothing of all this and "imagines that he beholds the realisation of the "socialistic Utopias due to Continental theorists. "Here the question is to afford to an entire nation "an act of reparation, equivalent to that bestowed in "France, some fifty years ago, on a few thousand "persons dispossessed of their ancestral lands; to "apply to a whole people the *Indemnité des Emigrés*."

Even so short a summary may show in how striking a degree the volume before us is new, frank, audacious in its originality. Perhaps sometimes M. d'Arbois' scientific inductions resemble too closely a deduction *à priori*. Because the cavalry of Vercingetorix amounted to fifteen thousand men, is it absolutely certain that the Gaulish nobility numbered precisely sixty thousand souls? The facts are too few and too far for such authoritative conclusions; we have too poor materials to draw up the census of nineteen hundred years ago. Yet, even in his excesses, it is agreeable to study the course of one of the noblest, most modest, and most powerful of those minds which are the honour of philology in France; a patient, deep, slow-moving spirit which pursues its thought even to the utmost limit.

Irish Literature and Ossian.

FRANCE, the land of Gaul, was the natural cradle of Celtic studies; but they died young, destroyed by the absurdity of the Celtomaniac. The Celtomaniac is, or rather was, the patriot who holds it an article of faith that Primitive Man conversed in Bas-Breton. The public, by its nature superficial and devoted to routine, careless of the difference between a science and its *savants*, englobed in the same disdain the Celtomaniac and his Celtic studies. With the result that when the creation of comparative philology renewed linguistic studies, the reconstitution of Celtic research took place, not in France, but in Germany. The Bavarian Zeuss taught the descendants of the ancient Celts the lesson of their origin, Ζευς πρώτος γενετο. Zeuss was the first, cried, after Orpheus, his disciples in Italy, in France, and in England.

The *Grammatica Celtica* of Zeuss appeared in 1853, but was little read in France, when Celtic studies

began, none the less, to revive, but only in the direction of archæology. There were many to collect and study the monuments, the coins, the inscriptions of Gaulish and Gaulo-Roman times; others edited these ancient texts which bore on our national antiquities, and the distinguished labours of MM. de Saulcy, de Barthélemy, de Belloguet, with their successors, MM. Bertrand, Mowat, &c., are well and widely known. But the lessons of archæology, however precious, however precise, are necessarily limited: *Clamabunt lapides*, exclaims the antiquary; but the cry of a stone, even when we understand it, is nothing but a cry; and we need wider information to write the continuous history of a people. All the thousands of inscriptions of the two *Corpus*, all the ruins of Rome and Athens, would not permit the historian to do without Thucydides and Livy. And how infinitely poorer than he is the student of Celtic inscriptions? M. de la Villemarquée was the first to turn his attention towards manuscripts. If he had so chosen, he might have laid a wide and firm foundation for Celtic science in France. He did not choose; unfortunately, he was too much in love with art to be a scholar; he could not resign himself to plain and simple erudition. It is only fifteen years since Celtic history and philology

have made any definite advance in France. And this progress is almost entirely owing to two men—M. Gaidoz and M. d'Arbois de Jubainville. Founded by M. Gaidoz in 1870, the *Revue Celtique* soon became an international authority, a trysting-place for the Celtic scholars of Europe. A little later, at the École des Hautes-Etudes, he inaugurated the first course of lectures on this subject ever heard in France. And a few years ago, thanks to the initiative of M. Henri Martin, these studies, national above all others, entered with M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, into the programme of the Collège de France.

M. Gaidoz has especially contributed to Celtic science by his creation of the *Revue Celtique* and by his severe and trenchant criticism, pitiless to all hypothesis. M. d'Arbois, on the other hand, has chiefly merited by his original research in regions hitherto unexplored, and by the mass of fresh information which he has placed at the disposal of the public. The two first years of his professorship were fruitful in two considerable works, as interesting by the novelty of their facts as by the originality of their conclusions. With their aid, I hope to give my readers some idea of the Celtic Question.

I.

Few people have wandered more about the world than the Celts: colonisation was their specialty. Natives of Asia, as we may suppose, like the other Aryans of Europe, they populated Gaul and Britain, swarmed in Spain, clustered in Northern Italy and southern Germany, settled to the north of the Danube, and even as far afield as the great plains of Asia Minor.

They brooked the advent of Alexander, terrorised Europe, threatened Rome, but only to recoil before the advancing fortunes of the Roman armies. Rome subdues them to its own colour; Brennus dons the toga; Vercingetorix and his noble clansmen have forgotten their own language and deck out their native gods with Roman names. Rome and the Roman tongue cross the Channel Straits; and the British Isles, the last refuge of the Breton race, is menaced by the Latin contagion. They were, however, assimilated, not by Rome, but by certain Saxon and Teuton invaders; yet only in part; so that the earlier civilization of the Celts remained already recognisable in certain shreds and patches, in Ireland especially, in Wales, Cornwall, and the North of Scotland. In our times, the Celtic idiom

formerly spoken from Ireland to the Black Sea, is the tongue of scarce three millions of men, scattered through the counties just cited, and along the Breton march of France, whither in the early Middle Ages, the English Bretons, fleeing before the Saxon invader, brought their language and their civilization.

The Celtic dialects still extant are divided into two families; the Breton and the Gaelic; Wales and Brittany belong to the first; Ireland and the Highlands to the second. This division, imposed by philology, is further confirmed by history; it is known that the Bretons of France came from Wales, the Celts of the Highlands from Ireland. In other words, the two principal forms of speech, scattered at present athwart the last Celtic fastnesses, are derived from two older forms: that of Ireland, that of England and Scotland. Too little remains of the ancient tongue of Gaul for science to decide upon its origin; in all probability it formed a third deviation, nearer to the Welsh and Breton than to the Gaelic dialects.

As a rule, in studying a family of languages, the philologist attaches an especial importance to the oldest; that whose texts and inscriptions date farthest back in history. This tongue, rightly learned, will help us to interpret the others, for is is probable that

it has preserved the primitive forms, altered or worn into insignificance in the kindred branches. It is this peculiar authority which gives its especial value to the Sanscrit of the Vedas, among the Indo-European languages. The inscriptions of Gaul, were they but more numerous, would stand for the Sanscrit of Celtic tongues. They are the family title-deeds, and date from the first century of our era, and even further back. In them the Celtic language is intact and pure as Greek. But, alas, they are rare as they are priceless. And Gaul being almost mute, Ireland must be the spokeswoman. In studying the texts of Ireland for the purposes of science, the Celtic scholars of our time rediscovered a fact almost forgotten: namely, that Ireland in her day possessed a literature as rich, as cultivated, as that of any civilized people; that, in her hour of glory, she was the light of Christendom, girt with her cohort of bards, and her wealth of epics, at a moment when everywhere else in Europe Art and Letters appeared to droop, to fade. These poems, almost entirely unpublished, remain in their thousands on the shelves of the great libraries of Ireland. The mere catalogue of manuscripts relating to epic poetry, fills a whole volume recently published by the M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, without exhausting

the material. This literature interests us especially in its more ancient parts, because they most clearly show us the life and manners of the ancient Celts.

The period of invention, the true creative ferment, ceases with the seventh century of our era when the triumph of Christianity was assured in Ireland. Then began a second period of collecting, editing, systematising, the epic wealth of the preceding centuries. The monks, who undertook this pious labour, naturally baptized their antique heroes; but their thin veil of piety is perfectly transparent, the rugged features of a primitive age appear behind it. The Christian editors are not too exacting: so soon as, by the aid of some fantastic genealogy, they have proved the kinship of their Celtic heroes with Scota, Pharaoh's daughter, or with Phineas, great-grandson of Japhet, their scruples are satisfied, and the pagans of their story, sanctified by their pious stock, may forthwith conduct themselves in pagan fashion. The Irish clergy—in opposition to the monks of Greece and Rome—showed themselves ever clement to popular tradition. Their tolerance was rewarded. Their religion was accepted as not incompatible with the beloved ancient stories, which had charmed the vigils of generations in every hut or castle. The Irish apostles, in their struggles

with the Druids, found a rod and a staff in the popular poets; and throughout the Middle Ages, monks and minstrels were to hold together against the secular clergy. Thus, by its welcome to the national epic, Irish Catholicism ingratiated itself yet further in the favour, in the heart, of a people whose sensitive imagination it had never ruffled. The Epic Poem, with its myths, its heroes, its legends, thus survived the early faith of Ireland. The hymns of the Church did not drown the ancient harp in Tara's halls. The stories of the gods, sons of Dana, of Conchobar and Ossian, continued to ring along highway and byeway, round the peasant's hearth, and in the great halls of the royal *Duns.*

It would be interesting to know the history of the society which produced such a literature: we can but guess at it, from the witness of the pages that survive it. Real historical documents we have none until the beginning of the decadence—a decadence so glorious, that we might almost mistake it for a Renaissance—since the old epic sap dries up only to make place for a fresh budding and burgeoning, a growth less original certainly, but scarcely less wonderful, if we consider the condition of Continental Europe at that date. For the classic tradition, to all appearance dead in Europe, burst

out in fresh flower in the Isle of Saints, and the Renaissance began in Ireland seven hundred years before it was known in Italy. During three centuries, Ireland was the asylum of the higher learning which took sanctuary there from the uncultured states of Europe. At one moment Armagh, the religious capital of Christian Ireland, was the metropolis of civilization. While Gregory of Tours is stumbling through his barbarous Latin, St. Columba wields the Adonic strophe with elegance and adorns his moralities with pagan reminiscences. When Charlemagne wishes to educate his warriors, it is to Ireland that he sends to seek the men who know. In Ireland, even Greek, elsewhere absolutely vanished, lost and gone, is read and cherished; Scotus Erigenus practises the classic muse and takes his philosophy from the *Timæus*. Alas, all this brilliant and delicate efflorescence is fore-doomed to perish! Soon the invasions of Danes and Saxons, the raids of pirates and barbarians, will destroy all before them. Learned Ireland perishes, or crosses the sea to Gaul. There Charles the Bald offers her an honourable refuge. And a French monk has left on record how "almost the whole of Ireland, disclaim-"ing the perils of the seas, has settled on our shores "with its bands of philosophers." Yet, in Ireland,

even the barbarians who stamp out this miraculous civilization will become its pupils. Mr. Sophus Bugge, a valiant Scandinavian who has not feared to seek truth in a perfect tempest of patriotic clamour, has recently shown us that the poets of the *Edda* are the disciples of the Irish *Filé*. They copied from the monks and minstrels of Erin even their peculiar metres, and, from the fragments of quaintly assorted mythology and Bible history, which they picked up around the fireside of the castles and convents of Ireland, they constructed with barbaric ingenuity a religion of their own, and a national Walhalla.

A people which lives against the background of such a past, cannot appear entirely destitute of nobility, however forlorn or even servile be the present. Strange, that Ireland should have turned her sad head from the visions of her glory, should have waited for foreign scholars to reveal them to her. Were the Nationalists really national, they would long since have exhumed the abundant relics of their literary grandeur, and thrown them in the scales of fame, that Europe might judge of the weight they add there to the old embittered difference between England and Ireland. 'Tis with the glory of the past that a down trodden nation finds means to build itself a future. 'Tis Homer and the

gods of Olympus who inspired the revival of Greece. 'Tis her scholars and her students who are responsible for a United Germany; and the same impulse is at work in Hungary to-day. But unfortunately, in the scientific re-constitution of early Irish literature and history, the artisans are German, English, French, with few exceptions. There will not be a United Ireland until there be an Irish Philology.

II.

Years must pass ere it will be possible to draw up so much as a catalogue of Irish letters in their several branches of poetry, jurisprudence, history, theology. I will only say a few words, after M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, of our crown of jewels in this abundant treasure: I speak of the Irish epics, and I hope to show the interest which they offer, not only to lovers of poetry, but to students of the history of literature.

The Irish epics comprehend three great cycles: the Mythic, the Heroic, the Legendary. The Mythic cycle has for its object the origin and history of the gods, of man, and of the world. The Heroic cycle clusters round the adventures of Conchobar and Cuchullin; 'tis a subject born of the fusion of ancient myths with historical traditions, and it treats

of the struggle which Ulster, the North, maintained against the rest of Ireland. For the divisions of Ireland, its quarrels of Orange and Green, date, under other names, far earlier than the English conquest. Tradition places the adventures of the two heroes somewhere in the first ages of the Christian era. Be that as it may, the Heroic epic gives us a faithful picture of Irish manners and customs prior to the conversion of the Isle of Saints. The third cycle, the Legendary, celebrates the historical events of the second and third centuries A.D., and sings of the chivalry of Ireland and of the exploits of Finn (the Fingal of MacPherson) and his Fenians, whose name at least modern Ireland has resuscitated.

The fragments of the Mythic cycle are too rare, too insufficiently edited, for us to gather a clear idea of the religion of ancient Irish. Still, we perceive that it was germane to the other Aryan mythologies and composed of much the same naturalistic elements and ritual. In Ireland, as elsewhere, the war of light and darkness is the centre on which the life of the universe depends; as elsewhere, the mystic powers of worship maintain the stars in the courses, and are even stronger than the gods to whom they are addressed. As in India, the world was created by a god-made priest, by means of a

burnt offering ; so in Ireland, the heaven, the earth, the sea, and the stars, are the work of three Druids older than any god.

All cosmology tends towards history. Myths, infinite in form, identic in essence, gathering round a sole central idea, inevitably, sooner or later, group themselves in successive series. When a poet of genius, or even merely fortunate in his choice, takes up the vague material in his inspired hands, turns it and forms it, makes it into shape, his production imposes himself upon posterity, and he bequeaths a chronology to future historians. Thus it befell in Persia, when its mythology condensed into a dated genealogy : heroes of a drama which represents the wide extent of time and space, since they image the immortal actors of the seas, and skies, and storms for ever being born and dying, struggling, and issuing in eternal renewal above the eyes of man—these storm-gods and cloud-gods and sun-gods took their earthly titles and their social ranks, played out their parts as human kings and heroes, and became the personages of the Iranian epics. Greece never attained the point of this preciseness : her mythic chronology remained a vague and floating thing, since every tribe and every region had its different mythology, and to fuse all these gracious fancies

into one rigid system, was a wasteful and murderous task, before which her poetic genius recoiled. Such mythology is the middle term between the definiteness of Persia, and the filmier freedom of the Greek. The Irish poets fix, more or less approximately, the order of their mythic dynasties; races, human and divine, succeed each other on the green soil of Erin; succeed each other, or, may be, jostle each other, innocent and unastonished neighbours. Thus they sing the destinies of Ireland, from the times of the first colonist, Partholon or Nemed, until the last-comers, Picts and Scots; finding place between them for the human tribe of the Fir-bolg, the demon-tribe of the Fomeré, the divine children of Dana, and the Milesians who sailed thither from the realms of death.

With the historic period, begin the two heroic and legendary cycles of Conchobar and Ossian, less unknown to Europe than the reader may suppose, since they it is, who furnished forth the elements of those *Poems of Ossian*, which some hundred odd years ago lit up such a flame in the kindled imaginations of our ancestors. The semi-forgeries of Mac-Pherson, about which there has been so much to-do, are now clear in all their details: they are the combination of two independent epic cycles, welded together against nature, transformed to suit the

adaptor's pleasure, without heed of the veracity of his representation, prettified and airified to suit eighteenth century tastes and aspirations, weary, in truth, of a classic convention, and in quest of a newer convention which it betitles: Nature. The rude, ferocious half-barbaric heroes of Ireland appear as generous, Paladins worthy of Tasso, with the delicate point of honour and the chivalry of a knight-errant. To give but one typical example of the procedure of MacPherson, let us examine, as a fine example of the essential distinction between Primitive poetry and Romantic poetry—the story of the Irish Helen whom the ancient epics call Derdrin and MacPherson, Derthula:

The men of Ulster are drinking in the house of Feidlimid, the *filé* of King Conchobar. While the horns of ale go round from hand to hand of the drunken banqueters, the minstrel's wife looks on; she is big with child. As she goes out of the hall the child in her womb gives a shout. The drinkers look up astonished.

"Bring this woman before us," says Soncha the Beautiful, Judge of Ulster. "Let her tell us the meaning of the cry!"

And she draws nigh.

"Woman," says her husband, the *filé*, "what is

"the meaning of the cry which came from thy "womb?"

And she says nothing. Then they fetch the king's Druid, Cathbad.

"The cry," says the seer, "is the cry of a maid, with "fair hair, with charming blue eyes, with cheeks deep-"red on a hue of snow, with teeth like flawless pearls, "with lips cherry-ripe. For her and her fair face the "heroes of Ulster shall be covered over with wounds. "Great kings shall ask her in marriage. Great queens "shall pale with envy of her beauty."

The Druid lays his hand on the woman's breast, and the child begins to tremble. "Yea, she is a "woman-child! Her name shall be Derdrin, and "much evil shall come to pass because of her."

And then he tells the listening warriors how, on account of this unborn babe, the children of Usnach shall go out into exile; that the sons of King Conchobar shall die the death for her; they and many another. "For thou shalt be famous in story, "O Derdrin!"

"Kill her!" cry the boon-companions.

"No!" cries Conchobar. "She shall live and be "my wife!"

Derdrin is born, is bred by the king in a tower where none may enter save her guardian, her nurse,

and a woman called Lebarcham, to whom he had not dared to forbid all access, since she was a poet and composed satires of an enchanted force.

One winter's day the guardian was killing a calf on the snow. The young girl looked on from her tower; a raven came to drink the red blood on the snow. Suddenly she said to Lebarcham:

"My lover shall have those three colours; hair "like the raven, cheeks red as blood, and a skin white "as snow!"

And the poetess answered:

"He whom thou lovest is thy neighbour. Noisé, "the son of Usnach."

"Ah!" cried the girl. "I shall not be well in "health till I have seen him!"

She escapes to meet Noisé in secret; she offers him her love. He refuses; for he remembers the prophecy of the Druid. Then Derdrin, creeping softly up to him, takes his head in her two hands and draws it close to her own:

"This head that I embrace is the head of a coward "if thou do not wed me!"

"Away, woman!"

"No. I will be thine!"

Noisé goes into exile with Derdrin and his brothers, fleeing from the wrath of Conchobar. After long

adventures they return, called home by the king. But his mercy is a feint. He sends Neoghan to slaughter Noisé at the landing place. Noisé perishes with all his brothers, and with a grandson of Conchobar, who had cast his arms in vain round Noisé to protect the outraged guest. Derdrin, the sole survivor is brought to the hall of Conchobar, her hands tied behind her. She dwells there a year, never smiling, never eating, never sleeping.

When she opens her lips it is to chant the praise of her first husband. Conchobar gets little satisfaction from his prey.

"Of all the men thou seest about thee, which is "the direst to thy hate?" he asks her one day.

"Thou first, then Eoghan."

"Thou hast lived a year with me. Now go, live a "year with Eoghan!"

Derdrin, captive, follows her new master in his chariot. But she has sworn that she will never live to be the wife of two living husbands. A rock stands in their road; she leans out, dashes her brains out against it, and dies.

Such was the Irish legend in its tragic beauty, with its grandeur of superstition, its vivid bursts of passion. All these details disappear in the rendering of MacPherson. A contemporary of Voltaire had

never dared to introduce that opening scene of the boon companions, the pregnant woman and the Druid; it disappears, and with it all the original features of the character of Derdrin, so instinct with the genius of popular poetry. The eighteenth century was not as yet capable of understanding such forceful and direct simplicity. Derdrin became a pale and submissive creature—the prototype of all the Haidées and all the Gulnares of Byron: women who only knew how to surrender themselves and die. And the whole legend is reduced to the merest love story. Derthula, beloved of Cairbar (the Irish Conchobar) has seen Nathos, son of Usnoth (Noisé, son of Usnach), and loved him at first sight. We still remember the vivid brutal image which the primitive traced of her lover with the hues of a raven, blood, and snow. Derthula expresses herself more elegantly:

"O Nathos, thou wert fair in the sight of "Derthula. Thy face was as the light of the morn-"ing. Thy locks like the raven's wing. Thy soul "generous and gentle as the hour of sunset. Thy "speech like the breeze in the reeds by the gliding "brook of Lora. But in the rage of battle, thou wast "a sea in storm," &c. Nathos and Derthula elope together. The treachery of the sea casts them upon

the coasts of Ulster, hard by the camp of Cairbar. Nathos and his brothers perish after a heroic struggle.

"Derthula, in silent sorrow, watched them fall. "Not a tear in her eyes. Then came the sombre "Cairbar: 'Where, now, is thy lover?' . . . The "shield fell from the arm of Derthula and showed "her snow-white bosom—and showed it dyed in "blood. An arrow trembled in her side. And on "Nathos fallen she fell like a snow-drift."

Season this summary with endless interjections and apostrophes to moon and wind, and stars, with a prodigious consumption of moonshine, after this fashion: "Daughter of Heaven, how beautiful thou art! . . . "The stars follow thine azure track in the East. The "clouds rejoice because of thy presence, O Moon! ". . . Who is like unto thee in the heavens, O light "of the silent night? When dost thou rest from thy "course? Hast thou thy palaces even as Ossian? "Dost thou inhabit the shades of affliction? Thy "sisters, have they fallen from Heaven?" &c.

How many, many fancies which the old bards, whom MacPherson professes to translate, could never have understood! And, by a just return of fate, how many things in their savage and rugged epics, which remained as incomprehensible to the elegant MacPherson!

III.

The literature of Ireland is the key of the Celtic world. But it is not the whole of Celtic literature. Brittany contributes her store to the treasure, but it is less ancient and still comparatively unexplored. We know that the Breton cycle is dominated by the grand figure of King Arthur, who passed from Wales into Brittany, and thence into France, whither all Europe has come to do him homage and to sit among his knights at the feasts of the Round Table. Gaul, no less, we may suppose, had its own branch of letters, lost beyond recovery. All we can do for Gaul is to illuminate the scanty fragments which remain of her perished culture by the borrowed lights of Ireland. I will quote one example of such unexpected revelations.

My readers may know already that the cities of Gaul had made a purse together to raise at Lyons a temple to the divinity of Cæsar Augustus. On the 1st of August a festival was held there with annual games. Caligula inaugurated a competition for a Prize of Eloquence. It may be imagined that the yearly feast was given on the 1st August in homage to the name of Augustus. But Irish poetry teaches us that the 1st of August was one of the three great national holidays, held in honour of a divinity named Lugu. Now Lyons, in Latin Lugdunum, or

more anciently Lugu-Dunum, signifies "the Fortress of Lugu." It is, therefore, probable that the 1st of August had long been celebrated in honour of Lugu, and had been the national festival of Lyons for many generations before the Gallo-Romans transferred their homage to the Emperor. In Ireland, at the annual feast of Lugu the *filé* or poets used to recite their poems old and new; Caligula's Rhetors are but the continuators of the *filé*. Ireland has not yet given up to us, in her texts and monuments, any memorial of the Gaulish gods quoted in classic antiquity. Yet one of them, the *Hercules Ogmios* of Lucian, the God of Eloquence, is admitted to be the Irish Ogmé, inventor of the *Ogam* writing. In an hour when national antiquities meet with more attention in France than has ever been paid to them before, it is but just that the most considerable, the most enduring, of the constituents of the French character should receive its due; but Gaul has disappeared from the surface of the Gallic soil, although abundantly treasured beneath it. To rediscover ancient Gaul, let us cross the Channel to Ireland. And this is the reason why Irish archæology and Irish philology should become a branch of the study of our national antiquities. Ireland alone remembers a portion of our forgotten past.

Irish Political Ballads.

(NAPPER TANDY AND THE "SHAN VAN VOCHT.")

"THEY sing, so they will pay," said Mazarin. The Fronde showed him his mistake: they sang, so they did not pay. A man of the same century, the Scotch Republican, Fletcher of Saltoun, said still better, "Let who will make the laws if I may make the ballads." England knows the danger of a ballad, and that is why she leaves the Irish almost unlimited liberty of speech—but not of song. Let Mr. Davitt vent his most incendiary speeches, rather than any echo bear her the refrain of the "Wearing of the Green," or the "Shan Van Vocht."

I.

Some while ago, in Paris, I heard a young Englishwoman sing one of the proscribed ballads of 1798: "The Wearing of the Green." In Desdemona's phrase,

"An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortunes;"

the fortunes of Ireland, of course. Poor in form, simple in style, but with a magic of its own, all the

greater when an English voice fills out with its stronger passion the accents of grief and wrath, ever somewhat vague and wavering, of Celtic fancy. The air and the words haunted my ear long after, and, as every general impression hangs, so to speak, upon one central detail, there was one strange verse which pursued me even closer than the others:

> "I met with Napper Tandy,
> And he took me by the hand,
> And he said, 'How's poor old Ireland?
> And how does she stand?'"

In London, a few months later, I tried in vain to get some information as to Napper Tandy and his ballad, but nothing is more vain than to ask an Englishman of letters a question in Irish history or literature. Anything you like about China or Assyria; but when it comes to Ireland, the simplest thing is to go there.

When you land at Larne, by the Northern route, the first thing to do is to take the train to Portrush, the last station before the Giant's Causeway. On entering the "Sun" parlour at Portrush, I came upon an Irish priest finishing his last spoonful of porridge. He looked up, bowed and smiled, and as conversation is not slow to engage in Ireland, I began:

"A fine country, father!"

"Yes! a fine country, sure! And it might be a happy one were it not for the bad laws!"

We were quick to confide, as you see. There is no one more open-hearted than an Irish Catholic priest. Imagine a peasant with a something of the gentleman, but no smack of the cassock, no hint of theology! An Englishman is perhaps a heretic in his eyes—I suppose so!—but it is quite certain that he is a foreigner.

After dinner we walked up a low hill, overlooking the sea. My companion asked for news of Marshal MacMahon, and seemed surprised to hear he was no longer President of the Republic. He appeared to think it a bad thing for France. Then he began to tell me about the poverty of Ireland, and we soon got on to Mr. Parnell (a demi-god in his eyes), and to Invincibles (his pet abomination), and last of all to Home Rule, whose advent he was eagerly expecting. The good priest entertained no dreams of an Irish Republic; he talked of a personal union under the same sovereign. England might give the hand to Ireland under Queen Victoria, even as Hungary and Austria dwell in peace under Francis Joseph.

Night drew on. Against the sombre sky to our right stood out the vague, still darker mass of the

Giant's Causeway, a colossal amphitheatre. To the left, lit up by the last rays of sunset, the fantastic lacey outlines of Derry and Donegal. Before us, a sea flecked with innumerable isles, which almost meet the rugged arms of Scotland stretched out towards them. And above, a sea of stars flecked with bars of cloud, where the moon swims, vanishes, reappears, and silvers for an instant the dim white of the sea.

"Do you know anything about Napper Tandy?" I asked of my companion.

"Look down, straight before you," he answered.

Across the sea a fitful light gleamed and was eclipsed.

"'Tis there the English confined him," said the priest.

We had seen the revolving light of a lighthouse established on a desolate rock called, I believe, Tory Island. Napper Tandy, as my companion informed me, was one of the leaders of the rising of 1798; after the defeat of the Irish he had been shut up on Tory Island. My companion knew little else of his story. "'Tis you who should know all that," he protested, "since he was a Frenchman."

I protested that our histories do not preserve the quaint name of Napper Tandy, and I left Portrush little wiser than I came.

In Dublin, the Phœnix Park—with its immense avenue, which, behind the statue of Lord Gough that guards the entry, traverses a vast stretch of wooded land, with green clumps of trees and sleeping waters—appeared in the August sunlight as peaceful, as radiant, as if no illustrious blood had ever been treacherously spilt there. But of an evening, when between the darkening woods the avenue is drowned in the red sunset, then the bronze horseman, bounding forward with drawn sword, appears an exterminating angel, rushing down from the open heavens to chastise the blood-stained earth.

I found at Dublin the object of my search. There, at least, they remembered Napper Tandy. He was an honest Dublin draper, a brave, simple patriot, somewhat limited in outlook. He was the secretary of that Association of United Irishmen, which, between 1796 and 1798, expended more heroism and greater energies in ruining the cause of Irish independence than ever the Volunteers of Dungannon had shown in its establishment. Sent to France on a mission to the *Directoire* in the hopes of obtaining the armed alliance of the French, he returned in 1798 with one ship of war and a general's uniform to undertake the conquest of Ireland. But at the

moment of landing he heard of Humbert's defeat, and set sail for Hamburg. Hamburg handed him over to the English, who condemned him to death, but commuted the sentence, deeming him scarcely worth his shot. Pardoned, he went abroad, and died at Bordeaux. But, in the destinies of Ireland there had been one hour, one moment, when the heart of a whole nation beat high with hope at the name of Napper Tandy; and that sole instant is sufficient for a nation to lift its transitory hero into the immortality of a ballad which shall last as long as the race.

I had rediscovered Napper Tandy. It was easier to lay hands on the "Wearing of the Green."

Happily, Dublin is the paradise of political broadsheets. In all the more frequented streets, and down a stretch of the quays that border the black Liffey, at every stop of the fly in the breeze, they litter the shop windows with a wealth of pamphlets and ballads. I found quite half-a-dozen versions of the "Wearing of the Green," but none of them pleased me so well as the song I had heard in Paris. Most of these copies adhered to it, for a part, at least, of their stanzas, but the variations were a signal falling off, trivial and commonplace, or academic to frigidity. Which was the original text? I do not know. But in art the most beautiful version of a

subject is the true one, and so I write down here the verses I so much admired.

The title of the song tells its story. Green is the national and Catholic colour in Ireland, even as orange is the hue dear to the "loyal" Protestant boys. When Saint Patrick, Gospel in hand, preached the Church to the pagan Irish, pitying their incapacity to comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity, he stooped, plucked a shamrock, and showed them the triune leaf. 'Tis for that the shamrock will remain in every Irish cap, the cockade of country and faith, in despite of police regulations, in despite of Viceroy and Castle:

"O Paddy, dear, and did you hear
The news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid
To grow on Irish ground.

No more Saint Patrick's day we'll keep,
His colours can't be seen,
And there's a cruel law agin
The Wearin' of the Green.

I met with Napper Tandy,
And he took me by the hand,
And he said: 'How's poor old Ireland,
And how does she stand?'

She's the most distressful counthry
That ever yet was seen;
For they're hanging men and women there,
For the Wearin' of the Green."

Oh! if the colour we must bear
Is England's cruel red,
Let it remind you of the blood
That Ireland has shed.

Then pull the shamrock from your cap
And throw it on the sod,
And never fear 'twill take root there
Though under foot 'tis trod.

When laws can keep the blades of grass
From growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time
Their colour dare not show;

Then I will change the colour
That I wear on my caurbeen,
Until that day, please God, I'll keep
To the Wearin' of the Green."

II.

About the same time another ballad, fiercely enthusiastic, thrilling with hope, took its flight from the heart of the nation; 'tis the song of the "Poor old Woman"—the "Shan Van Vocht." Here, too, the people have multiplied their versions of a song, so popular, that all would have a hand in it; I chose the best known as the finest, written, as I take it, towards the end of 1796. It was Christmas time. The French Republic, newly victorious in Vendée, sent to the relief of the English Vendée the conqueror of its French counterpart. The United

Irishmen, under Lord Edward Fitzgerald, were waiting as the signal for a general rising, the apparition of the sails of Hoche in the Bay of Bantry. A shiver of hope ran from end to end of Ireland, and in the new breeze of deliverance, the "Poor old Woman" felt her frozen blood grow young :

"Oh ! the French are on the sea,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht ;*
The French are on the sea,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*
Oh ! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

CHORUS.

Oh ! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

And where will they have their camp ?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht ;*
Where will they have their camp ?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht ;*
To the Curragh of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht ;*

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht;*
What *will* the yeomen do?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht;*
What *should* the yeomen do?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht;*
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the *Shan Van Vocht.*

And what colour will they wear?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht;*
What colour will they wear?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht;*
What colour should be seen
Where our fathers' bones have been,
But their own immortal green?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht;*
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht;*
Yes! Ireland *shall* be free
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

III.

It is the destiny of Ireland to be for ever sighting the harbour, and for ever sucked back into the maelstrom of the abyss. Her enchanted ship can never enter port. The French fleet appeared in view of Bantry; bonfires

flamed on all the crags in Kerry. But, as in the days of the Armada, a storm watched the case for England. The gusts and blasts of the ocean, "her only unpaid allies," fought for her better than her foreign mercenaries. On December 31, 1796, the French flag veered off and dropped below the horizon, and the New Year arose, gloomier than before, in front of the tragic eyes of the Shan Van Vocht. The long-prepared rising burst forth, but in vain; abandoned to its sole resources, it showed itself what it was: a forlorn hope. Lord Edward Fitzgerald died of leading it. The following year witnessed the defeat of General Humbert, and saw the last chance of Ireland perish with Wolfe Tone. And in the Irish Chamber, a bribed and terrorised majority voted the Union of Erin to the "Sister-Isle." Thence forward, the superannuated House of Parliament was handed over to a banking establishment: a fit comment on the sale of Ireland.

The "Wearing of the Green" and the "Shan Van Vocht" close the era of the ballad in Ireland—of the song which leaps in a moment of crisis to the lips of a people, the song which everyone sings and no one has made. The next generation wooed a lettered muse, doomed to oblivion. Thomas Moore was the

idol of this generation, and his songs may live for the sake of the air, which is national, rather than for the sake of the words, which are Tommy Moore's. In the middle of the century the poets of Young Ireland write the verses of pressmen and historians.

The staff of the *Nation*—the organ of the new party which lifted against the legal and Parliamentary O'Connell the audacious standard of 1796—the *Nation* made a weapon of the political ballad. But this movement was artificial, inasmuch as the memories of the past, and not the emotions of the present, fed it and inflamed it; and it is already alienate from the heart and lips of the people, notwithstanding the talent of Thomas Davis; notwithstanding his generous dream of reconciling the Green and the Orange; nothwithstanding his songs which keep a chord for every Irish glory, from the coming of the Milesians to the rising of Dungannon. He died at thirty, exhausted and immature.

In a singing nation like the Irish, every new phase of national politics begets a new poetic movement. But the last of all is mute. The only poet of the Land League is an Englishwoman, a mere tourist in Ireland: I speak of Miss Taylor, the daughter of the poet of *Arteveldt*. Her pen supplied the poems

to Mr. Parnell's paper.* As to Anarchist, Fenian Ireland, what need of songs has she? The whizzing of the bullet, the burst of the bomb are dearer to her ears, and the keenest rhymes have not so fine a point as Brady's dagger. To-day is less generous than yesterday, and that is why the harp is mute in Tara's halls.

But if Ireland dares no longer sing the old songs, and cares no longer to invent a fresh one, the old dear forbidden ballads lilt their contraband music in the bottom of her heart. I remember in St. James's Hall, in London, an Irish audience assembled to hear a speech by Davitt: the organ sounded the first notes of "O Paddy, dear," and every hand went up, every cap and hat were off, every eye beamed and moistened. A French Republican audience, towards the end of the Second Empire, could not have hearkened with a dearer transport to the stirring high-treason of the "Marseillaise." And, as you jolt along some country road in Ireland, ask the Jehu of your jaunting-car if he knows the "Shan Van Vocht." One look, half-distrust, half-amazement, then a joyous smile twitch-

* Since this article was written, 1884, Home Rule has produced its legion of poets, of whom two at least are distinguished by a brilliant, subtle and tender gift: I speak of Mr. Yeats and Miss Katherine Tynan, whose songs are read and sung all over Ireland. —ED.

ing his quaint common Irish grin; he has caught the pass-word! And with a great stifled laugh which interrupts every word, he leans over and whispers: "The 'Shan Van Vocht.' Ah yes, sure, the 'Shan Van Vocht'!

'Oh, the French are on the sea,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht!* . . .'"

IV.

Not far from the rocks whence the Shan Van Vocht used to strain her eyes gazing seawards towards the invisible French fleet, not far from Bantry, the paradise of Ireland lies among the hills around the lakes of Killarney. Before descending towards the lake, climb towards the Muckross Waterfall—having care to pay your shilling into the till of the millionaire landlord, who puts, as it were, river, mountain, and waterfall into his well-filled pocket. The cascade rolls from rock to rock amid a mist of foam, through strands of overhanging fern. Below, an immense sheet of blue water, flecked with islands, barred with promontories, at the foot of the purple mountains, under an almost Italian sky. Taking the downward path, turn towards the ruined abbey; under the roofless walls of the ruin the moss grows on the sombre tombstones, and on the monument of O'Donoghue,

the demigod of the place, once king of the lake and the mountain. Near these graves a cloister, still intact, lifts its immortal columns. In the centre of the cloister a colossal yew tree, whose immense branches entirely cover the cloister garden with a murmuring, shifting roof of shadow and foliage. Of nights, when the moonlight pierces the boughs and the arches with its silver shafts, what dreams must visit the shadows of the monks of old, as they pace to and fro, lost in retrospect. One would stay for hours there beside the sleeping brothers, under the stir and tremble of the yew. *Memento mori* is not any menace, remembered in these courts of calm. 'Tis almost a hope, at least a promise. What sky and what sunshine are worth this silence and this restful gloom!

A boat is on the lake. Two Irish boatmen, as happy as kings, great vigorous creatures, are rowing three young Englishmen, commercial travellers or Liverpool shopmen I gather, rather noisy than gay, ardent teetotalers. The boat puts in to land. "Come on, sir,—there's room for six. Are you French? Look at this rock then; those four huge letters there, that 'P O L E,' is all that's left of Napoleon."

And in fact some Napoleon—but of prince or

emperor I know not whether—engraved his name there in 1856. He may have thought that there at least, if not in the memory of men, his name would remain writ not in water. Since then storm and rain and wind have battered the inscription; they have left a mere púzzle, undecipherable without its commentary, enigmatic as the soul it records. Poor Napoleon! the rocks are not more clement than the nations.

Our three Englishmen ask for a song; and at once the Irishmen set up the Irish adaptation of "John Brown is marching on":

> "And we'll make the Saxons dance
> As we are marching along.
> Glory, Alleluia!
> Glory, Alleluia!"

The three young Saxons are not, perhaps, precisely flattered by the promise, but a good Christian cannot leave an "Alleluia" without response. After a moment's hesitation they roll out the refrain bravely enough. Perhaps they say in their hearts they will only dance just as long as they please. And the Irish chaunt away to their hearts' content. For quite a quarter of an hour the echoes ring. "We'll make the Saxons dance," shouts hilarious Ireland; and "Glory, Alleluia!" answers England.

A sudden hush! From another boat across the waters come the note of a horn, the dear and sacred notes: "O Paddy, dear." Divinely sad and sweet, they breathe, and swell, and sob, and die away in the distance at the far end of the lake. The two Irishmen, paid to be merry at so much an hour, hired to make the tourists laugh, stop their rollicking. The cloud of a thought passes over their receding foreheads, too low, one would have said, to harbour a mind; the four foreigners feel the mysterious thrill of a common emotion. They feel that the soul of a nation is passing their way; is—who knows?—perchance passing away in death.

According to the guide book we stop at the cottage to buy the regulation views, and to stand a bottle of beer to our boatmen. A ledger awaits our observations. I look through it. Everywhere the same echo of a melancholy sympathy. Whether he will or no, so soon as he lands in Ireland, the English tourist is moved to compassion. *Sic Vos non Vobis*, writes one; and another, *God save Ireland!* But we will search for no subtle motto; write only the plaintive name of Ireland: *Shan Van Vocht, the poor old woman!*

AN INDIAN MISCELLANY.

Calcutta.

IN the year of grace 1636, the Honourable Company of East India Merchants had been established for nearly five-and-twenty years in the town of Surat, the great eastern port of India, when the daughter of the Great Mogul fell sick. The physicians, having sought the remedy in vain, contented themselves with saying: "Allah alone dispenses health!" The princess's father was that famous Shah Jehan, who raised the Taj to the memory of his beloved, the Queen Mumtaz Mahal. He loved his daughter as he had loved his wife, and could not face the fear of losing her. In his distress, he bethought him of the Firanji, whose outlandish doctors have a cure for every ill. He sent a courier to Surat. The courier returned with a ship's doctor, a Mr. Boughton, who, in fact, restored the princess to life. The grateful emperor asked Boughton to fix his own reward. The doctor, with the commercial patriotism of an Englishman, asked that the

East India Company might trade free of duty in Bengal. The favour was accorded, and the fortunate merchants established a warehouse at Hougli, a place situated on the river of that name, one of the three streams which form the delta of the Ganges.

Dr. Boughton had administered a famous tonic to the Company. It flourished and fattened, and in consequence, became arrogant, insolent, took on conquering airs, and fain would have treated with the Great Mogul on the terms of equal powers. Unfortunately the Great Mogul at that moment was Aureng-Zeb, the Louis-Quatorze of India, no easier to hob-nob with, or patronise, than his great French contemporary. John Company had taken a liberty; the indignant autocrat expelled him from his territory, confiscated his properties, and only consented to restore him to favour upon a "very humble and penitent request that the crimes of the Company might be pardoned." Even when this was granted, our merchants did not return to Hougli.

In 1686, as soon as the situation of the Company began to be imperilled, its president, Job Charnock, moved from Hougli and set out down-stream, seeking a safer refuge. Some thirty miles below Hougli he remarked an immense fig tree, whose spreading arms sheltered a hamlet. The peace, the

quiet of the spot, pleased the fugitive. There he stopped his little fleet, and under the spreading fig-tree set up his booths and barns. From that transitory asylum sprang the Metropolis of the East.

Charnock died some six years later, still unaware that he had been the Romulus of another Rome. Gossip has it that he died converted to the faith of the honest pagans with whom he traded, after having rescued from the stake and married a young widow whom her relations had compelled to the pious act of Suttee. The Church would not believe this tell-tale talk, and gave Job Charnock six feet of earth in her old cathedral, and a marble-slab above his ashes with, writ in Latin, an inscription telling how "Job Charnock, Esq., Englishman, and most worthy Agent of the English in this Kingdom of Bengal, after having sojourned a long time in foreign places, returned to his eternal home, the 10th January, 1692." "*Qui, postquam in solo non suo perigrinatus esset diu, reversus est domum suo æternitatis, decimo die Januarii,* 1692." This is the oldest carved stone in Calcutta.

At the present day, Sutunati forms the northern quarter of Calcutta. The factory founded several establishments in the neighbouring villages; one at Gorriedpur, on the site of the Esplanade of

our contemporaries; another at Calcutta, which has given its name to the capital of India.

The village of Calcutta owed its name to a famous temple of Kali—or Kali-Ghat—situated two or three miles away. And Kali-Ghat in English speech became Calcutta. Kali, that is to say, "She who is Black," is one of the names of the formidable spouse of Siva: Mahadevi, "the Great Goddess," she of a thousand names and a thousand forms, who is adored alternately as the Supreme Mind and the power of creation and destruction; perpetual object of mystic adoration, bloody and obscene. This is how her worship came to be established at Calcutta:

Dakcha had married his daughter Parvati to Siva. But, elevated by Brahma to the rank of chief of the Prajapatis, Dakcha grew arrogant and waxed in pride. He gave a great sacrifice and did not invite Siva. In fact, he was meditating the best way to drop—or at least to keep in the background—this most undesirable son-in-law, this ranger of cemeteries, this madman with his collar of skulls, his face smeared with human ashes, his cohort of ghosts and "spooks." Meanwhile, Parvati sees all the gods and goddesses going by in their carriages and asks to what party are they all invited? Siva replies, "They are your father's guests. *I* have not been

invited." Outraged at the slight on her husband, Parvati goes to the house of festivity, "has it out" with her parent, shakes the dust of his palace off her feet, and finally, in order to avenge herself upon the corporeal form which she owes to her peccant father, gives up the ghost. Siva, inconsolable for the loss of so good a wife, takes her corpse on his shoulders and wanders up and down the earth which groans under the weight of his sorrow. Mankind, affrighted, calls on Vishnou for protection. Vishnou rushes to the rescue, flings high in the air his miraculous disc, which cuts the dead body of Parvati into two-and-fifty morsels. The two-and-fifty places where the fragments fell have since become shrines of pilgrimage where the pious faithful have erected temples. That of Kali-Ghat, for instance, was raised on the precise spot hallowed by the second toe of the left foot.

The temple is built on the border of the Tolly River, called after an excellent English colonel, whose country house stood on its banks. This humble, dried-up nullah is nothing less—if tradition deceive us not—than the original bed of the Ganges: the Adi Ganges, hence its sacred character. The great stream of Hougli is a mere profane and mundane channel dug by the hand of man—so at least the

Indians say. The Adi Ganges is but a phantom—in more than one place a faint depression of the soil, a stagnant pool here and there, are all that indicate its passage. Archæologists trace out its course by the ruins of sanctuaries, the remains of water-stairs, which still show where the faithful used to go down to the sacred river to make their ablutions, or to burn their dead, who floated straight to Paradise along the holy current. Of all these stairs, or ghats, the most frequented was, and is, the Ghat of Kali. It was, and is, a shrine of pilgrimage for all Bengal. A royal road leads thither from Murshidabad, the capital of the last century, running through marsh and jungle then when it was made, and now through the streets of Calcutta which have usurped their place. Chauringhi, the Oxford Street or Rue de Rivoli of Calcutta, is built along the old pilgrims' way. The road is the same, but the palm trees and the pippals are replaced by rows of Corinthian columns, while ranks of C-spring carriages, troops of pale, blonde babies with their ayahs, have succeeded to the bands of half-naked men and women who hastened forwards, leaning on their staves, towards the sacred shrine, from the spurs of the Himalayas and the furthest limits of Bengal.

The object of their pilgrimage is the sacred image of Kali. She is black, as her name informs us. In the gloom of her shrine, beneath the encumbrance of her votive offerings, all we perceive of her is the long golden streak of her tongue. She puts it out at us, that long tongue of hers which falls between her breasts. Let us be not too astonished at such behaviour in a lady and a goddess; everything can be explained. Parvati, be it understood, had laid upon herself the generous task of freeing the earth from the monsters and demons which infested it. When she had come to the end of her labours, she danced again for joy upon her trophies: she danced with such a vehement, fierce, fantastic toe that the earth trembled, shivered, threatened to fall into pieces. Whereupon Siva, to stay her fury of pleasure, threw himself upon the ground among the corpses of Parvati's victims. And she, beholding her lord and master thus unduly humbled, stopped short for very shame and put out her tongue, which is the Indian translation of a bridal blush. In this edifying attitude, Art and Religion have immortalised the goddess.

Even now, every day the pilgrims wind along the road to the Kali-Ghat, but especially upon the festivals consecrate to Siva: for instance upon the

day of Sharak-Pooja, when the pious hack and slash themselves in his honour while whirling round and round in an infernal dance. But the feast of feasts is, of course, the Kali-Pooja which lasts one night: the darkest of the waning moon of the month of Kârtika. On that night, the temple is drowned out with the blood of goats, sheep and buffaloes.

It is a nauseating, odious scene of butchery. The worshipper leads up his victim; the priest sprinkles a little blood on the beast's head for consecration; the butcher seizes the animal, fixes its head in a sort of frame, and slashes it off. Then the priest wets his finger in the spout of steaming blood, smears the idol therewith, pockets his fees (about sixpence a head), and the pilgrim trundles off with the headless corpse, happy to have communicated with his god, and confident that his vow, whatsoever it be, will be granted by the powers above.

"What profit have I of the blood of goats and heifers?"

The Hindoo has not yet met with his Isaiah.

Once upon a time it was the blood of human victims which smeared the temples of the goddess Kali. So much as man is higher than the beast, by so much is his blood a more delicious beverage in heaven; and the value of the victim exalts the virtue

of the sacrifice. Even at the beginning of our century, under English rule, more than one devotee of Kali, bent on expressing the full fervour of his piety, has substituted for the customary goat—a living child; and Kali sent no angel to stay the sword at the throat of Isaac. A whole caste, the caste of assassins, the famous Thugs, were the avowed servants of Kali. They prostrated themselves before her altars each time ere they set out on their dark and dubious courses, while, on their return, they offered at her shrine a portion of their ill-gotten gains, consecrating their murders by invoking, as they tightened the knot, her sacred name.

The temple which stands at Kali-Ghat to-day was built, some three centuries ago, by a member of one of the first families of Bengal, the Sâbarna, who endowed the shrine with the revenue of some two hundred acres. The first priest was a Brahmin called Chandibar. Under the title of Haldar, his descendants are the present owners. The revenues of the temple are immense: the polltax on the victims alone would suffice to maintain it, for some days there are thousands of them, and many days there are hundreds. The Haldar family is at present divided into several branches, which each in turn receive the fees of sacrifice during a week at

a time. But on days of especial festival all the branches are represented and the receipts divided. There are in the world few sanctuaries whose money affairs are less complicated.

When Job Charnock built his factories at Sutanati, Govind, and Calcutta the Kali-Ghat was as much frequented as it is now, only in those days the pilgrims did not take the tram. The three villages, at present confounded in one immense metropolis, were lost in the forest—an immense forest, infested with wild beasts and brigands, interrupted only by pestilential marshes. The English town supplanted it, without plan or design, according to the hazard of the earlier clearings—without much care either for the requirements of hygiene. Certain quarters lie below the level of the river.

The jungle and the ricefields, interspersed with vague marshy meadows, where here and there showed the thatch of a native hut, lay all around the European houses and enveloped them in an atmosphere of malaria. The mortality was terrible; to run the risk of a residence in Calcutta one needed the heroism of a merchant who has adopted the device of "Death or Cent. per Cent!" It is said that in one year one fourth of the European population died of fever. In the port, in their leisure

moments, the more etymological of the sailors declared the name of the place was derived from Golgotha—"the place of skulls."

Meanwhile the Mogul Empire mouldered into fragments.

From the other end of the peninsula, from the shores of the Indian Ocean, a new nation created by the genius of the brigand Sivajee—the Mahrattas—hurled their squadrons of freebooters at the gates of Delhi, at the banks of the Ganges. In 1742, their vancouriers were observed within sight of Hougli. The Company began to dig a moat round its domain—"the Mahratta Moat"—which, under the name of the Circular Road, still forms a part of the nominal boundary of Calcutta. In the interior of the town the worthy merchants had already raised, some fifty years before, on the site of the present post-office, a fort after the fashion of Vauban, called Fort William, in honour of the Dutch King of England. The Mahratta storm drifted along the horizon and did not burst over Calcutta; the English merchants returned to their counting-houses and continued to quarrel with all their competitors, whether French, Dutch, or Danish, at Chandernagor, Chinsarah or Serampoor.

Fourteen years later, in 1756, the storm burst indeed, but from an unexpected quarter. The young Nawab of Bengal, Suraj Addaula, wounded by a letter from Governor Drake, who refused to demolish the lofty fortifications during the French war, marched on Calcutta at the head of an army. The Governor escaped with the inhabitants and the treasure. The military commandant followed his example and abandoned Fort William. The deserted garrison elected a chief, a Mr. Holwell, and maintained a resistance of eight-and-forty hours; by this time half of them had succumbed; and the remainder, having found their way to the cellars, were dead drunk. Holwell could not hold all alone against an army. He raised the white flag; but while he was parleying with the enemy and making his own terms of surrender, the foe entered by force and took the fort. The night fell. What was to be done with the prisoners, a hundred and forty-six of them in all? A native officer suggested the guard-room, a chamber some twenty feet square, with one window. It was June: the heat in Calcutta was overwhelming. The guard-room appeared an adequate prison to the conqueror, who drove his unhappy captives into the sweltering den at the

point of the sword. It was a scene of terror; Dante's Inferno holds no Bolgia more awful, more infamous to all eternity, than the Black Hole of Calcutta.

All night long, the sharp short-drawn breath, the fainting sighs, the tortures of the damned, a hundred and forty-six of them, unhappy creatures, grew more desperate, then fainter hour by hour. Next morning, when the Indians opened the door of the dungeon, three-and-twenty spectres crept gasping forth. One hundred and twenty-three corpses lay sprawling in the further corners or heaped up thick, one over the other, near the sole small square window. Already the Indian sun had begun its work of putrefaction. The three-and-twenty survivors had lived, thanks to this festering heap of dead and dying, on to which they had climbed, and from which they had been able to cling to the window-bars, set in Oriental fashion, high up in the wall. The Mussulmans remained seven months in Calcutta, which they rebaptized Alinagar—the town of Ali—triumphing in this new name over Europe and Kali at one fell swoop. But the Black Hole of Calcutta had not been endured in vain. The blood of those martyrs was the seed of English rule in India. Before the seven months were ended, Clive had retaken the ruins of Calcutta; and on June

23, 1757 one year and two days after the tragedy of the Black Hole, he cut the Nawab's army into pieces on the battlefield of Plassey.

At the moment of the great disaster, Calcutta counted seventy houses, all of them inhabited by English people. Modern Calcutta dates from Clive in 1757. The old fort was given over to the Customs House and other offices. A new fort—the Fort William of our times—was begun a little lower down on the banks of the river. All round the forest was cleared, and the site of metropolitan Calcutta was commenced. A century ago, on the Cathedral Square of to-day, Warren Hastings chased the tiger in the jungle; and servants engaged by day in houses near the new clearings, used to strip themselves naked ere going home o' nights for fear of meeting robbers on the road.

But from 1757 on, the history of Calcutta is the tale of its continual and prodigious development; even as the history of India is but the tale of the progress of the English. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Calcutta was still a dependence of Madras; in 1707 it established its independence, and the three Presidencies of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta were on a footing of equality—that is to say, in a state of anarchy. But Clive's hawk-eye had

seen that wealthy, weak Bengal was but a prey awaiting its conqueror. From that moment Calcutta became the centre of action for the English; in 1773 it became practically the capital; in 1834 the Governor-General of Bengal becomes the Governor of India; in 1857, at the union of India to the British Crown, he takes the title of Viceroy. The splendour of the city kept pace with the magnificence of its political destiny. One man above all others has left his mark upon Calcutta and has bequeathed it its character of Empire, he was Lord Wellesley, the brother of Wellington, less illustrious, perhaps greater; one of those pro-consuls of genius which only belong to ancient Rome or modern England. When he built the Government House in 1800, he said, "India must be governed from a "palace, not from a counting-house; with the ideas "of a prince and not with the theories of a dealer in "muslin or indigo." And so Calcutta became the "City of Palaces."

Calcutta is an English town, surrounded by an immense Indian village of six hundred thousand souls. It is not, like Delhi, Benares or Lahore, an ancient Indian city, old as the oldest memories of its country, with its own character and antiquities, its art, its way of life, its special physiognomy, to

which the European conquest has gradually adjoined a wealthy English suburb built of gardens, villas, and avenues. Here, on the contrary, the Indian suburb is the off-shoot of the European town. 'Tis the servant of the needs of the sahib, 'tis a vast bazaár, in kind no different from those which spring up all over India round every military station. And therefore Calcutta, the largest of all Indian agglomerations, is the emptiest to the artist. He goes to Agra to see the Taj, and at Delhi there is the Divan of Aureng-Zeb, or the Pearl Mosque, or the cyclopean ruins of ancient Delhi; and see at Benares the tiers on tiers of temples dominating the curve of the sacred river! But only the due fear of his neighbour can entice the traveller to Calcutta. Is it not the capital? And a tourist, of course, must have seen the capital.

Calcutta is not a city: it is merely a capital. Little is necessary wherewithal to manufacture a capital—force of will and a certain number of masons. But to build a city which will last, a living city, the stone must have been lifted by the spirit of a nation; the past must furnish its traditions and memories, affections; the future inspire its hopes, its noble aspirations—an obscure tending towards an ill-discerned but radiant development must fuse into

one common soul, the soul of the city, all those individual lives which people it. And nature must lend its silent aid, its mute peremptory appeal. Few capitals in Europe are in this sense really *cities:* Paris, Rome, Stamboul (if the Turks were well out of it !). Tradition, nature, the future, have nothing to say to Calcutta. She exists, because one night Mr. Job Charnock chanced to pitch his tent there.

The English of the last two centuries have little sense of the beautiful in architecture. Even in England it is conspicuous by its frequent absence; much more so in a country where they sojourn as strangers and pilgrims, just long enough to make their fortunes and depart. They went to no great expense of fancy in laying out Calcutta : Pseudo-Greek for the public offices; Pseudo-Gothic for the churches. Anglo-Saxon Greek and Gothic cut a strange figure under the Indian sky. But, with these poor materials, the architect had unlimited space at his disposition; that ennobling element redeems the whole; and the grandeur of the proportions of these palaces produce an effect which, though not that of beauty, has a distinct impressiveness of its own. Sixty palaces in a row, facing the immense esplanade called the Chauringhi Road, occupy not less than a mile in extent. Chill, regular, commonplace in

detail, this vast frontage of palaces is noble in the mass; and there is a dignity not to be denied in this strange aberration of classic art, doubly in exile, since even in England it is an imported taste. Travellers acquainted with St. Petersburg find themselves familiar with Calcutta. It has a certain likeness also to the new quarters of Vienna, or to Budapest, if one can imagine Budapest shorn of its glorious horizon of the dying Alps. But no other town gives the same impression, the same sense of all the power and all the coldness of the Anglo-Saxon genius. A Wellesley or so have said: "Let there be palaces!" and lo! the palaces came into existence. But they forgot to add: "Let there be genius!" and perhaps, even if they had remembered, the powers of a Governor-General may have their limits, when it comes to immaterial things.

And yet these monuments, despite their dull monotony, have each their own peculiar interest; some historic memory is attached to each of them. There is the sole real interest of Calcutta, the only reason for a visit to the City of Palaces. For these East India merchants, prosaic men of business, have written in their ledgers the most marvellous romance of their century, saving the adventures of Napoleon; and their novel, more fortunate than

Napoleon's, is still a story without an end. Let us take a saunter through their chapters as we float awhile upstream.

Suppose that we have reached the mouth of the Hougli, steered through its reefs, its sandbars and its quicksands, by the happy instinct of a Calcutta pilot—the only man who can venture there in safety. There are in all about forty of these pilots, with their strange Ancient Mariner appearance, who can tell, by the foam and the colour of the oncoming wave, the last new shape of the dangers of the shifting soil beneath, and who learn by heart, hour by hour, and day by day, the deadly whims, the unforeseen caprices of their unstable estuary.

Coasting, we pass the island of Sagâra, the classic soil of the tigers of Bengal. During nine months of the year the island disappears from view, hidden by the furious waves of the Gulf, which the wild sou'-westers chase across it. It is none the less, one of the most favoured of India's shrines of pilgrimage. For it is here that the river Ganges, who is none other than Siva's very spouse, to whom we have just offered sacrifice under the name of Kali—she who, in her maiden days, among the Himalayan peaks, was honoured as Parvati—She, the ineffable She, in short, here on this very island, summoned from heaven by

the tempestuous prayers of Bhagiratha, came to repose in the bosom of the Ocean. Passing o'er the island, by the mere virtue of her holy contact she resuscitated the sixty thousand sons of Sagâra, who had been reduced to ashes by an outraged saint. Here the water of the Ganges, sacred wherever it flows, is peculiarly divine and potent. Whoso shall bathe therein, lo! all his sins shall be washed white as wool, even as it happened to the sons of Sagâra, and like them, he shall be born anew into eternal life. Every year, in January, a flood of a hundred thousand pilgrims inundates the abandoned isle, infested with cholera and marshy fevers. All over the unwholesome soil they pitch their odd tents, covered by swathes and bands of calico. Many of the pilgrims are old men or sick people, who come there to die. For to die bathed in the waters of the Ganges, is perfect felicity; it is death accompanied with the absolute remission of all guilt, death in a state of baptismal purity—it is the eternal escape from Sin, ever on the watch, laying his sly gins and springes to catch the unwary, so soon as they leave the sacred stream.

After a sail of some fifteen hours through the sea of mud, which forms the delta of the Ganges, after passing Tamluk, which was the port of the sacred

river some two thousand years ago, look, on the horizon, that is Calcutta, those towers and spires and masts beyond the windings of the river! To your left extend what but a year ago where the gardens of the King of Oudh. In 1856, the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, under pretext of the incapacity and ill-conduct of the young king, declared his estates annexed to the British Crown, and sent him to vegetate, on a pension of two hundred thousand a year, at the gates of Calcutta. While Lucknow was raising a rebellion to defend its prince, while his old mother, the Begum, was travelling to London in the forlorn hope of moving the English to compassion—dying in Paris, one cold January morning, of her vain fatigues—the young king himself had turned philosopher. He had forgotten Lucknow among his buffoons, his musicians, and his dancing girls, and consoled himself for the loss of his crown by composing a menagerie, which, until lately, formed the chief delight of the Calcutta babies. Fifty thousand pigeons beat their wings in his aviaries; armies of monkeys chattered in the trees (some of them most highly educated, dancing to order); flocks of ducks and geese waddled round the pools; panthers and lions; while in a cavern underground, thousands of serpents fed

on one another. If the prince should ever feel a hankering for the life of courts he could find assorted, in his own garden, all the grimaces, varieties, and ferocities which it comports. Some years later, by permission of the Government, he quitted India and went to assure his Mussulman salvation at Bagdad, in the land of the faithful, choosing that town, no doubt, as not too far from the sacred soil of the Kerbéla. He died there, childless, three years ago, leaving his possessions to the British Government. In his will, he desired that his animals and all his other chattels should be sold at a fair price, but not by auction. "I do not want them to "be handed about, and made the subject of good and "bad jokes at a public sale, while the lookers-on hold "their sides and laugh."

On the other bank of the river the Botanical Gardens form an appropriate *vis-à-vis* to the menagerie of the King of Oudh. Founded in 1786 by General Kyd, enlarged by a dynasty of botanical proconsuls, whose names, from Roxburgh to Hooker, have their place in the annals of science, the Calcutta Gardens have become the nursery whence the public horticulturists of Europe have obtained most of their tropical specimens. In six weeks, ere setting off on his botanical pilgrimage

through Hindustan, Jacquemont "made acquaintance "there with the vegetable kingdom of India." And not only Indian flora, but African, Oceanian, American, flourish there together in the open air as if in their own native climes. Only from time to time the great enemy, the cyclone, comes and walks in this Garden of Eden and leaves fell havoc there. In 1864, a whole avenue of mahoganies, planted near a hundred years before by Roxburgh, were uprooted in one storm; another uncrowned the great baobab of Senegal, whose trunk measured fifty feet in girth. But it has not overthrown the great banyan, nor damaged its forest of columns, whose tired branches droop to earth, catch fresh life there, and spring up toward heaven. Under this torrid sky, the plants of our northern zone droop and languish like exiles who feverishly try to grasp the language of a new country, but cannot express themselves. Among the banana trees, the palm trees, the mahoganies, see how the melancholy little oaks wax feebly, astonished at a climate which permits no winter sleep and leaves no space between the fall of the leaf and the burgeon of the bud. The garden extends for a mile beside the river at the water level. Its alluvial soil is ignorant of any eminence, and forbids the splendour of a panorama. After the palace of the King

of Oudh, the boat follows the line of the Garden Reach : a succession of villas and gardens which extends till we reach Calcutta. It is the really beautiful quarter of a town otherwise monotonous in its grandeur ; and its beauty is no peculiar growth of its tropic soil, but the spacious, branchy charm of the innumerable Passys or Kensingtons of Anglo-India. There also begins the life of the port—Calcutta afloat, with its masts and sails, which fling up in the sunshine their glory of coloured banners. These trembling masts are the poetry of Calcutta, as of every sunshiny sea-port. No architectural plan—did Phidias design it—has the beauty of these slender arms and wings, sketched against the moist pale azure, rippling with sun and breeze. They have the beauty of pure form, and also the beauty of exquisite tremulous motion, and the imaginative prestige of the evocation of far-off places, of a distant country to the exile, of an unknown horizon, whither they are bound, where—who knows?—they may be engulfed in shipwreck. A haze of mystery, danger, poetry, adventure surrounds them. They are here to-day, whither away to-morrow? Here, below the Garden Reach, our shipping companies cast anchor; a little higher up ride the fleets of the "P. & O.," the most powerful shipping company in all the world.

The port of Calcutta extends for ten miles up the Hougli, with space for a hundred and seventy vessels. The river is over a mile broad, but the channel occupies barely a quarter of this width : a meagre road for the two thousand sailing vessels, the two hundred and fifty steamers, which come and go along it in the course of a year, not forgetting the four thousand boats which ply up and down the river. We pass the docks, leaving to the right the mouth of the Tolly, which would take us back to the temple of Kali, and we land at Prinsep's Ghat, whose stair descends towards the river, just below Fort William. Prinsep was a clerk in the Company's service, self-taught, with no scientific preparation, who, in his leisure moments, deciphered the alphabets of antique India, and founded Sanscrit epigraphy. He belonged to the good old times when a Company's clerk had the right to interest himself in Indian antiquities, to take a part in the moral life of the land of his exile ; that right has been used, and more than once. But the right to scientific genius is a liberty which no wise civil servant would dare to take in our days ; it would be remembered against him.

Fort William backs on to the river. On three other sides it looks on to an immense esplanade, the Maidan, bounded on one side by the river and on

the other by the palace-fronts of the Chauringhi, with, to the north, the vista of Esplanade Row and its Government offices. The fort is an eight-rayed star, with three points on the water and five on the Esplanade. Its formidable dimensions reveal the date of its erection, at an epoch when English rule in India was still, so to speak, improvised and insecure. When Clive laid the foundations of Fort William, after the heroic field of Plassey, England was still new enough to need such a tremendous backer-up. The exodus of Charnock was still fresh in men's minds; it must never be renewed; the Black Hole must not be a possibility within reach of any whim of any Great Mogul. Clive built a fort which would shelter an army in retreat, where the fortunes of England, in case of a reverse, might still find an inexpugnable asylum. The immense building is calculated to receive fifteen thousand men; ten thousand would be necessary for the defence of its earthworks. The building of the fort lasted sixteen years and cost fifty millions. None of its six hundred cannons as yet has thrown a ball upon an enemy; not even in the Mutiny year. For years past two thousand men and a battery of artillery have sufficed to guard it. Before the river gate rises the Gwalior monument, erected by Lord

Ellenborough in honour of the men and officers who fell, in 1843, in the war with Sindia. The monument is a poor example to the officers of Fort William, for the victory of Mahârâjpoor is more honourable to the troops than to the British generals. Lord Ellenborough with all his court, staff officers and ladies, came in great pomp, seated on their elephants, to behold the defeat of the enemy. The first charges of the Mahrattas changed the character of the scene. The English officers lost their head; but the Sepoys broke loose, and, oblivious of orders, dashed against the Mahrattas, who, badly generalled also, but brave unto death, met death round their cannons, after having fired till every gunner was shot down. At the end of a fierce and bloody battle, the Sepoys remained in possession of the field. Lord Ellenborough, who was bombast incarnate, maintained in the face of all this carnage his inevitably heroic-comic attitude: under the fire of the enemy he strolled across the field of battle distributing oranges and half-pence to the wounded.

The east and south frontage of the Esplanade is occupied by the desert of the race-course. Never venture there when the sun shines by noon, nor during the blast of the cyclone which, from time to

time, sweeps through Calcutta. All the life of the Esplanade centres between the fort and the Row, down Chauringhi. There stand the statues which meagrely sprinkle the immense opening, recalling the memory of excellent officials transformed, by the erection of a monument, into men of genius. The process is as frequent in Calcutta as in Paris. Inscriptions of a Macaulayan emphasis—but unfortunately not due to the pen of a Macaulay—add their splendour to the apotheosis. India is a country where it is not necessary to be a great man in order to do great things; the material which lies ready to the hand is so malleable that a strong will is sufficient to mould it. Let us not linger before the effigies of Lord Auckland, Lord Hardinge, Lord Mayo, and Sir William Peel—intelligent and worthy noblemen, no more. Outram, "the Bayard of the East," is more interesting; he was a man of honour. The men who have done most to establish English rule in India, from Clive to Lord Dalhousie, have rarely been tormented by the excessive delicacy of their scruples; even the most Christian, the most Puritan among them—aye, those, perhaps, least of all; they followed the law which seems so simple in the East (and elsewhere), the good old law of Napoleon and Bismarck—that Might makes Right.

Outram was a brilliant exception. He refused to have anything to do with the spoliation of the Emirs of Sindh, one of the most villainous glories of the British conquest; he even rejected his share in the loot, an example rare in the military history of India. For once the Hero has inspired the Artist. Foley speeds his Outram right forward, spurring his horse, dashing on with drawn sword, his face turned towards the absent troops, whom he cheers on to the attack. The violence and life of the attitude astonish us amid this dreary marble company: Outram lives. Further on there is a column, some hundred and fifty feet in height, diminished to insignificance by the desert which surrounds it, but from whose summit we have so fine a panorama of the city. This column commemorates Sir David Ochterlony, the mark of a tardy gratitude. After a career of fifty years spent in the service, and which stretched over nearly the whole span of the duration of British rule, Ochterlony—the pacifier of the Ghourkas, transformed by him into the most valiant of British soldiers—Ochterlony died of a broken heart, disgraced by the Calcutta Government for having kept a higher standard of English honour than suited the official theories of the hour.

Between the fort and Esplanade Row, along the

quay, extend the Eden Gardens, which owe their name to no paradisal reminiscence, but to the sisters of Lord Auckland—the Misses Eden. The band plays there every evening. A stone's throw away is the indispensable cricket ground, the centre of all English life in India. At the fall of dusk, the procession of carriages along the Esplanade recalls the Champs-Elysées, or, better still, Hyde Park, with the added picturesqueness of palanquins, turbaned *sardars*, white-robed *baboos* with black bags, humble *brechtis*, watering the flower-beds with the contents of their goatskins. Perched on the cornice line of the surrounding palaces, the last bald-headed arghalis gravely contemplate the scene. Glance up at them, admire the look of herons or marabouts, profoundly absorbed in their meditations. Suddenly a rush of wings, a brusque, furious swoop; they have settled on some heap of the scavengery, which their little red eyes are ever quick to note; they are swelling with nameless rottenness the loose sack below their throats, which is of formidable elasticity. Of old the arghalis were the patented scavengers of Calcutta. They performed their office well, and showed the city into the bargain that the solemnest philosophy is reconcileable with violent appetites; a lesson confirmed by the example of their brethren, the arghalis

of the English Church, no less than by the smaller fry of *baboos* and *moonshis*, the *koulins* who are priests, and the *kayath* who are scribes.

The arghalis prefer above all others the walls of Government House, residence of the man who for five long years incarnates the terrible, irresistible force of the *Sarkar*. The Sarkar is the same thing, the same mysterious and fatal divinity, which is fetich to our own peasants under the name of *le Gouvernement*, but intensified in India by the habit of impersonation, by the instinctive veneration for the Avatar. There is nothing peculiarly awe-inspiring about the House of the Sarkar, although at the time of its building the Sarkar was incarnate Lord Wellesley, a man of taste and magnificence; his architect however, Captain Wyatt, simply reproduced Kedlestone Hall, in Derbyshire, a country seat built by Robert Adam for Lord Scarsdale. The edifice comprises a central hall with a magnificent double staircase, whence four wings strike off east and south, and north and west.

It is the residence of the Viceroy and his court, the seat of the Legislative Council. Thence issue the decrees which annex kingdoms, make and unmake princes, ruin or enrich provinces, transform the system which governs many millions of souls; but

above all, it is the ball-room of India, the Place of the White Tie, where Champagne and Private Theatricals exercise an empire more absolute than ever yet has been theirs from pole to pole. The Viceregal Palace has its tribes of statues more numerous and still more commonplace than those upon the Esplanade. All the Viceroys are there, in parian or in porphyry, great and small, from Lord Wellesley to Mr. John Adams, from Hastings to Lord Teignmouth. Among the crowd of these semi-illustrious, one is astonished to meet the portraits of Louis XV., and Marie Leczinska, and the busts of the twelve Cæsars. They are trophies of war, looted, a hundred years ago, from a French ship.

West of Government House, nearer the river, stand the Law Courts, a Gothic monument built between 1870 and 1872, and inspired, I believe, by the Hôtel de Ville of Yprès. All the Chief Justices of India are there in effigy, from Sir Elijah Impey downwards. In his days the function of an Indian Judge was to serve the British Government; he secured the policy of Warren Hastings by hanging as high as Haman the old Brahmin, Nandore Kousnar, in the teeth of Junius. His successors have shown themselves more scrupulous, worthier of the noble title of Chief Justice, but less immortal.

Round the Viceregal Palace are grouped the Public Offices ; the Town Hall with Doric columns ; the Bengal Bank and the Mint, overlooking the river. In Dalhousie Square, on the site ot the original Fort William, stands the tremendous mass of the Post Office ; in front, the Telegraph Office. A slab before the Post Office marks the spot where once stood the infamous Black Hole. But let us leave this wilderness of palaces, all alike, of which not a trace remains in mind or eye. Let us pass the Anglo-Gothic of the churches ; the tombs inside them will be precious for their inscriptions when the day comes to write a History of England or India. A drive along Chauringhi and the nearer suburbs will suffice to complete your impressions of Calcutta. Notwithstanding their lack of individuality, the outlying villas have their charm—the charm of every Anglo-Indian bungalow, with its large verandahs open to the air, its long, low wings, and, above all, the mass of greenery in which it nestles. Remember, that a hundred years ago all these porches and gardens were the happy hunting grounds of Aranyani, the Goddess of the Jungle. This reflection is a homage to Anglo-Saxon effort, to Anglo-Saxon will. An energy so triumphant and so creative, despite its inevitable alloy of egotism and

hardness, comes nigh to genius and becomes almost a virtue.

The contrast is striking between the White Town and the Black. Calcutta has been hit off: "a city of palaces in front, a city of pigsties behind." North and east of the White Town the Black settlement extends—an accumulation of *bastis* or mud-hovel hamlets. If the English Calcutta lack character and idiosyncrasy, the black, in these respects, is yet a greater sinner; for it is but a parasite on the Anglo-Indian town, having no individual life. It is no better and no worse than the other ramshackle, servile, native stations that fringe, for instance, Madras, or even Bombay. There are, of course, the innumerable *mandars* and mosques, imperative to the souls of four hundred Hindoos and two hundred thousand Mussulmans; but except the mosque in Dharmtola Street, it would be impossible to single out in all this city one single building of any artistic aim. This one thing of beauty (or thereto approaching) was built in 1842 by the son of Tippoo Sahib, Prince Ghoolam Mohammed, "in gratitude to God, and in remembrance of the honourable Court of Directors which awarded him the arrears of his pension in 1840." What thunder-bolt would the Tiger of Mysore, if

in the Paradise of the Brave he might read this singular inscription, find dire enough to hurl at his placable descendant?

Fever and cholera were of old endemic in Calcutta. The municipality has done marvels in improving the sanitary arrangements of the native quarter; large airy avenues ventilate the crowded suburb; a network of drainage, one hundred and fifty miles in extent, carries the refuse of the town out to the Salt Lake; pumps, even a railway, are pressed into the service; for Calcutta is situate on so unfortunate a slope, that otherwise the river would form a natural drain. The police have forbidden the throwing of dead bodies into the Ganges, in spite of the delay they cause the souls who otherwise would enter Paradise without any trouble on the frontier, and although they deprive the British tourist of a picturesque horror, which he misses very willingly, I admit. Corpses are no longer burned, save at certain specified ghats. The Hindoo is no longer free to die, rot, and infect the living as he please,—and of all his liberties it is perhaps the one he most regrets.

The Bazaar of Calcutta has none of the splendours of Stamboul, none of the picturesqueness of Benares. There is no native art in Calcutta; it is a place of business; and the smoky suburb of Haourah across

the river, with its two hundred thousand souls and its thriving trade, is a place of European business. The hideous factory chimneys make a little Manchester on the banks of the Ganges: it is there that the jute-fibre is woven into cornsacks; the machines whirl and steam without cease to produce the ten million hundredweight of the European demand. Higher up the stream, at Kosipoor, there is a cannon foundry.

The one interest of native Calcutta is its intellectual and political fever. The Calcutta Hindoo is not a creature of tradition. He came yesterday, at the beck of the stranger; and he represents a new thing, as yet scarce disengaged from its environment: he represents Young India—that is to say, India under several layers of European varnish. The supple Bengalee mind could not long remain in contact with the civilization of Europe without receiving its imprint. European education, the study of the classics, modern languages, all these, descending from the university, have percolated into the mass below, and have fermented there all sorts of hitherto undreamed of ambitions and aspirations. Thus a new class has sprung up, a class of Anglicised Indians, which unfortunately is not, cannot, always be recruited from the *élite* of the population; the

higher castes, with their traditions and their pride of race, remaining pretty generally faithful to the old order of things. The mass which constitutes this immense new class, has not been attracted to European culture out of a pure intellectual curiosity, a disinterested sense of its superiority; it is a class of place seekers. In order to enter as a *baboo* into the thousand and one petty situations which England reserves for the native, it is necessary that the candidate should be able to read and write in English. With this end in view, every Bengalee who has in view a salary of thirty rupees a month invades the governmental schools and universities. Three hundred candidates for a situation of thirty pounds a year! What is to become of the two hundred and ninety-nine sent empty away, unfitted henceforth for the modest and simple life of their fathers?

They see only two courses: starvation, or the career of a political agitator, and they choose the latter. Infatuated by the superficial tincture of their university education, big with European formulas—even emptier here than in the European windbag—they form an innumerable class of the Disclassed, strangely like our own, as void, as null, as narrow, as noisy, sometimes disinterested but always futile;

and the more so here, that the catchwords they swear by are borrowed from an exotic civilization, that for them there is a double abyss between the letter and the spirit. That which they pursue in reality is neither the hope of national independence nor a local autonomy under an English protectorate, it is simply the access to the higher administrative functions, political sway over other Indian castes under the protection of the British army.

But a generation should be judged, not by the standard of its average, but by the attainments of its chosen few. Everywhere the average is mediocre, egotistic ; only the rare elect reveal all the capabilities of a race. A few shining examples have shown that the fusion of Europe and India does not necessarily mean a product which inherits the vices of both ; it may bring forth a new creation, original and noble. If, so far, European culture in Asia has mainly resulted in an innumerable brood of petty journalists, politicians, barristers, the parodies of the great Third-rate of Europe, let us not forget that the same influences have none the less awakened in the conscience of the chosen few a nobler, a more disinterested ambition ; nay, it has raised up apostles of a new religion which would wash clean the Hindoo faith from every taint of superstition, from

all hardness and narrowness, and unite in a common understanding—a vast fraternal religion—Europeans, Mussulmans, Hindoo. This is the aim of the Brahmo-Somaj or Brahmoism. The founder of this new faith, or rather its precursor, was a Brahmin, Ram Mohun Roy, who fancied that Brahmanism was the corruption of a primitive Monotheism whose imprint was still to be found in the Vedas, though misinterpreted by priests and commentators. He therefore undertook to found, or, as he imagined, to restore the doctrines of Theism in India. His disciple and successor, Devendra-Nath, on seeking in the Vedas the confirmation of his master's theories, perceived, with terror, that there was no such confirmation. The choice lay between Reason and the Vedas; he chose Reason, and threw the Vedas overboard. It was he who subsequently drew up the formula of the Brahma-Dharma, a purely natural religion, and opened the doors of his church to all castes, without distinction.

The one thing needful was an apostle, and Keshub Chunder Sen appeared; winning and eloquent in speech, armed with all the resources of European thought and Oriental imagination, of what had been till then a philosophic sect he constituted a religion. He broke with Devendra-Nath, a

more timid nature, who, while rejecting the dogmas of Brahmanism would fain preserve a portion of its customs. He attacked the two social evils, the two moral shames, of Indian society—child marriage, and the perpetual celibacy of infant widows. For the first time in the annals of India a religious movement made itself felt, not an impulse towards quietism or debauch, but by a moral reform and an exaltation of human dignity. From end to end of India the missionaries of the Brahmo-Somaj set forth to preach the Word: in 1876, the new faith counted no fewer than a hundred and twenty-eight communities.

Keshub Chunder Sen was, alas! unfaithful to his charge; success turned his head. His contagious enthusiasm replenished itself at the dangerous springs of ecstasy; he believed himself inspired by Heaven, and next, according to the fatal bent of Asia, even as the reformer had become the apostle, so in turn the apostle became a god. Abandoned by the healthier-minded of his followers, he founded the New Dispensation, the Navavidhâna, which conciliates Christ and Vishnou, no longer in the unity of conscience and ethics, but in the mystic unity of an incarnation. He died at forty years of age, in 1886, at the moment of his new departure. Deprived of his powerful personality, Brahmoism has done

little more than vegetate. Even at Calcutta, its centre and its cradle, it counts a bare five hundred sectaries. But a religion measures its force less by the number of its adherents than by its action on the masses, and by its influence on movements beyond the sphere of its orbit. The aims and ideas of Brahmoism, the social reforms, the reconstitution of the Indian family, these dreams and aims outlive the gospel of Keshub Chunder Sen. A Parsee, Malabari, is the heir of these reforms; his obstinate and enthusiastic crusading spirit has already worked wonders in this respect. For he has been able not only to present the question to the English public, but to impose it on the attention of English statesmen, ever eager to avoid the obscure domain of the instincts and moral conscience of a foreign tributary.

In order to carry away a more cheerful impression of Calcutta, visit the suburb of Mamktola on the Baugmari Road. There died the only Indian poet of our century—the poor little Toru Dutt, two-and-twenty years of age. She had a certain claim on us Frenchmen, for she went to school in France, translated our poets, wrote a novel in our language, wept for our misfortunes, and loved our country with all her heart. Perhaps you still may find at

Baugmari the Casuarina that she loved so well; in whose branches the wind used to wail while she listened; up whose trunk climbed the python-like liana which she sang; in whose branches sang the nightingales whose voice her verse repeats:

> "The garden overflows
> With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
> Sung darkling from our tree while we repose."

But it is time to quit Calcutta. It is not a city from which it is difficult to tear one's self away, as the Viceroys of India are well aware, for they spend barely four months of the year in their metropolis —the four dancing-months of the winter. During the eight summer months the Government wiles away its villegratura among the Himalayan peaks at Simla, some thousand miles from the capital. In vain the Calcutta tradesmen protest against this ruinous exodus. The stifling heat, the malarious swamps of Lower Bengal, do not commend themselves to the Viceroy's court in summer; and if Calcutta succeed in her endeavour to ruin her rival Simla, it will be for the ultimate advantage of a younger and a more happily situated capital—Bombay, three days' journey nearer home, or Poona, the City of Seven Hills. Calcutta has held the sceptre for more than a hundred years, and a century of

rule is rare in the shifting soil of Bengal, where nothing is stabler than the water almost underfoot. How much longer will that quicksand support the seat of empire? The English have never been able to raise a monument upon the field of Plassey where Clive laid the foundation of their empire, for the Ganges carried the battlefield bodily away and lodged it, one vast sandbank, to block the estuary of their capital. In vain trade and enterprise engineer new channels, cut and bind the resistless sand. Before another hundred years are over Calcutta will inevitably rank amid the dead capitals of India, with Goa and Paniya and Moorshidabad. The "exodus" does but forestall a little the inevitable decree of the Ganges. I know of one traveller who, having spent three days at Calcutta, found no other entry to make in his note book but these few lines: *

"CALCUTTA.—The ancient Capital of the English in "India. An antique custom requires that the Viceroy "should dance there every winter."

* *Lettres sur l'Inde*, par James Darmesteter. Lemerre, 1888.

Two Indian Books.

"VISHA-VRIKSHA, the Poison Tree," is a Bengalee novel, written by the first Bengalee novelist of the Presidency, Baboo Bankim Chandra Chatterjee. It has made a great stir in Bengal as the first novel of contempory manners ever written in those parts. It is an unexpected fact that this audacious innovation is made at the expense of Young Bengal, and to the detriment of the freethinkers, deists, members of the Brahmo-Somaj, and other would-be reformers who, if we are to believe our novelist, shake off, together with the trappings of their ancient faith, the trammels of conventional morality. As you per ceive, *Th Poison Tree* might have been written in Europe! So says Mrs. Knight, the translator, who, in her delicate, quaint English, presents the Octave Feuillet of Bengal to an European public. *The Poison Tree* is something like the *Jacques* of Georges Sand turned inside out. Nagendra and his wife, Sarya Mukhi, have taken to their hearth a poor orphan, Kunda Nandini. As might be expected,

Nagendra falls in love with his *protégée*, who returns his passion in secret. The poor Sarya becomes aware of their unhappy love, resolves to sacrifice herself to their happiness, and disappears, letting herself be thought dead by those she loves and leaves. Nagendra marries Kunda, and from that hour their love is swallowed up in remorse. Nagendra's love was the flash of a moment; he hates the woman who has supplanted Sarya; he despises her, and visits his own cowardice upon her. In the end Sarya Mukhi is discovered, and Kunda poisons herself, so that the true lovers may unite anew. Such is the plot; season it with an infinity of Indian landscapes in the manner of the Kalidasa, with visions and supernatural apparitions; add a few striking character sketches—one, that of Hira, the jealous servant, who sows dissension between her mistresses, is of a sombre and fatal beauty. Do not forget a masterly portrait of the young Indian, the reformer Debenda, the dandy, bred at Calcutta in all the vices of the newer generation, who, back again in his village, puts on the mantle of an apostle, opens a Brahmo-Somaj, preaches the re-marriage of widows, meditates a girls' school, and smokes meanwhile his hookah as he drains his glass.

Much of all this is the mere infancy of polemics,

and more than once the Western reader cannot suppress a smile. But beside these signs of inexperience, there are traits of a surprising sweetness, a penetrating quality of soul. This is how the author introduces Kunda:

"It was quite dark. In the ruined house Kunda "Nandini sat beside the corpse of her father. She "cried, 'Father!' No one answered. At first she "thought he slept, then that he was dead, but she "could not get to the bottom of that idea. At last "she had no more strength for calling or thinking. "The fan still stirred in her hand in the direction of "the corpse. *And she said to herself he must certainly "be asleep, for, if he were dead, what would become "of her?*"

She dies at the feet of Nagendra in a murmur of soft reproaches. That day she was eloquent, for it was her last day with him. "She said to him: 'Fie! "'can you think of nothing to tell me? I shall not "'die happy unless I leave you smiling!' Sarya "Mukhi had said the same words to him, for in the "hour of death they are all alike."

Almost on every page such subtle touches move us to overlook many a fault, and even the selfishness of the hero, which the good Baboo does not appear to suspect. In fact, according to Indian

morality, what is more legitimate than the egoism of the male, which affords his wife the opportunity of exercising on his behalf her duties of limitless devotedness and sacrifice? Neither will we reproach our author with the incoherence of his recital; or if we do so, 'tis but to hear him defend himself with his anecdote of Kalidasa and the flower-girl:

"Kalidasa bought his flowers of a Malini. He "was a Brahmin, but poor; too poor to pay for his "posies, so in return he read his poems to the flower "girl. One day, in the Malini's pond, there sprang a "lily of surpassing sweetness; she plucked it and "offered it to Kalidasa, who, in return, read her some "verses of 'Meghaduta, or the Herald Cloud.' This "poem is an ocean of beauty; but, as you know, the "opening lines are poor. The Malini thought but "little of them; bored, she rose to her feet and "prepared to move away.

"'Friend flower-girl,' said Kalidasa, 'are you "'going?'

"'There's no salt in your poem,' said the Malini.

"'Oh, Malini, you will never get to Heaven!'

"'Why?'

"'Because to reach high Heaven, you must go up a "'staircase of a million steps. My poem also has a "'staircase; these insipid verses are the steps. And if

"'you cannot take this lesser trouble, how will you "'climb all the way to Heaven?' Then the Malini, "fearful lest the curse of a Brahmin might really "lose her Paradise, heard the 'Meghaduta' from be- "ginning to the end. She duly admired the beauty of "his poem, and on the morrow morning, having "woven a garland in the name of the God of Love, "she crowned therewith the brows of Kalidasa."

Within the last twenty years there has sprung up an English literature of Hindoo origin. The higher classes in India, whatever their feelings to the English as a race, have frankly made the English tongue their own. They speak, they write, not the English of London, but something quite distinct from a dialect or a broken language. This Hindoo-English is easily recognisable, yet it is difficult to specify the sign; it is perhaps, a certain exotic familiarity, the air of a stranger who enters society, a *salon* of which he knows the *habitués* and the due observances, but not the more special ways of the house. In the obscure problem of the future of India, this new generation educated in European theories, in European knowledge, without European manners and traditions, represents an unknown quantity of formidable proportions. The semi-diffusion of a Western education has created the

host of the Disclassed, who are no longer Hindoos in mind and soul, yet who certainly are not English, whose sole ambition is to become a civil servant at thirty rupees the month, and who, sooner or later, inevitably swell the ranks of the political agitators and of the extremists of the native press. I speak of the mass. In some rare and chosen few, the fusion of the spirits of India and Europe has produced a mind of singular originality and brilliance. Of such are Keshub Chunder Sen, the apostle, the most eloquent religious reformer of our century; and the poor little Toru Dutt, gracious, charming little Hindoo muse; and Rajendralal Mitra, the scholar — minds of whom any nation might well be proud.

Among our contemporaries, Mr. Malabari is the most remarkable example of the New Hindoo. A Parsee by birth, he represents the most advanced party in Parseeism, which itself represents the extremest point of India's progress towards Europe. Brought up by Christian missionaries, whose example was more striking than their precepts, his early education has inspired him with a deep feeling of respect for Christianity, whilst leaving him quite unconvinced as to her dogmas. On leaving the Christian school, Behramjee Malabari sought help

and counsel, first of Hindooism, then of Islamism, the two great faiths of India; and, as the result of his religious wanderings, he then came back to the first-known fold, convinced that it was not worth while to forsake a religion so untrammeling (to the lax) as the doctrine of Zoroaster; and thus found a final peace in an inoffensive deism, predisposing to an universal tolerance.

Mr. Malabari, who is a little over thirty, began his literary career nearly twenty years ago. He began, of course, as a poet, at once in English and in Gujerati. Gujerati is the language of the Parsees of Bombay whose first Indian asylum was found at Gujerat still the second among their cities. These poems were acclaimed with enthusiasm by the fellow-countrymen of the young poet, by Hindoos and Parsees, especially by the Parsees (for was he not their first poet?), and were welcomed with much sympathy by lovers of India in London as in Hindoostan. *Hinc cui Barbaries, atque illinc India plaudit.*

His second volume, *Surôde Ittifâq* (Songs of Friendship), consists of a set of imitations of Lord Tennyson, in which, according to the Gujerati critics, the Poet-Laureate appears to unusual advantage. But at bottom this young poet was

above all a man of action. He had found a noble, a lofty ambition: he would interpret modern science and modern civilization to his compatriots, whilst in return, to England he would plead the rights, the wrongs, and the sufferings of India. The first of these tasks he undertook in a manner quite his own in its mingled originality and elevation. He determined to replenish the current of Hindoo thought by translations into the different popular dialects (some of them real languages rather than dialects, and spoken by some five-and-twenty millions) of the principal critiques of Indian religions which have appeared in Europe. He began with Prof. Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures, which are, as everyone knows, a glorification of the faiths of India and of the Hindoo spirit, considered as the purest representative of the Aryan mind. The choice was happy; the book was well-inspired to please the pride of India. Mr. Malabari determined to publish translations of the Hibbert Lectures in Gujerati, Sanscrit, Marathi, Bengalee, Hindoostanee, and Tamul. It was his *Samas pana*, the great work of his life. Listen in what religious tones he announces it: "Every man has his ambition: this is "the aim of one part of my life. If this translation "bring peace to a few of my Aryan brothers in the

"midst of this troublous world; if it recall to their "memory the exploits of their illustrious ancestors; "if in my feeble effort they find an aid to the under- "standing of the *Paramânanda* or Supreme Felicity, "and the *Paramâtma* who is the Supreme Being, the "Uncreate, the Infinite, the Immortal, of whom one "glance reflects the extent of the Universe; if this "attempt succeed in opening to my compatriots the "mind of the incomparable Aryo-German, the Mooni "Max Müller, who has consecrated his whole life to "the interpretation of the two grandest phenomena "of human history—the Aryan Faith and the Aryan "Tongue—then I may truly feel the satisfaction of "having attained my sacred aim."

So great an enterprise required capital, and to raise that capital it was necessary to arouse the interest of the Indian public. Mr. Malabari traversed the peninsula from end to end, with a success beyond his most sanguine dreams. The native press spoke with one voice in favour of his generous undertaking; Keshub Chunder Sen and Rajendralal Mitra backed him with the authority of their names; the Maharanee Surnomoye put herself down for a thousand rupees; and the expenses of the Gujerati translation, the first to appear, were in great part covered by the subscriptions of Bengal. For the first

time, there was felt in India something of the stirring of an united national spirit. Since then a Mahratta translation has appeared, dedicated to the Guikovar of Baroda.

"May these pages," writes Mr. Malabari in his dedication, "have the privilege of fortifying in your "Highness the notion of law and order, give your "Highness a clearer conception of the Eternal and "Infinite, conduct you to the study of your true self, "confront you with the supreme and universal self, "and inspire in you a life disengaged of egoism and "ever useful."

Will Mr. Malabari succeed in transforming the popular dialects of India into so many languages able to express abstract and scientific ideas? Until the present time science and philosophy in India have had for their mouthpiece the choice of Sanscrit, a dead language, and English, a foreign tongue. The problem lies in the elimination of English by raising the popular dialects to the abstract height of Sanscrit. This is what Mr. Malabari has attempted. He has borrowed from the Sanscrit his philosophic vocabulary, and we in Europe have taken Greek and Latin terms to express all ideas above the level of the popular dialects which, in course of time, have become the living languages of European nations.

"No language" says a Hindoo journal, "can "boast a nobler destiny than the Anglo-Saxon "tongue, yet we begin to feel that it is not fit that "English become the national language of India. "It is the dream of a dreamer, a dream that can "never come to pass, and of which the fulfilment "were unwise and prejudicial to the true interests of "our people. India must have its own national "language; or, to speak properly, each province "must have its own distinct dialect, even as it has "its own distinct administration; each of these "dialects depending equally on the central tongue, "Sanscrit, even as the government of every province "depends upon one supreme authority."

So far we have followed Mr. Malabari in the first of his self-imposed labours; there remained the second: to interpret India to England. With this object, he founded a weekly paper, the *Indian Spectator*, which has rapidly taken the first rank in the Indian press, and which merits it, by the independence and moderation of its ideas, the loftiness of its aims, the frank energy of its style. Mr. Malabari is no hater of the Saxon: he is "loyal." He is perfectly aware that, for many a year to come, the English rule will remain a thing needful and, in a degree, even beneficial to India; he knows that, were this restraint removed,

the vast peninsula would dissolve in an anarchy of which the history of the last century in India offers but a feeble image; for to the ancient causes of disruption, still in force, the imperfect diffusion of a Western ideal of civilization has added new elements of disturbance, by creating new ambitions, new pretensions, but no new moral force to moderate them or direct them. But, if he be a loyal subject of the Queen, Mr. Malabari knows how to see and denounce the faults of her functionaries, the incivilities of her civil servants, the pride and arrogance of the British race in India. He is no Russophile; but, from the earliest days of the Afghan Question, he saw that India must find its own defence in India, that it was insensate to meet the Russians on their own ground, that England must await them on her Indian threshold and leave to them the task of traversing the region of Afghan hostility. This policy, finally adopted by England under pressure of a moral defeat, had been advocated in the *Indian Spectator* for two whole years, during which its adoption need have implied no humiliation. So much for the political acumen of the *Spectator*. But it is, above all, in questions of social reform that Mr. Malabari has taken a noble and general initiative. The social questions of India are more

grievous still than ours. Infant marriage, perpetual widowhood; every day some little girl married at ten years of age, a widow at twelve, finds herself condemned to spend the rest of her life in social humiliation, loneliness, and misery. She is a thing of ill-omen, needed by no one, shunned by all. Against the hard fate of the child-widow, against the cruel consequence of infant marriage, Mr. Malabari has raised an agitation which has aroused a movement of ardent and dolorous sympathy from one to the other end of India, and which in the end, we trust, despite all the eloquence of the author of the *Visha-Vriksha*, will bear its timely fruit.

A few years ago Mr. Malabari published in English a book of *Sketches of Indian Life in Gujerat*. The book was a success; it has recently entered a second edition. 'Tis the first time, I believe, that so large a sale has been attained by any book written by an Indian author for the English reader. The book is worthy of its popularity: the author has a vision of his own of things and souls; his rendering is brief, keen, and subtle; he has some of the qualities of a man of genius. His indignant humour often achieves eloquence, though eloquence —real simple eloquence—is perhaps the rarest of

Indian qualities; the pitfalls of rhetoric and declamation lie in deadly wait for it, and perhaps Keshub Chunder Sen is the only Indian who has never been taken unawares. Free from the prejudices of race and caste, Mr. Malabari interprets to us impartially Hindoo, and Mussulman, and Parsee, without concealing either their moral dearth or their redeeming traits. What curious types, human enough and indeed universal at bottom, but so novel by the fact of their environment! Here is Marvari the Indian Shylock, and Hajaam the village barber who, despite his exotic soul, has the familiar soul of Figaro. Here is Vakil, the agent—a strange wild beast, to be seen in his cage any day for the sum of three rupees—and the village doctor, who professes under the name of Vaid if he slay you with a verse of the Vedas, and under the name of Hakim if he kill you with a text of the Koran: Vaid and Hakim equally tenacious as to their fees.

Mr. Malabari has none of the European dislike to Islam, and does not conceal the moral superiority of the Mussulmans over their Hindoo compatriots. Their aristocracy, proud of its descent from the ancient sovereigns of India, has the virtues and the foibles of decayed nobility, which treasures the memory of its faded greatness.

"They would rather borrow than work, starve "than beg."

They live in the perpetual hope of a return of better days.

"Poor people! As friends I have always found "them faithful and true. Even in abject poverty "they preserve an appearance of gentility to which "they cling more than to life itself."

The pride of race has handed them over in bondage to the *Banian*, the Indian general agent and jobber, obsequious, rapacious, insinuating, an Oriental Uriah Heep who fattens on the misfortunes of his masters. Mr. Malabari has sketched the portrait of one of this ill-omened race in his study of Nyalchand, the steward of Mir Bakhtavar Khan. It is the old, old story of the end of a heroic race, in a practical law-abiding age of business. At nineteen years of age the Mir married a wife, and established Nyalchand as his steward. For he had himself no turn for business, and if he could, he would not have engrossed himself with matters so far below his birth and dignity.

The Mir spent his time in the harem. He was so passionately in love with his wife that he never gave her a rival. All day long they sat and talked together —the poor, infatuated bride and bridegroom in their

fool's paradise — and Nyalchand, a Hindoo bachelor, looked on with disapproval, and thought stern things of the dignity of manhood.

The Mir never gave a thought to Nyalchand—unless he was in need of ready money. A son and heir was born to him ; great was the merry-making, and more and more money was needed. Nyalchand was always ready, with the key of the strong box and a smile :

"Not a rupee passed through my hands, but some "fraction of it found its way to my pocket. For a "poor man must live, and it was clear that my master "was rushing on his ruin."

Seven years went by. Money was less plentiful than of old. Nyalchand was forced to sell the family jewels, to mortgage here a house and there a farm ; and one such he mortgaged to himself under the name of a convenient man of straw. Nyalchand himself married, and his master and mistress defrayed the expense of the wedding festivities : a trifle of three thousand rupees. What though to pay the bill they were forced to rob their jewel-caskets. "They got more satisfaction," said Nyalchand "from my wedding-feast than from their "jewels," and this philosophic reflection dispensed him from the debt of gratitude. When the jewels

had all gone, the jewel-hilted sabres, the illuminated Persian manuscripts, all the ancestral treasures of a noble house, found their way from the dwelling of the Mir to Nyalchand's.

One day, the child fell ill. Night and day the doctor watched by his sick bed; night and day the priest prayed his prayers; and the mother slipped her betrothal-ring from her finger and gave to Nyalchand. But no sacrifice availed to save her son. He died; he must be buried. For the first time, through all these years, the wife of the Mir appeared in person before her steward:

"She stood there in her dressing-gown, divine in "her loveliness, and all the lovelier because she was "signed and sealed with the sacred trace of suffering "which compels respect. I bowed down before her, "and my heart beat with a thousand petty agitations.

"'You see, Nyalchand' she said. 'We must save "'your master's honour; we must give a fitting "'funeral to my child. Is there nothing left—nothing "'we could sell?'

"I had no money myself at that moment, and could "not raise the sum required. There was but one thing "to do. I went to see the old Mir—I told him of his "grandson's death. He was ill himself, and dying, but "without a word he gave me a hundred rupees."

A few days later the old Mir died, leaving twenty thousand rupees to his son. When the debts were all paid—debts in great part due to Nyalchand—four thousand rupees were left to the Mir. The death of his only son had overwhelmed him. He remained a poor, weak, dazzled, incapable creature, ruined and helpless. The steward a much richer man than his master now, gives notice to his mistress, who perfectly admits his right to look after his own interests, "after all he had suffered in "their service." The collapse of the young Mir lends his wife an unaccustomed energy; she writes, in Persian, to the wife of the Governor a letter, narrating their misfortunes and setting forth the ancient claims of her husband's family upon the British Government. She obtains for him a pension of five hundred rupees. All that is some while ago. At present Nyalchand is a wealthy merchant, greatly respected by all who know him; his master hardly recognises him when he meets him in the street. It is said that the Mir's wife has grown quite grey, but neither premature age, nor trouble, nor anxiety, can diminish her devotion for her husband. She lives with him and for him; she is his, the only servant of his poverty. And she still finds means to be charitable: every Friday she gives her utmost in alms to the

poor. Sometimes Nyalchand is half uneasy when he thinks of the difference between the present and the past But, you see, a poor man must make his way. . . .

Such is the history of Mir Bakhtavar Khan and of the merchant Nyalchand of Ahmedabad.

A Mage in Paris.

THE *Journal des Dëbats* gave its readers, not long ago, the benefit of the impressions of His Iranian Majesty, Nasser-Eddin, the guest of the French Republic during the Exhibition of 1889. Here are the impressions of another Iranian, born in Bombay, yet of an older Persian stock and a purer race than the King of Kings, who, after all, is only a Turk, if you come to that. A Turkish Kadjar, while our special client is a Mage, yes a real Mage, an authentic Wise Man of the East—no connection with the Sar Peladan or even M. Richepin, —but a true-born descendant of those priests of Zoroaster, who, after the Arab conquest, set out for India and sought on her hospitable shores, an inviolable asylum for their sacred fires. Jivanjee Jamshidjee Modi does not bind his brows with the diamond-clustered *koula* of the Shah-in-Shah; he wears the white mitre of the Mobed; and from under this different headdress he looks at a different

Paris. The king, a man of action, is at heart a romantic poet, struck by the brilliant surface of things and their mantle of colour ; the priest analyses, penetrates, divines.

The Mobed Jivanjee is the priest of the Agyari or Temple of the Sacred Fire at Colaba—that thin, long promontory which Bombay extends out to sea beyond the port of Apollo. He is one of the most active, the most intelligent, the most openminded, of the new generation. About the same time that the Shah left Teheran, he quitted Bombay, despite the old tradition which forbids his caste to cross the sea, and which, centuries ago, had arrested the Royal Mage Tiridates, invited to the feasts of Neron. Jivanjee went straight from Bombay, not to Paris, but to Stockholm, where at that moment the Oriental Congress was being held. The Mage Jivanjee was an Orient in himself. He was carried in triumph, he and his white robes, by the enthusiastic students and other *talibi ilm*. Thence he went to Paris, where he spent six weeks, conscientiously seeing all the sights, listening to all the news, stopping the children in the streets with five-penny pieces proffered in exchange for their glees and ballads, filling his note-book with Parisian folklore for the edification of the ethnographic *Mandli* of

Bombay, offering himself a Catholic mass, said for his benefit in the church of the Rue de Rennes, reading Reports before the Institute of France; seeing, in fact, all the facets of the brilliant city. Thence he went to Vienna, to Constantinople, to Athens. At Marathon he recited the Zoroastrian funeral service with the *Afrigan Dahman* for the benefit of the souls of his ancestors, who fell there beneath the sword of Miltiades. And having visited the Pyramids and interrogated the Sphinx, finally our Mage set sail homewards for Bombay. On November 25, 1891, he gave a lecture on Paris at the Dinshaw Petit Club, the society founded by the Parsees, in 1886, for the cultivation of the language and literature of France. The lecture was in French, as is the rule of the club, a little corner of exotic France dropped by the shores of the Indian Ocean. Our consul, M. Pernet, was in the chair. The French of the Mage is not always of Parisian niceness, but it is infinitely above the imperial French of Teheran; and I do not know many Frenchmen, I may honestly admit, who could give as fluent a reading in Gujerati.

Paris, says Mr. Modi, is as famous in modern Europe as Samarcand or Boukhara in the traditions of the East. You remember the verse of Hafiz ?—

"If this beauty of Shiraz would take my heart in "her hand, for the mole on her cheek I would give "Samarcand and Boukhara." As the Mage recited these verses one afternoon at a Parisian tea-table: "But 'tis a plagiary from Molière—your Hafiz!" cried his hostess—

"Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris, sa grand' ville,
Et qu'il me fallut quitter
L'amour de ma mie,
Je dirais au roi Henri :
Reprenez votre Paris—
J'aime mieux ma mie, ô gué,
J'aime mieux ma mie."

And this unexpected encounter between Molière and Hafiz softened the disposition of the Mage of Colaba in favour of the Boukhara of the West.

For it was not without a certain prejudice that he had set out for Paris. Paris, in truth, is a town venerable to every Parsee, and especially to every Zoroastrian priest, as the home of Anquetil-Duperron and Burnouf, those two great *Aêthrapati* who have revived the half-extinguished science of the Avesta. But Paris is the capital of a Republic. Now our Mage is nothing if not loyal; a royalist by education, by religious tradition, by patriotic remembrance of those great kings of yore—Cyrus and Darius, Ardeshir, and the Khosroes. Moreover, he had

read in the newspapers that the French are forever on the verge of revolution; that the French Government is always playing some unexpected trick, some undreamed of *coup d'état*. But six weeks in Paris modified our Mage's opinions. For, if it is true that in France the political parties are always in a ferment as to which ought to be in office, their quarrels suddenly cease, an instantaneous bond unites them, so soon as there arises a question of national honour. And Mr. Modi declined to believe that the country which produced the Exhibition of 1889 could be in any imminent danger. "This "Exhibition," said Mage, "is an eloquent, an honour- "able answer to all the friends and all the enemies "of France."

It is supposed, says Mr. Modi, that Paris bears the name of an insignificant Celtic tribe, the *Parisii* or frontier people, which identifies Paris with the noble word of *Pehlvi*, familiar to all lovers of the Persian epic. In fifteen centuries the Celtic hamlet has become a queen among cities, its present splendour being chiefly due to Napoleon III. and the Baron Haussmann, who stand in the same relation to contemporary Paris as Arthur Crawfurd to Bombay. Paris can boast both institutes of pleasure and institutes of science; the Mage has bestowed his

impartial attention on them both. In the Bois de Boulogne he admires "the extent to which man can "blend his arts with nature for the pleasure of "mankind." He admires no less the "galaxy of "beauty" which ascends and descends the Champs-Elysées every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock: "There you may meet the rank and fashion of "Paris with his wife, in carriages, on horseback, "and on foot, with their children, intent on their "marionettes."

He has frequented the theatres, so useful to foreigners anxious to acquire a correct pronunciation. He has visited the Opera House, whose cost may be estimated at about two crores of rupees, and he has walked on the Boulevard on a summer evening, and has returned persuaded that the *Divali* is celebrated every day.

Such is the Paris *qui s'amuse*, as it appears to the eyes of our Mage, after six weeks of arduous exploration. It is not at all, as you observe, the impure and odious lair which the author of *David Greeve* discovered in a week. As to the institutes of science, the Mage has given most of his attention to the Academy of Inscriptions and the College of France. The College is an institution for the encouragement and research into unstudied ques-

tions. When a chair becomes vacant, all the professors meet and consider if its further maintenance be advisable: "For instance, if the chair "of Egyptology be vacant, they consult as to whether "the study of Egyptology be sufficiently advanced "in France to take care of itself. If they decide in "the affirmative, they convert the chair into a "professorship, say, of Assyriology, or some other "kindred subject, which needs and merits en-"couragement."

Among literary societies, the Institute of France is the most famous in the world. The Mage attended the section of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and gave a reading before that Academy on the ossuaries brought back from Susa by M. Dieulafoy. He remarked with surprise that black and abundant locks are rare in this Academy. A yet stranger thing is the recruiting of this learned body.

In England and in India, if there were a place vacant in any illustrious assembly, nothing could well appear in poorer taste than to go about and personally apply for it. Yet this is the absolute rule of admission to the Institute. The reason given is inadequate enough: they say that the Academy is a small friendly assembly where questions

are discussed, as in private, among intimates; it is necessary, therefore, that before entering this strict and chosen circle, a man should be approved of by those whom henceforth he will be so closely knit. These sophistries will not suffice us; and yet, oddly enough, the Academy so singularly recruited, performs its office to admiration. The Institute of Inscriptions, for example, followed with the keenest interest the discovery of the Stela of Shaloof by the Suez Canal, which clearly establishes the fact that that important waterway was engineered by Darius of Persia, some two thousand five hundred years before M. de Lesseps. The Mage reserves some of his approval for the Asiatic Society, presided by the celebrated M. Renan. Before these philologists he read a paper on the popular etymology of the names of halting-places between Cabul and Peshawur. Of the twelve members present four were able to converse with him in Persian.

The Society of Students offers a worthy model to the associations of Bombay. Think what an extra strength would accrue to the Persian Club, the Medical Union, the Association of Graduates, the Elphinstone Union, if, whilst keeping their independence, they were grouped in an united corporation. Although, by the statutes of the French Society of

Students, politics are excluded from its sphere of action, see what an influence it exercises even in that forbidden zone! Thus, some years ago, relations were more than usually strained between France and Italy, but fortunately at that moment some Italian University, occupied with its jubilee, invited the Association des Etudiants, as well as the students of the other nations. The admirable conduct of the Parisian delegation, its courtesy, its good breeding, made such an impression upon the Italian people, that, at present, as everybody knows, the most perfect cordiality reigns between the two countries.

Naturally, the Mage did not omit a visit to the Bibliothèque Nationale, an important building which contains twenty *lacs* of books, among which one *lac* of manuscripts. There he handled with due reverence the collection of Anquetil-Duperron and the manuscript notes in his own handwriting, which he took in 1760 at Surat, where he studied under the Dastoor Darab. Mr. Modi also visited the Louvre —so called from the abundance of wolves which infested it in former times—and saw the archæological remains, so interesting to a Parsee, which M. and Mme. Dieulafoy discovered and brought home from Susa. He attended several churches, and came to the

conclusion that the Christian ritual and the rites of Zoroaster are very much the same ; and finally, at Versailles, at the Invalides, at Fontainebleau, he invoked the memory of Napoleon, the Alexander of our age. In a chamber of the Palace of Fontainebleau he remarked a tapestry representing the history of Queen Esther, a Jewess who, according to the Bible, persuaded a Shah of Persia to massacre the Persians. When the Shah visited Paris, the complete furniture of this apartment was transported to adorn his bedroom, and this was, as you may take it, a strange coincidence or a delicate compliment.

Macaulay has said that politeness is kindness in little things. The French are past-masters in this virtue, and our Mage would have brought back from Paris an incomparable impression, but for one strange particularity which filled him with a melancholy amazement. The largest part of the population of Paris remains in a state of celibacy. Few things could be more shocking to the feelings of a Parsee priest, who learns in his religion that Ormuzd prefers a married man to a bachelor, and the head of a family to the childless husband. May the Parsees never borrow this evil habit from the civilization of their namesakes the Parisians! Is it

not said in the Seventeenth Gate of the Sad-der that a son is the bridge over which we pass into Paradise above the terrors of Hell flaming innocuous beneath? But when the bachelor arrives in sight of the other world, the angels shall say to him: "Who hast "thou left in the world below to take thy place?" And they will leave him a prey to all the demons of Ahriman; and he shall be as a traveller pursued by wolves, who flies to the river, and, shuddering at the brink, cries out in his despair, "Alas, alas! why did I never throw a bridge across!"

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